THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benjamin

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In This Number

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS—By IRVIN S. COBB

Barrett's
EVERLASTIC MULTI-SHINGLE

THE NEW "4 IN 1" ROOFING

HERE'S something new in roofing. Everlastic Multi-Shingles, which permit the *laying of four shingles in one operation.*

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EVERLASTIC MULTI-SHINGLES

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WAYS THAT ARE DARK

By GEORGE PATTULLO

SOME of us went over to the Juarez bull ring the first Sunday in March. It was a sparkling day, and handbills announced that the military gave guaranties of safety not only to visiting foreigners but to natives as well. To natives as well! Mark that! In order to entice the people to their favorite amusement they had, first, to convince them that nobody would be molested.

A decree promulgated by Venustiano Carranza stood in the way of a genuine contest; so certain dauntless, indomitable and skilled hombres of local renown were billed to put on a grand, an extraordinary and most noble combat with five fierce bulls from the celebrated Santa Clara Ranch.

The grand and most extraordinary combat must have skidded, for what the crowd saw was a burlesque, in which stuffed picadors and matadors engaged animals whose horns had been sawed off at the tips. It was merely a teasing party, with some commonplace roping and riding features thrown in.

The first animal to enter the arena was a tawny, hammerheaded scrub of the old Longhorn breed. He was full of fight and charged everything that moved. The second was also of Spanish strain and kept his tormentors dodging. Then the gates were thrown open again and in trotted a big, dark-red Hereford.

A good foot taller than his predecessors, he also outweighed them fully fifty per cent. His markings were excellent; he was unquestionably of the American breed.

They jabbed a banderilla into his shoulder as he entered from the chute and he kicked one hind foot to shake off the sting. Then the padded chulos went at him with their cloaks and tricks; the picadors poked him with blunt lances; they rode their horses almost on top of his horns to tempt him to gore. But that bull possessed a wonderful disposition. He would not lose his temper. He would not show fight. He could not be coaxed into a fight.

They flaunted red capes and other insults under his very nose. They thrust at him with wooden swords; they even slapped him between the horns with their hands. One tried to leap on his back; another danced tauntingly in front of him, inviting a charge.

The Hereford evaded their every effort. There was a worried expression on his massive, kindly face, but he would not get angry. He turned from his enemies and trotted round the arena. Coming to a pile of straw that had leaked from a picador who had come undone, he paused to eat. They exhausted every means known to the gentle art, but that bull would not fight.

And suddenly a great yell went up from the Mexican crowd.

"*Toro Americano!*" they shrilled gleefully. "American bull! American bull!"

Gales of laughter went crackling round the ring. They whooped and huzzaed, and in the midst of the merriment the big Hereford was driven ignominiously from the arena.

The incident is not important, but it is highly significant; for in those shouts of derision was reflected the Mexican opinion of us. And that opinion is directly responsible for their attitude to-day and for their receptivity to every influence hostile to the United States and American interests.

They are firmly persuaded that nothing could induce us to fight. In their estimation we rank with the Chinese. The bulk of them believe that the United States would fall an easy prey to their veterans.

People so ignorant offer fertile ground for plotters. That is why almost any bold chieftain can launch a revolution in Mexico overnight. That is why German propaganda has met with such success there.

Here is a sample of the stuff the *pelados* are fed and the stuff they believe. It is from El Heraldo del Norte, published in Chihuahua City, and appeared in its issue of February twenty-third:

"CIVIL WAR HAS BROKEN OUT IN THE NEIGHBORING COUNTRY OF UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!

"PRESIDENT W. WILSON NEARLY ASSASSINATED, HAVING ESCAPED MIRACULOUSLY!

"El Paso, Texas, February 22.—A great sensation and anxiety have been produced by the alarming news, received in this city yesterday from private sources, telling that civil war has broken out in the United States. The laconic nature of the aforementioned message does not permit us to know the manner in which the revolutionary movement started, but it is said to be directed against the government of President Wilson; but nobody knows by whom it is directed or which party supports it.

"Such alarming news has neither been denied nor confirmed in the official quarters of the city, nor from other sources, thus contributing to augment the public anxiety; while all kinds of rumors, some of them too alarming, are being circulated."

"WILSON NEARLY ASSASSINATED!

"Also, through private sources, news was obtained yesterday—not confirmed, either—that President Wilson was nearly assassinated just as he reached the entrance to the Capitol, being assailed by a group of women and men, at the head of it being some well-known Suffragettes.

"The President made his escape through the ability of his chauffeur, who impressed a great speed to the automobile when entering the Capitol, the doors of which are carefully kept, since orders were issued to that end; and no persons, since the German-American conflict started, except those fully identified and with special cards, may enter.

"The assailant group, having forced the barriers, attacked furiously, with clubs and stones, the doors and windows of the Capitol, breaking many of them to pieces.

"Policemen, it is said, confronted a serious situation in dispersing and capturing some of the assailants.

"No more details are given of this sensational matter, but news is expected to-day confirming or denying the rumors."

The average native has no reason for doubting stories such as this. It jibes perfectly with his own notion of the United States and Americans. And Mexican newspapers

Bandits Move About From Town to Town, Pillaging Whatever They Can Find

are full of such junk every day. One side or the other continually feeds it to the public. I have seen, in sheets that are practically official mouthpieces of the Carranza Government, stories of military triumphs over the enemy that were quite as lurid and preposterous and lying.

It is the gullibility of its inhabitants that renders Mexico so fertile a field for propaganda. To that we owe most of our troubles. Carranza has played on it; Villa has played on it; the Germans and the Japs have played on it to dupe them. The people believe what they are told, and it is easy to persuade them that the gringo has treacherous designs on their country. They see him everywhere, operating mines and banks, stores, plantations and ranches; to them he is always an untiring, a greedy money grabber. They hate him for that spirit of thrift, just as they hate the Chinese.

And they despise the gringo for the same reason that they despise the Chinaman. They think he is nationally a coward. Hasn't he submitted without reprisal to insult and attack, time after time? Wasn't his punitive expedition driven back across the Border?

That is about the way the mass of them reason. An ignorant man invariably mistakes toleration for fear. He misses entirely the sweetness of the Golden Rule and promptly crowds the fellow who practices it. And the Mexicans are pitifully ignorant. In industrial and agricultural methods, in their mental processes and conception of social order, the mass of them are three hundred years behind us. What hope of dealing with them on the same plane one would employ with a highly civilized nation!

The Rôle of Patient Elder Brother

WHILE we have been enacting the rôle of the patient elder brother, the Germans have seized the opportunity to turn the confusion and chaos of Mexico to their own ends. Those in touch with affairs in the southern republic have known for two years that Teutonic intrigue was busy throughout the country, stirring up trouble for Uncle Sam, in the hope that it would shut off shipments of munitions and supplies to the Allies and keep his hands too full for any meddling in the European conflict. That such would be their tactics seems so apparent that one marvels how the American people could have been thunderstruck by the revelation of the scheme to arrange a Mexican-Jap alliance against us. Yet they were. What did they expect? What else would the Germans be likely to do?

As a people we're as bad as an English cotton buyer I once knew. He met a man on the street of a small Texas town who had a grievance against him; and the fellow started to "cuss him out," as the saying is. The Englishman listened with a smile, albeit a slightly pained expression began to show in his eyes.

Encouraged by his silence and conciliating demeanor, the other finally abandoned words and knocked him on the head with a two-by-four he was carrying for the purpose.

The Englishman bounced to his feet before further damage could be done.

"I say!" he exclaimed, and his look was now decidedly sober, "I believe you're angry! I shall have to thrash you for that." Which he did with beautiful thoroughness.

As soon as the public learned in a general way what the Germans had plotted in Mexico, it displayed a disposition to lay every deviltry in the southern republic at their door. There has also been a widespread disposition to overestimate the trouble Mexico could cause us were the German plan to succeed.

Let us examine the situation and prospect in order to ascertain how much damage Mexico could do should she succumb to Teutonic inducements. Two main factors are to be considered: First, the military power of Mexico itself, which includes its economic condition and resources; second, the strength of the Germans in Mexico and their ability to hurt us.

As to the first—the country is worse than bankrupt. The government of the First Chief was able to hold out financially during the winter only by forced loans from two foreign banks, aggregating 8,000,000 pesos, wrung from them by methods that would have done credit to José Ynez Salazar, or any other bandit. The German banks were not shaken down. Carranza picked out the British, Canadian and French-owned institutions.

The land is drained dry by wars. Industry is paralyzed. Agriculture is at a standstill. There is not enough to eat and little real money in the republic. We have some poverty in the United States, but not as the Mexicans know it. You will not see women picking in the manure and refuse of our city streets for grains of corn; I have seen that in Mexico this year.

The misery has grown so acute that immense numbers of people now wander from place to place for relief from starvation, or in order to escape death or spoliation at the hands of the soldiery and bandits. No data on the point can be obtained, but Mexican exiles and Americans who have been conducting businesses down there for many years tell me that fully thirty per cent of Mexico's millions have become a floating population.

So much for her plight on the economic side. She is little better off in a military way, if you take into account the irreconcilable elements that must be welded to make a strong combination against the United States.

To begin with, there are not more than a hundred and forty thousand armed men in the entire republic, including all the Constitutionalist forces, Zapata's Indians, the army operating under Felix Diaz and José Robles, the Cedilla brothers' bunch, Pelaez' warriors, every band owing allegiance to Villa, and all the little Villas—every last mother's son of a soldier or rebel. There are not more than a hundred and forty thousand of them, and yet they keep a nation of more than fifteen million people in strife and chaos.

Venustiano Carranza was elected president of Mexico the other day. He had no opponent; but then the man in the saddle is always elected down there. I was in Cananea some years ago when an election was being held, with Porfirio Diaz running for president. A poor, benighted native presented himself at the polling place, where an official took his name and qualifications.

"Put your mark here!" he ordered, and the voter did so.

One by one they came and put their marks there. Diaz received an overwhelming vote in the town.

At any rate, Carranza was elected, after being First Chief. That he has held on so long, and even grown in strength, has been one of the marvels of Mexican politics. Time after time storms have gathered that threatened to submerge him. He has weathered them all, so that many observers are inclined to believe he will succeed in bringing order to the country.

It cannot be denied that Carranza has displayed amazing shrewdness and tenacity. He is a master at employing one faction against another, thereby pulling the teeth of both; and the big job that confronts him is the elimination of bad elements in his own following.

Military reverses, bankruptcy, the pressure of enemies and foreign governments—he has withstood them all. To-day he looks stronger than at any time since his split with Villa. Yet I think that this strength is more apparent than real, and that it will be challenged successfully.

Nominally he controls all Mexico. Actually he controls mighty little of it.

He is president of Mexico; but he couldn't take a forty-mile ride out of his capital without risking capture by Zapata. He is president of Mexico; but Pancho Villa would ask nothing better than to have him visit in the states of Durango or Chihuahua. He is president of Mexico; but Manuel Pelaez calmly levies tribute on the oil interests round Tampico, and openly defies him. He is president of Mexico; but the decrees of the Cedilla brothers run in Northeastern San Luis Potosi and the greater part of Tamaulipas. He is president of Mexico; but Felix Diaz dominates in the states of Oaxaca and Chiapas, and also operates in Puebla and Vera Cruz. He is president of Mexico; but Cantu quietly ignores his authority and governs Lower California to suit himself. He is president of Mexico; but never one of his trains ventures forth from a Carrancista stronghold without incurring imminent risk of capture by an enemy.

Carranza's Military Weakness

WHAT is there left for Carranza, then? Quite a slice, for Mexico is a big country. He controls Mexico City and the states of Aguascalientes, Sonora, Jalisco and Querétaro. Some states are entirely out of his control, but in others he contrives to exert considerable authority by holding the large cities and towns. Even where his enemies overrun the country, Carrancista garrisons hold the important centers. This is notably true of Chihuahua and Durango.

It is very difficult to compute Mexican military strength, because it changes from day to day. The ups and downs are kaleidoscopic. For instance, on the rising tide of his fortunes last December, Villa had more than twenty-two thousand men under his flag, counting all the roving bands throughout Northern Mexico that called themselves Villistas and professedly operated under him. To-day, less than three months later, inactivity has left him with barely half that number. That is the way it goes down there.

Then, too, the system is all against an accurate computation. Each jefe draws pay for his troops according to the number he can muster; so, of course, every man of them does his best to make a good showing. But their figures are like their money—subject to heavy discount.

Though claiming considerably more, Carranza has not sixty thousand men; probably forty-five thousand would be nearer the actual figures. They are indifferently equipped and there is no uniformity of organization or arms.

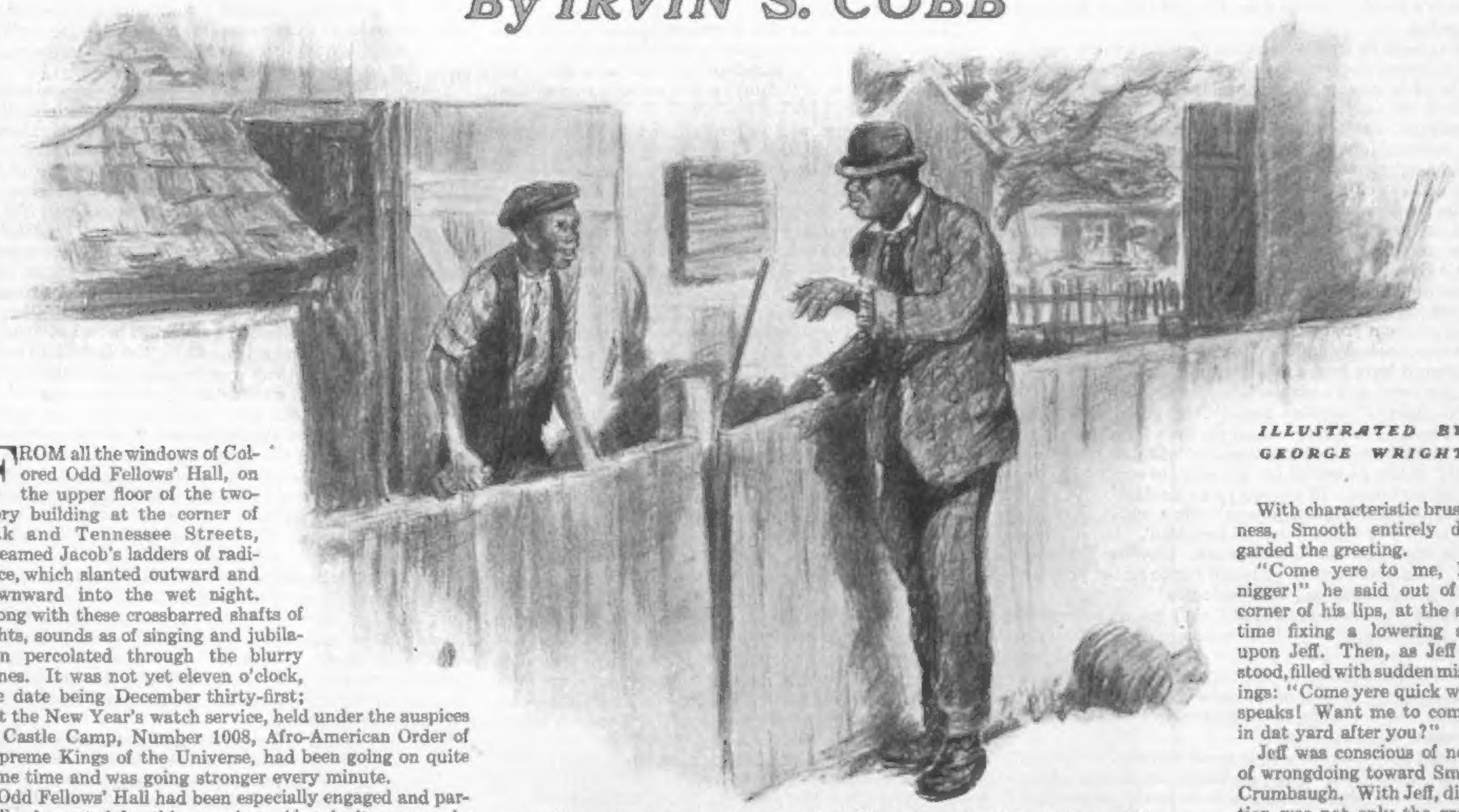
He has about a hundred 75's and 80's in the way of artillery, but they are not in good condition. They have been shamefully abused and overworked. Moreover, the Carrancistas don't possess enough artillery ammunition for one prolonged engagement.

(Continued on Page 63)

Scores of Petty Chieftains Infest the Country, With Commands Ranging From Half a Dozen to Three Hundred Braves

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS

By IRVIN S. COBB



"Frum Dis Hour On, You Stay Plum' Away Frum Dat Gal. Understan'?"

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

FROM all the windows of Colored Odd Fellows' Hall, on the upper floor of the two-story building at the corner of Oak and Tennessee Streets, streamed Jacob's ladders of radiance, which slanted outward and downward into the wet night. Along with these crossbarred shafts of lights, sounds as of singing and jubilation percolated through the blurry panes. It was not yet eleven o'clock, the date being December thirty-first; but the New Year's watch service, held under the auspices of Castle Camp, Number 1008, Afro-American Order of Supreme Kings of the Universe, had been going on quite some time and was going stronger every minute.

Odd Fellows' Hall had been especially engaged and partially decorated for this occasion. Already it was nearly filled; but between now and midnight it would be fuller, and at a still later time would doubtlessly attain the superlatively impossible by being fuller than fullest. From all directions, out of the darkness, came belated members of the officiating fraternity, protecting their regalias under umbrellas, and accompanied by wives and families if married, or by lady and other friends if otherwise. With his sword clanking impressively at his flank and his beplumed helmet nodding grandly as he walked, each Supreme King of the Universe bore himself with an austere and solemn mien, as befitting the rôle he played—of host to the multitude—and the uniform that adorned his form.

Later, after the young year had appropriately been ushered in, when the refreshments were being served, he might unbend somewhat. But not now. Now every Supreme King was what he was, wearing his dignity as a becoming and suitable garment. This attitude of the affiliated brethren affected by contagion those who came with them as their guests. There was a stateliness and a formality in the greetings which passed between this one and that one as the groups converged into the doorway, set in the middle front of the building, and by pairs and by squads ascended the stairs.

"Good evenin', Sist' Fontleroy. I trusts things is goin' toler'ble well wid you, ma'am?"

"Satisfactory, Br'er Grider—thank de good Lawd! How's all at yore own place of residince?"

"Git th'ough de C'ris'mus all right, Miss Hillman?"

"Yas, suh; 'bout de same ez whut I always does, Mist' Duiguid."

"Well, ole yeah's purty nigh gone frum us, Elder; ain't it de truth?"

"Most doubtless is. An' now yere come 'nother! We don't git no younger, sister, does we?"

"Dat we don't, sholy!"

The ceremonial reserve of the moment would make the jollifying all the sweeter after the clocks struck and the whistles began to blow.

There was one late arrival, though, who came along alone, wearing a downcast countenance and an air of abstraction, and speaking to none who encountered him on the way or at the portal. This one was Jeff Poindexter; but a vastly different Jeff from the customary Jeff. Usually he moved with a jaunty gait, his elbows out and his head canted back; and on the slightest provocation his feet cut scallops and double-shuffles and pigeonwings against the earth. Now his heels scraped and his toes dragged; and the gladsome raiment that covered his person gave him no joy, but only an added sense of resentment against the prevalent scheme of mundane existence.

An unseen weight bowed his shoulders down, and beneath the wide lapels of an almost white waistcoat his heart was like unto a chunk of tombstone in his bosom. For the current light of his eyes, Miss Ophelia Stubblefield, had accepted the company of a new and most formidable rival for this festive occasion. Wherefore an embodiment of sorrow walked hand in hand with Jeff.

After this blow descended all the taste of delectable anticipation in his mouth had turned to gall and to wormwood. Of what use now the costume he had been at such pains to accumulate from kindly white gentlemen, for whom Jeff in spare moments did odd jobs of valeting—the long, shiny frock coat here; the only slightly spotted gray-blue trousers there; the almost clean brown derby hat in another quarter; the winged collar and the puff necktie in yet a fourth? Of what value to him would be the looks of envy and admiration sure to be bestowed upon the pair of new, shiny and excessively painful patent-leather shoes, specially acquired and specially treasured for this event?

He had bought those shoes, with an utter disregard for expense, before he dreamed that another would bring Ophelia to the watch party. With her at his side, his soul would have risen exultant and triumphant above the discomfort of cramped-up toes and pinched-in heels. Now, at each dragging step, he was aware that his feet hurt him. Indeed, for Jeff there was at that moment no balm to be found throughout all Gilead, and in his ointment dead flies abounded thickly.

It added to his unhappiness that the lady might and doubtlessly would rest under a misapprehension regarding his failure to invite her to share with him the pleasures of the night. He had not asked her to be his company; had not even broached the subject to her. For this seeming neglect there had been a good and sufficient reason—one hundred and ninety pounds of a chocolate-colored reason. Seven days before, on Christmas Eve, Jeff had been currying Mittie May, the white mare of Judge Priest, in the stable back of the Priest place, when he heard somebody whistle in the alley behind the stable and then heard his name called. He had stepped outside to find one Smooth Crumbaugh leaning upon the alley gate.

"Hello, Smoothy!" Jeff had hailed with a smart and prompt cordiality.

It was not that he felt any deep warmth of feeling for Smooth, but that it was prudent to counterfeit the same. All in Smooth's circle deported themselves toward Smooth with a profound regard and, if Smooth seemed out of sorts, displayed almost an affection for him, whether they felt it or not. 'Twere safer thus.

With characteristic brusqueness, Smooth entirely disregarded the greeting.

"Come yere to me, little nigger!" he said out of one corner of his lips, at the same time fixing a lowering stare upon Jeff. Then, as Jeff still stood, filled with sudden misgivings: "Come yere quick w'en I speaks! Want me to come on in dat yard after you?"

Jeff was conscious of no act of wrongdoing toward Smooth Crumbaugh. With Jeff, discretion was not only the greater part of fighting valor but practically was all of it. Nevertheless, he was glad, as he obeyed the summons and, with a placating smile fixed upon his face, drew nearer the paling, that he stood on the sanctuary ground of a circuit judge's premises, and that a fence intervened between him and his truculent caller.

"Comin' right along," he said with an affected gayety.

Just the same, he didn't go quite up to the gate. He made his stand three or four feet inside of it, ready to jump backward or widewise should the necessity arise.

"I's feared I didn't heah you call de fust time," stated Jeff ingratiatingly. "I wuzn't studyin' about nobody wantin' me—been wipin' off our ole mare. 'Sides, I thought you wuz down in Alabam', workin' on de ole P. and A. Road."

"Num'mine dat!" said Smooth. "Jes' lis'en to whut I got to say."

The hostile glare of his eye bored straight into Jeff, making him chilly in his most important organs. Smooth was part basilisk, but mainly hyena, with a touch of the man-eating tiger in his composition. "Little nigger," he continued grimly, "I come t'rough dis lane on puppus' to tell you somethin' fur de good of yore health."

"I's lis'enin'," said Jeff, most politely.

"Heed me clost," bade Smooth; "heed me clost, an' mebbe you mout live longer. Who wuz you at de Fust Ward Cullid Baptis' Church wid last Sunday night? Dat's de fust question."

"Who—me?"

"Yas; you!"

"Why, lemme see, now," said Jeff, dissembling. "Seem lak, ez well ez I reckerleck, I set in de same pew wid quite a number of folkses durin' de service."

"I ain't axin' you who you set wid. I's axin' who you went wid?"

"Oh!" said Jeff, as though enlightened as to the real object of the inquiry, and still sparring for time. "You means who did I go dere wid, Smoothy? Well ——"

"Wuz it dat Stubblefield gal, or wuzn't it? Answer me, yas or no!"

The tone of the questioner became more ominous, more threatening, with each passing moment.

"Yas—yas, Smoothy." He giggled uneasily. "Uh-huh! Dat's who 'twuz."

"Well, see dat it don't happen ag'in."

"Huh?"

"You heared whut I said!"

"But I —— But she ——"

"See dat it don't happen nary time ag'in."

"But—but ——"

"Say, whut you mean, interrup'in' me whilst I's speakin' wid you fur yore own good? Shut up dat trap-face of your'n an' lis'en to me, whut I'm sayin': Frum dis hour on, you stay plum' away frum dat gal. Understan'?"

"Honest, Smoothy, I didn't know you wuz cravin' to be prankin' round wid Ophelia!"

Jeff spoke with sincerity, from the heart out. In truth, he hadn't known, else his sleep of nights might have been less sound.

"Dat beln' de case, you better keep yore yeahs open to heah de news, else you won't have no yeahs. Git me mad an' I's liable to snatch 'em right offen de sides of your haid an' feed 'em to you. I's tuck a lay-off fur de C'ris'mus. An' endurin' de week I spects to spend de mos' part of my time enjoyin' dat gal's society. I aims to be wid her to-night an' to-morrow night an' de nex' night, an' ever' other night twell I goes back down de road. I aims to tek her to de C'ris'mus tree doin's at de church on Friday night, an' to de festibul at de church on Sad'day night, an' to de watch party up at de Odd Fellers' Hall on New Yeah's Eve. Is dat clear to you?"

"Suttinly is, seein' ez it's you," assented Jeff, trying to hide his disappointment under a smile. "Course, Smoothy, ef you craves a young lady's company fur a week or so, I don't know nobody dat's mo' entitled to it 'n whut you is. Jes' a word frum you is plenty fur me. You done told me how you feels; dat's ample."

"No, 'tain't!" growled Smooth. "I got somethin' mo' to tell you. Frum now on, all de time I's in dis town I don't want to heah of you speakin' wid dat gal, or telephonin' to her, or writin' her ary note, or sendin' ary message to her house. Ef you do I's gwine find out 'bout it; an' den I's gwine lay fur you an' strip a whole lot of dark meat offen you wid a razor or somethin'. I won't leave nothin' of you but jes' a framework. Now den, it's up to you! Does you want to go round fur de rest of yore days lookin' lak a scaffoldin', or doesn't you?"

"Smoothy," protested Jeff, "I ain't got no quarrel wid you. I ain't aimin' to git in no rookus wid nobody a-tall—let alone 'tis you. But s'posen'"—he added this desperately—"s'posen' now I should happen to meet up wid her on de street. Fur politeness' sake I's natchelly 'bleeged to speak wid her, ain't I—even ef 'tain't nothin' more'n jes' passin' de time of day?"

"Is dat so?" said Smooth in mock surprise. "Well, suit yo'se'f; suit yo'se'f. Only, de words you speaks wid her better be yore farewell message to de world. Ef anythin' happen to you now, sech es a fun'el, hit's yore own fault—you done had yore warnin' frum headquarters. I ain't got no mo' time to be wastin' on a puny little scrap of nigger sech ez you is. I's on my way now. But jes' remember whut I been tellin' you an' govern yo'se'f 'cordin'ly."

And with that the bully turned away, leaving poor Jeff to most discomforting reflections amid the ruins of his suddenly blasted romance. The full scope of his rival's design stood so clearly revealed that it left to its victim no loophole of escape whatsoever. Not only was he to be debarred, by the instinct of self-preservation, from seeking the presence of Ophelia during the most joyous and the most socially crowded week of the entire year; not only were all his pleasant dreams dashed and smashed, but, furthermore, he might not even make excuses to her for what would appear in her eyes as an abrupt and unreasonable cessation of sentimental interest on his part, save and except it be done at dire peril to his corporeal well-being and his physical intactness.

Above all things, Jeff Poindexter coveted to stay in one piece. And Smooth Crumbaugh was one who nearly always kept his word—especially when that word involved threats against any who stood between him and his personal ambitions.

Jeff, watching the broad retreating back of Smooth, as Smooth swaggered out of the alley, fetched little moans of acute despair. To him remained but one poor morsel of consolation—no outsider had been a witness to his interview with the bad man. Unless the bad man bragged round, none need know how abject had been Jeff's capitulation.

Solitary, melancholy, a prey to conflicting emotions, Jeff Poindexter climbed the stairs leading up to Odd Fellows' Hall, at the heels of a family group of celebrants. Until the last minute he hadn't meant to come; but something drew him hither, even as the moth to the flame is drawn. He paid his fifty cents to the Most High Grand Outer Guardian, who was stationed at the door in the capacity of ticket taker and cash collector, and entered in, to find sitting-down space pretty much all occupied and standing room rapidly being preëmpted—especially round the walls and at the back of the long assembly room.

Outside, the air was muggy with the clinging dampness of a rainy, mild winter's night; a weak foretaste of the heightened mugginess within. Nearly always, in that part of the South, the first real cold snap came with the New Year; but, as yet, there were no signs of its approach. Inside, thanks to a big pot-bellied stove, choked with hot coals, and to the added circumstance of all the windows being closed, the temperature was somewhere up round eighty; which was as it should be. When the colored race sets itself to enjoy itself, it desires warmth, and plenty of it.

This crowd was hot and therefore happy. Trickles of perspiration, coursing downward, streaked the rice powder upon the cheeks of the pastel-shaded damozels, and made to glisten the faces of the unbleached gallants who squired them.

On the platform at the far end of the hall, beneath crossed flags, sat the principal officiating dignitaries, three in number—first, the Imperial Grand Potentate of the lodge, holder of an office corresponding to president elsewhere, but invested with rather more grandeur than commonly appertains to a presidency; then the second in command, known formally as First Vice Imperial Grand Potentate; and thirdly, the Reverend Potiphar Grasty, pastor of First Ward Church.

Facing these three and, in turn, faced by them, sat on the front seats the Supreme Kings, temporarily detached from their kinspeople and well-wishers, who, with the populace generally, filled the serried rows of chairs and benches behind the uniformed ranks.

At the rear, near the main entrance, in a cleared space, stood two long trestles bearing the refreshments, of which, at a suitable moment, all and sundry would be invited to partake. The feast plainly would be a rich and abundant one, including, as it did, such items as cream puffs, ham sandwiches, Frankfurters, bananas, and soda pop of the three more popular varieties—lemon, sarsaparilla and strawberry—in seemingly unlimited quantities.

Sister Eldora Menifee, by title Queen Bee of the Ladies' Royal Auxiliary of the Supreme Kings, had charge of the collation, its arrangement and its decorations. She hovered about her handiwork, a mighty, black mountain, vigilant to frown away any who might undertake any clandestine poaching. The display of napery and table linen was most ample; and why not? Didn't Sister Menifee do the washing for the biggest white folks' boarding house in town?

With an eye filmed and morose, Jeff Poindexter, pausing at the rear, comprehended this festive scene. Then, as his gaze ran to and fro, he saw that which he dreaded to see and yet sought to behold. He saw Smooth Crumbaugh sitting with Ophelia on the right side of the hall, well up toward the front. Their backs were to him; their heads inclined sidewise toward a common center.

The loose fold of flesh in Smooth's bull neck pouched down over his glistening collar as he slanted one shoulder to whisper sweet somethings in Ophelia's ear. They must have been sweet somethings, and witty withal; for at once the lady gave vent to a clear soprano giggle. Her mirthful outburst rose above the babble of voices and, floating backward, pierced Jeff Poindexter's bosom as with darts and javelins; and jealousy, meantime, like the Spartan boy's fox, gnawed at his inwards.

The sight and the sound, taken together, made Jeff Poindexter desperate almost to the point of outright recklessness—almost, but not quite. He noted the fortuitous circumstance of a vacant chair directly behind the pair he watched. Surely now Smooth Crumbaugh would start no disturbance here! Surely—so Jeff reasoned it—time, place, occasion and the present company, all would operate and coöperate to curb Smooth's chronic belligerency!

If only for a fleeting period, Jeff longed to venture within conversational distance of Ophelia; to bask for a spell in one of her brilliant smiles; to prove to her by covert looks, if not by whispered words, that there were no ill feelings; to give her an opportunity for visual appreciation of his housings; and, most of all, subtly to convey the suggestion that it was bodily indisposition which had caused him to absent himself from her presence throughout the Christmas. Under cover of his hand he rehearsed a deep cough, and simultaneously began to inch his way along an aisle toward the coveted seat in the adjacent rear of the couple.

The program proper was well under way; it had begun auspiciously and it promised much. There had been a prayer and a welcoming address by the Imperial Grand Potentate, and now there was singing. Starting shortly, the annual memorial service for any member or members who had departed this life during the preceding twelve months would follow; this lasting until five minutes before midnight. Then all the lights would be turned out, and the gathering would sit in darkness, singing some lugubriously appropriate song as a vocal valedictory for the passing year until the first stroke of midnight, when the lights would flash on again. Thereafter would follow the strictly social phases of the watch party.

Almost until the last it had seemed that the memorial exercises would have to be foregone for lack of material to work on. But at the eleventh hour, as it were, Red Hoss Shackleford, who always heretofore had been a disappointment to everybody, had greatly obliged, and, at the same time, disproved the oft-repeated assertion that one born for hanging can never be drowned, by falling overboard off the tugboat Giles C. Jordan.

This tragedy had occurred at a late hour on the evening of December twenty-sixth, when the Giles C. Jordan was forty miles up Tennessee River on a crosstie-towing venture, and while Red Hoss Shackleford, who had shipped aboard her as cook and general roustabout, was yet overcome by the potent elements of his Christmas celebration, self-administered internally in liquid form.

At least such were the tidings borne by the captain and surviving crew upon their return to port on the twenty-ninth instant. Whereupon the Supreme Kings had seized upon the opportunity thus vouchsafed as a free gift of a frequently inscrutable Providence.

To be sure, the late Shackleford was not exactly a member in good standing. Two years before, in a fine fervor of enthusiasm induced by the splendor of the uniforms worn at the funeral turnout of a departed brother, Red Hoss had joined the lodge. He had fallen behind in his dues, and, to all intents and purposes, had been expunged from the rolls. Red Hoss generally was in arrears, anyhow, except for those obligations he owed the county chain gang. Those were debts he always paid—if they could catch him.

None the less, certain points were waived by acclamation, following the receipt of the news of his taking-off. It was agreed that one Red Hoss Shackleford dead at such time was worth ten Red Hoss Shacklefords living. His memory was to be perpetuated, thereby lending to the program precisely that touch of seriousness which was needed to round it out and make of it a thing complete and adequate.

To add to the effect, his sole surviving relative, a half sister, by name Sister Rosalie Shackleford, had a prominent place at the front, flanking the low platform. It was conceivable, everything considered, that her loss had been no great one; nevertheless, with a fine theatric instinct for the unities and the verities, she now deported herself as one utterly devastated by a grief almost too great to be borne. There was no mistake about it—when this sister mourned, she mourned!

With her prevalent dark complexion enhanced by enshrouding ells of black crape, she half lay, half sat in a

Ophelia, Helpless With Shock, Was Flat on the Floor Against the Side Wall

slumped attitude betokening utter and complete despondency, and at timely intervals uttered low moans and sobs. Two friends attended her in a ministering capacity. One fanned her assiduously. The other, who was of ample girth, provided commodious and billowy accommodations for her supine form when she slipped back after swooning dead away. It was expected of Sister Rosalie that she should faint occasionally and be revived; and so she did.

The ritualistic features of the night had been disposed of and the singing was in full swing as Jeff Poindexter edged along, pussyfooting like a house cat, toward the point he sought. Eventually he arrived there unobserved by the quarry he stalked.

Up to this point fortune had favored him; none had preempted the one vacant chair, half concealed from general view as it had been by the adjacent bulk of a very fleshy black woman. With a whispered apology to her for intruding, Jeff wormed his way in alongside. He let himself softly down into the seat and began to cough the gentle cough of a quasi invalid now on the road to recovery.

Together, it would seem, the pair in front of him sensed his presence so near them. With one accord they swung their heads.

"Evenin', Miss Stubblefield. Evenin', Smoothy," said Jeff, smiling wanly, as a convalescent naturally would. "Seein' ez how dis yere cheer wuz onuccupied, I jes' taken it so's to be out of de draf'. I ain't been so well dis week—had a little tech of pneumonia, I think 'twuz; an' so ——"

Ophelia's surprised murmur of sympathy was cut short. Smooth Crumbaugh distorted his gingerbread-colored countenance into a hideous war mask. He turned in his place, thrusting his face forward. "Git up outen dat seat!" he ordered in a low, forceful grumble.

"But de seat ain't taken, Smoothy," protested Jeff weakly. "I 'lowed I'd set yere jes' fur a minute or two, account of de draf'."

"Git up outen dat cheer!" repeated Smooth Crumbaugh in a louder tone.

His shoulders began to hunch and his hands to curl up into fists. Ophelia's rising agitation was tempered perhaps by the realization of the fact that for her favor two persons, both well known and prominent in their respective spheres of activity, were about to have words—possibly to exchange threats, or even blows. To be the storm center of such a sensation is not always entirely unpleasant, especially if one be young and personable. She spoke now in a voice clearly audible to several about her.

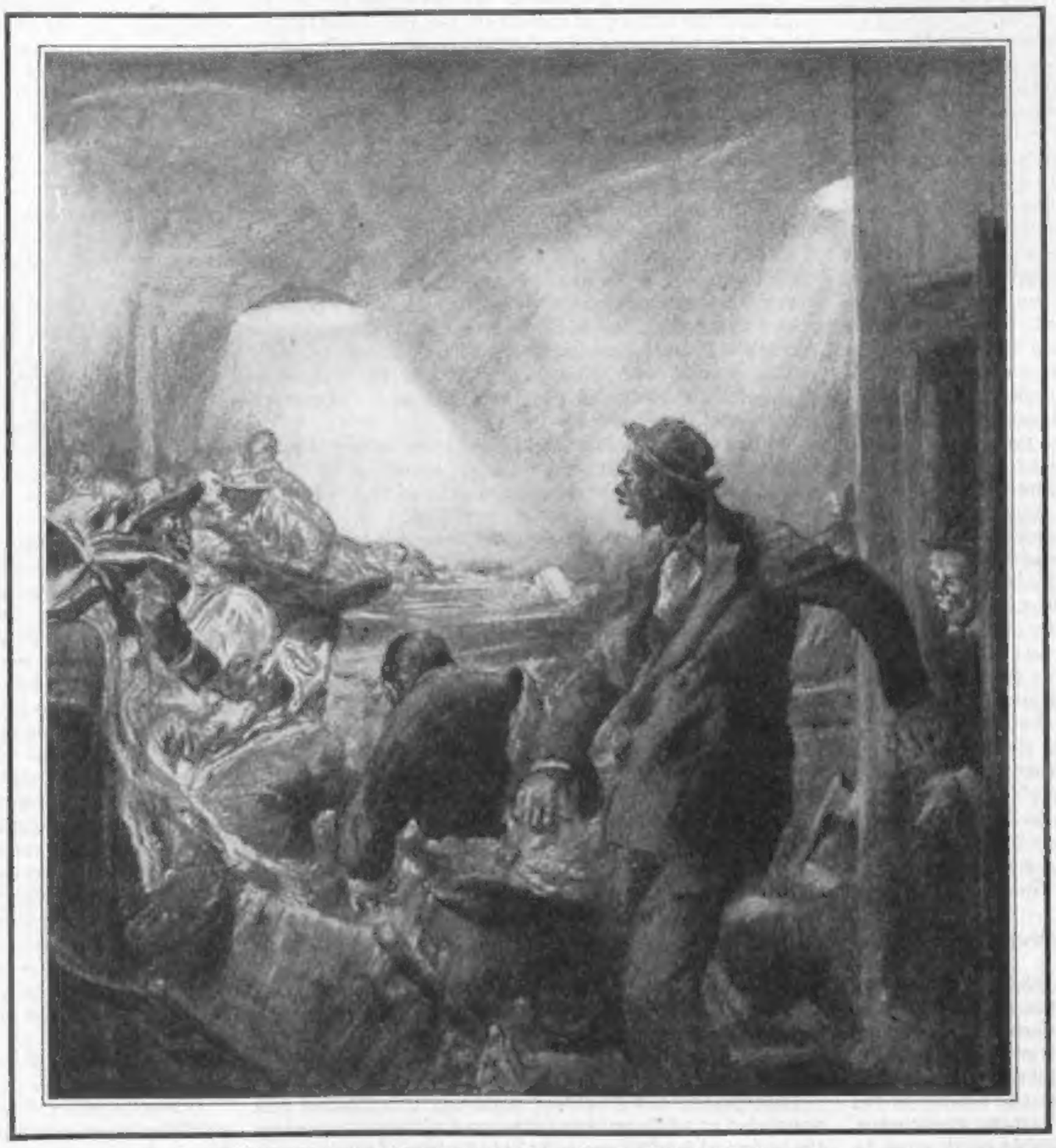
"Please, suzz, gen'lemen, both of you be nice an' quiet!" she implored. "I trusts there ain't goin' be no trouble 'cause of me."

"'Tain't goin' be no trouble, gal," stated Smooth, as Jeff sat dumb with apprehension. "'Tain't goin' be nothin' but a pleasure to me to haul off an' knock dis little nigger naiked." He addressed Jeff: "Git up outen dat cheer, lak I tells you! Start travelin', an' keep on travelin'. Git plum' out of dis yere buildin'!"

Daunted to the very taproots of his being, Jeff nevertheless strove to save his face. He made pretense that his cough prevented the utterance of a defiant rejoinder as he rose and backed out into the aisle and worked his way toward the rear, with Smooth Crumbaugh's glower following after him. Perhaps the excellence of his acting may have deceived some, but in his own soul Jeff suffered amain.

Far back, hard by the refreshment stand, he wriggled himself in behind an intervening frieze of standees. His judgment warned him that he should heed Smooth Crumbaugh's wishes and entirely betake himself hence; but his crushed and bruised spirit revolted against a surrender so abject and so utter. He told himself he had given up his chair because he did not care to be sitting down, anyway. Even so, this was a free country and he would stay a while longer if he wanted to stay. Only, he meant to keep yards of space and plenty of bystanders between him and Smooth Crumbaugh. He would be self-effacive, but not absolutely absent.

With an ear dulled by chagrin, he hearkened as the Reverend Grasty rose and opened his discourse touching on the life and works of the late Red Hoss Shackleford. The speaker's very first words made it clear to all that he had come to bury Cæsar—not to praise him. Really, the only complimentary thing which might truthfully be said of Red Hoss was that always he had a good appetite. At once the Reverend Grasty manifested that he meant to adopt no weak and temporizing course in his discussion of the subject in hand. Forthrightly he launched into a stirring recital of the shortcomings of the deceased; and out of his topic's sins, cut off in the midst of his impenitence, he builded a vivid lesson to warn the living.



"Here I Is!" That Was All He Said. But That Was Enough

If one might judge by her behavior, the lorn half sister resented not the attitude and the language of the orator. She forgot to faint and she sat erect. Presently she was chanting an accompaniment to his shouted illustrations.

"Oh, my pore lost brother, sunken in de cold waters." She quavered in a fine camp-meeting tremolo. "Oh, my pore onworthy brother, whut we gwine do 'bout you now?"

Fervently deep amens began to arise from other quarters, punctuating the laments of Sister Rosalie and the louder outpourings of the Reverend Grasty. The memorial service was turning out to be the high point of the watch party.

In spite of personal distractions, Jeff was carried away by the dramatic intensity of the scene. Forgetting momentarily his own trouble, he shoved forward, the better to see and hear. A menacing growl in his off ear brought him back to earth with a jolt. It was the dread voice of Smooth Crumbaugh, speaking from a distance not of yards but of inches. And now, as Jeff turned his head, Smooth's outjutted underlip was almost brushing the tip of his nose.

"Thought I tole you to git plum' outen dis hall!" quoth Smooth; and his voice, more than before, was freighted with the menace of dire catastrophe, imminent and impending.

Jeff didn't dare reply in regular words. He muttered unintelligible sounds beneath his breath, seeking the while to draw away.

"Quit mumblin'!" ordered Smooth. "You's liable to mumble up somethin' I don't keer to heah, an' den I'll tek an' jes' natchelly mek a set of nigger shoestrings outen you. B'lieve I'll do hit anyway—right now!"

One of his hands—the left one—closed entwiningly in Jeff's coat collar. His right stole back toward his hip pocket—the pocket wherein Smooth was reputed to carry his razor. Jeff felt dark wings fanning his clammy brow.

"Speak up an' say whut you got to say whilst you is got de breath to say hit," said the bad man.

"I—I wus jes' fixin' to go, Smoothy," his voice squeaked.

"Naw, you wuzn't. Ain't I been watchin' you, hangin' round back yere whar you thought I couldn't see you. Now den ——"

A uniformed and helmeted form bulged in between them, breaking Smooth's hold on Jeff. The disturbance had drawn the Most High Grand Outer Guardian away from his post at the door.

"Yere! Dat'll be 'bout all!" stated this functionary in a voice of authority. "Go on outside, you two, ef you wants to argify wid one nurr. Dis ain't no place to be 'sputin'."

He gave a violent start of surprise and his voice trailed off to nothingness. Until now he had not recognized Jeff's adversary.

"Who you talkin' to, Mistah Monkey Clothes?"

Smooth swung on the officer, ready in his present state of feeling to carve up one or a dozen. An ingratiating smile split the nervous countenance of the Most High Grand Outer Guardian. Than to be flirting with disaster nothing was farther from his desires.

"Scuse me, Mistah Crumbaugh. I didn't know 'twuz you. I begs yore pardon!" he stated hastily. "Please, ef you don't mind, I'll settle dis matter fur you."

He swung round on Jeff, who was making himself smaller by the second.

"Whut you mean," he demanded, "pervokin' Mistah Crumbaugh twell he's jes' about to lose his temper? Ef yore presence yere irritates him, w'y don't you go on 'way, lak a gen'leman? . . . Lis'en to dat! Don't you see you's 'bout to break up de program?"

From the rows of seats nearest them came indignant Sh-h-hs! Jeff's popped eyes, glaring about him, read in all visible looks only intense disapproval of him. It was not healthy to hold Smooth Crumbaugh responsible for the interruption; but poor Jeff stood in quite a different attitude with the assemblage.

He shrank away, pawing out behind him with both hands for the door. Partly mollified, but still growling, Smooth started to return to his seat, all in his way making a clear path for him. Jeff vanished through the opening like a scared chipmunk.

The Reverend Grasty had not been discommoded by the disturbance in the rear. He was getting louder every minute. So was Sister Shackleford.

Outside on the landing, Jeff breathed again and paused to master a trembling tendency as regards his legs, at the same time telling himself he had not wanted to stay through their old watch party anyhow. It was a lie; but he kept on telling it to himself over and over again until he almost believed it. With a bitter smile, reflective of the intense bitterness in his heart, he looked backward at the blank panels of the door and reflected that, barring one fascinating exception, he didn't have a real friend in all that multitude.

Why, if they really wanted to put somebody out, hadn't they clubbed in and put that tough Smooth Crumbaugh out? Why hadn't twenty-five or thirty of them formed a volunteer committee on good order and removed Smooth by force? He would have been glad to enroll as a member of that committee—as the thirtieth member and in an advisory capacity purely.

Oh, well, what was the use of hanging round a place where true gentility was neither recognized nor appreciated? These here Supreme Kings couldn't possibly last much longer, anyway—running things the way they did. He might as well go on about his business. Reluctantly, making compromise with his outraged dignity at every step, and rent between a hankering to linger on and a conviction that if he did linger a most evil thing surely would befall him, Jeff limped in his creaking new shoes down the empty stairs, descending yard by yard into a Slough of Despond.

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Mobilizing the Whole Nation

By Melville Davisson Post

DECORATION BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

A REPUBLIC is built up on a single idea: every citizen shall have equal rights with every other, and equal duties. The whole notion of such a government is a notion of unity—unity of privilege and unity of obligation. Every national policy in a republic must contemplate this idea.

National acts are sound and efficient when they rest squarely on it. When they are, at any point, at variance with it they are unsound and inefficient. Under other forms of government, policies of inequality may be considered. Where there is inequality of rights it is logical that inequalities of burdens should also exist. But where privileges are equal, obligations must be also equal.

It consequently follows in a republic that no policy of obligation can be sound that is not a policy of universal obligation. The pressure of service must be a pressure exerted everywhere equally, like the pressure of the air. In the great crisis before the American Republic its national policy must adhere to this idea. No unequal measures will do. A plan for mobilizing the resources for national defense must be a plan for assembling all the energies of the country. It must be a plan laying a broad obligation over the whole nation and pressing that obligation equally on every man and every property. Nothing short of this is fair; nor is anything short of this consistent with our great underlying idea of a democracy.

Three years of looking on has taught us that the problem of warfare is not merely a question of an armed division or an armed ship. Victory is with the nation able to assemble its whole energies efficiently behind its fighting forces. Defeat is before the nation that, lacking unity of action, undertakes to depend on a class or certain selected resources. It is ruin to discriminate; to shift or juggle the universal obligation to put the whole property and the whole life of a nation into a united effort.

Appalling examples, flooded with the light of disaster, have been visible to us: the industrial strikes in England; the complaint in the French Senate that munition manufacturers have grown rich on the country's necessities. The American Government may as well do in the beginning what it must inevitably do in the end: lay down a broad plan for mobilizing the entire nation; a plan of universal obligation; a plan of preparedness without profits.

A Constructive Policy of Preparedness

EVERY man in the United States who has a plant for the manufacture of fighting implements will be required to put that plant at the service of the Government. Every man who has a plant for the manufacture of munitions of war or equipment must do likewise. But this is not enough; every other resource must also be at the service of the nation. Every railroad, every motor factory, every mine, and, if the need be, every acre of tillable earth must be also at the call of the country's defense. And when it goes to the national service it must go with no more thought of profit than the soldier to his division or the sailor to his fighting ship. This is universal patriotism; the only conception of patriotism consistent with a republic.

Is this a theory only, or is it a practical fighting plan?

The magazine press of the country is full of critical articles: articles that denounce and reveal our weakness, and offer no remedy. The American Government is facing the most portentous era in its history. Anybody can criticize its preparation for it. But it must occur to the country that somebody must formulate a constructive policy. To the enemy, if he comes, we may leave both the verbal and the concrete criticism. Those who would serve the nation must now face the other way.

Can a plan for mobilizing the resources of the whole country be put into effect? If so, what is the plan? How are we to go about it? What is to be done? Who is to act and what authority must be given him?

Let us get at the details.

We cannot follow England. We are not an empire dealing with special classes. The Defense of the Realm Act contemplated a fragmentary policy.

We cannot adopt that plan. We must put all the resources of the country at once at the service of the Government. It is not suggested that the Government will wish to call all our varied energies immediately to its aid. It is likely that but few of them will be actually required. But the plan for mobilization must be laid down upon lines broad enough to include every energy as it is required. It must be a plan by which every resource of the country shall come in as the nation calls it, under an equal obligation with every other resource.

The first step in this direction has been already taken. The Congress created the Council of National Defense. This Council consists of the Secretaries of War and the Navy, the Secretaries of the Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor. In addition to these heads of departments the President was authorized to appoint an advisory commission of seven citizens qualified by the possession of special knowledge of the industrial and commercial resources of the country.

To this Council of National Defense was turned over the problem of coördinating the military, industrial and commercial energies of the whole country, so they could be used as a unit for the defense of the nation.

In this hour of idle, strident criticism it is worth while to read the directions of the Congress to this Council:

"It shall be the duty of the Council of National Defense to supervise and direct investigations and make recommendations to the President and the heads of executive departments as to the location of railroads, with reference to the frontier of the United States, so as to render possible expeditious concentration of troops and supplies to points of defense; the coördination of military, industrial and commercial purposes in the location of extensive highways and branch lines of railroad; the utilization of waterways; the mobilization of military and naval resources for defense; the increase of domestic production of articles and materials essential to the support of armies and of the people during the interruption of foreign commerce; the development of seagoing transportation; data as to amounts, location, methods and means of production and availability of military supplies; the giving of information to producers and manufacturers as to the class of supplies needed by the military and other services of the Government, the requirements relating thereto, and the creation of relations which will render possible in time of need the immediate concentration and utilization of the resources of the nation."

Immediately the President organized this Council and appointed an advisory board composed of men representing the technical intelligence and the industries of the country, including a representative of the American Federation of Labor. Thus at once there was created a central body to consider all the abilities of the country and to devise plans as to how these abilities could be assembled.

By these means the American Government has undertaken to avoid the confusion into which England fell in her effort to prepare the empire for war. Temporary, time-serving, piecemeal plans are to be avoided by this method. The American nation, with its resources, will have, in advance, worked out complete plans for bringing every energy of production and transportation to the service of the country as the need requires.

The great central idea in a plan for mobilizing all the resources of the country is that no private individual, no corporation or association of persons shall make any profit out of the national necessity.

There shall be preparedness without profits!

It is a new conception of national defense. In old wars a certain class of individuals in a nation grew rich while the remainder of the nation was impoverished or on the fighting line. It was this condition that was at the bottom of all social unrest in nations in a state of war. It is difficult to find a people who are not willing to defend their country. Certainly no man worth the name can be found in America who is not willing to go to any length to defend it. He asks only for an equal sacrifice on the part of everybody else. If he can be shown that the Government has a definite policy which will distribute the burdens of war equally and prevent any man from obtaining a benefit by it, his every objection will be silenced.

It is the strength of a plan for mobilizing all the resources of the country that it does precisely this.

People are misled by criticisms true to an old order of things, but not true to the new, dawning order. Under the old laws the Government, in time of war, had to enter the markets of the country to purchase its war supplies precisely as an individual would purchase them. Such a plan put it at the mercy of the individual or corporation that owned private plants. It enabled these persons to charge anything they liked; to exploit the Government's need; to grow rich on the necessity of the nation.

Industries Under Government Control

BUT under the plan suggested the Federal Government would exercise its right of eminent domain over all the resources of the country and draft them into its service at what it considers to be just compensation and no more. Such a plan seems wholly beyond the conception of our critics. One finds them crying to the country:

"Perhaps the corporation which last year made three hundred and twenty-two million dollars over and above all costs of marketing, sinking fund and depreciation, might profit. Of course it would not affect their health; nor would they have to march shoeless. They probably would not march at all, but would be kept busy attending to social functions, to giving dinners to others. The other man . . . would feel the pinch. There are ninety-five millions of that kind. The mass of the people of the country would do the fighting and the suffering."

It is to prevent precisely such a condition as this that a new plan is suggested. The people of the United States must be made to understand that during the last three years the Government has had nothing to do with the manufacture of war munitions in the United States. The Government does not sell or transport munitions of war to any foreign country. All this trade has been entirely private business. The men who engaged in it were precisely in the position of anybody else in this country doing a private business. No doubt profits were large: perhaps as great as the critics say.

The American Government has not been concerned about it.

It is not a policy of a republic to prevent its citizens from profiting by private trade. They may grow as rich as they like in foreign commerce. It must, therefore, be clear to everybody that we cannot contrast an economic condition arising from the trade of private individuals with foreign nations in munitions of war and an economic condition where the Government of the United States, under its right of eminent domain, would take over these industries for the defense of the nation.

Now, in line with the new plan, the Government has already been given authority to take over the shipbuilding plants if it is deemed necessary to do so, or to place orders which it shall see are given precedence and swiftly carried out. To prevent privately owned plants from

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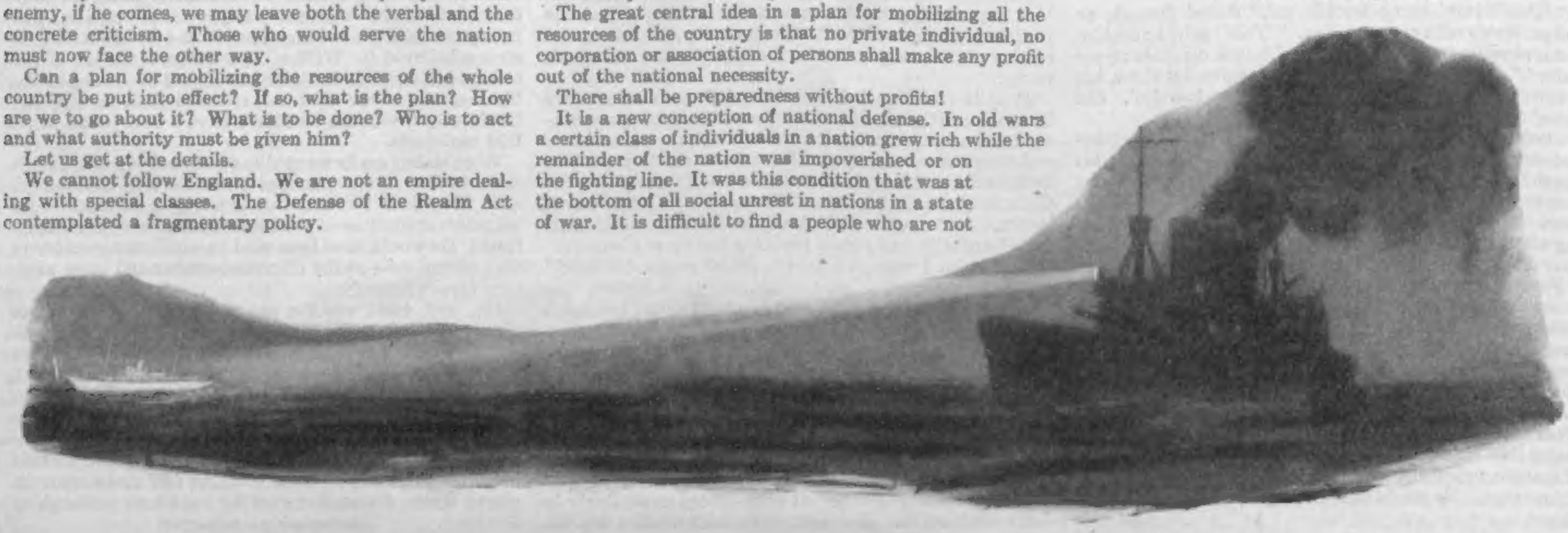

RUSSIA AND RASPUTIN

By Hamilton Fyfe

A VERY famous and very wise old Russian, Professor Maxim Kovalevski, told me once, "I never talk about Russia now when I am among my friends in Paris. When I did so, they would not believe me. They thought I was romancing. Clémenceau once said, 'It's all right, old man. We know you are only trying to pull our legs.' After that I kept quiet about Russian affairs."

I have myself come up against this same cheery skepticism, the same inclination to consider all the stories told about Russia fantastic inventions. Many of them are invented; many more exaggerate the differences between Russia and the Western world; but, after deducting these, there remains a great deal of information about the course of events in the Czar's dominions which, however unlikely it may sound to Western ears, is accurate. If the world is ever to understand Russia, it is necessary that those who possess such information should spread it abroad.

What I am going to relate will, I know, sound more like a sensational short story than a record of events in the twentieth century. You must keep on reminding yourself that Russia is not in the twentieth century. Her old system of government belonged rightly to the Middle Ages. The mass of her people are more ignorant, more sunk in superstition, than were our English ancestors of Shakspere's day.

A country where almost everybody is obliged to wear a uniform, from cabinet ministers down to schoolboys of eight years old; a country where business men must be licensed and placed in a certain grade according to the amount of their yearly turnover; a country where parliament had no power and where ministers, charged openly with treason, remained at liberty, making no reply—such a country is evidently separated by a wide gulf from the countries which have assimilated and acted upon modern ideas.

The Rise of the Dirty Dog

NOTHING could illustrate and emphasize more forcibly this separation than the history of the Russian friar Gregory Rasputin—pronounced Raspooteen. Born in a remote village, this man, destined for such strange and shameful adventures, reached almost to the age of thirty without suggesting to anyone that he would ever make a noise in the world. He received little enough education, and that little did not do him much good. His morals were so bad and his manners so disgusting that he was nicknamed Rasputin, a term of abuse which may be translated Dirty Dog. He was better known by this epithet than by his real name. After a while it was put upon his passport, and thus officially clamped on to him. Thenceforward it was the only name he had. His career continued to justify the change. Dirty Dog described him accurately up to the moment of his ignominious death.

The young man did not lack ability of a kind. He was sharp enough to see that he lived in a world where humbug prospered. He quickly understood that honest work would never permit him the indulgence of his tastes for wine and luxury. Before he was thirty he had discovered how to gratify his evil propensities. He determined to take advantage of the simplicity and superstitions which he found on every side round him. With this purpose in his mind, he became a wandering friar and preached a new religion.

In Russia, figures of this kind are frequently to be met. The interest in new religions is keen and widely spread. What Rasputin's particular brand was few people now remember. All know, however, that it included an injunction, common to several sects of early and medieval Christians, that men and women should bathe together "in order to mortify and conquer the flesh." He made converts. All who preach new religions in Russia do that. His doctrine for some reason appealed with peculiar force to women. He worked up gradually through the lower stages of society to the higher. His followers passed him on to other inquiring spirits. He was physically attractive in a coarse, masterful way, and he added to this a certain psychic influence. His will was strong, he could hypnotize women into subjection, his bold eye deliciously subdued them, they became his willing dupes.

That he deliberately set himself to reach exalted circles is unlikely. He never seems to have had much personal ambition. He aimed at material satisfaction. So long as he could make sure of these, he cared nothing for place or power. It is probable that chance made him acquainted with the woman of distinguished birth and high position who introduced him at court. Here his success was rapid. Great ladies became his protectors and patronesses. He was brought to the notice of the empress as a holy man whose prayers might be effective in hastening the cure of her little son, the heir to the throne, who had long suffered from a distressing and disabling malady.

Dismiss at once as fabrications the many scandalous stories current as to the relations between the empress and Gregory Rasputin! It is one of the sinister results of the part which this scoundrel was allowed to play in Russian political life that these stories are believed by millions of Russians. Whatever is done in secret is sure to be magnified a thousandfold by evil tongues. I should be ashamed to relate even a tenth part of what was openly said about Rasputin's position at court. But this I believe is true, that he persuaded the empress of his ability to cure her son and to keep him well and strong.

By this bold claim he established an ascendancy over the mind of a woman whose health and nervous system had been badly shaken by twenty years of unceasing apprehension and fear. Had he been left to his own devices he would have made no use of this ascendancy. But there were eyes on the lookout for all possible channels through which influence might be brought to bear upon the Czar, in the interest of the bureaucratic system. By this system Russia was still governed, in spite of the promise of a constitution during the troubles of 1906.

Ever since that promise was made the hidden rulers of Russia, who kept all real power in few, in very few, hands, had felt that the bureaucracy must fight for its existence. For long it fought a winning battle, chiefly on account of the slowness of Russians to combine and take action. The Duma had no power. It was a debating society. Laws could be passed without its sanction. It had no means of checking abuses. Ministers were not obliged to appear before the representatives of the nation. Those who did so regularly were soon put upon the retired list.

Lately there grew up a fresh root of bitterness between the progressives and the bureaucracy. The former were anxious for the lasting friendship and, if possible, for the alliance of Britain and France. The diarchs, the few men who sought to rule Russia, were of another mind. They had from the beginning regretted the war against Germany. They looked to the German Emperor to continue the support he had given in the past to the so-called autocratic principles of the czardom. They knew they could expect no sympathy either from Britain or from France. To prevent the temporary alliance between these countries and Russia was beyond their power, but they never lost an opportunity to impress upon the emperor its disadvantages and the dangers of the reform movement, which was strengthened by it.

"No concessions," they said, "or all will be lost. Give the progressives an inch and they will take by force an ell."

You will ask, no doubt—it is most reasonable that you should ask—"Who were these hidden rulers of Russia and whence did they derive their power?" They were some of them officials high up in the hierarchy of officialdom; some of them held court appointments; some were merely intriguers; one was Archbishop Peterim of Petrograd; another, Prince Andronikoff, was the editor of one of those wretched little subsidized newspapers which, alone among the press of Russia, supported the "Dark Forces," to use the expression common in Russia, which directed the government of the country.

Powers Behind the Throne

THOSE who composed the Camarilla, as it was called, were men little known even in Moscow or Petrograd, and their number varied. At one time the whole secret influence which was behind the autocracy, behind the cabinet of ministers, was exercised by two or three men. Occasionally one made himself all powerful for a season. Then there was an enlargement of the group. Others greedy of place or power would break in, and so the number of the Camarilla swelled, until a few of the strongest and, as a rule, least scrupulous again established an ascendancy and drove the rest out.

It is all familiar enough to those who have read the history of England, of Scotland, of France, of the Italian city-states, of any people in the same stage of development as that in which the Russians find themselves to-day: Government in the hands of a few men, usually in the background—"the power behind the throne." Favorites through whom this power is brought to bear. A continually increasing demand for more honest, more capable governors, responsible, not to the monarch alone, but to the people. These conditions, I repeat, have been met with in all ages, for there has always been some nation "rightly struggling to be free." The only reason why they strike us nowadays as extraordinary and bizarre is that they exist alongside of wireless telegraphy and aeroplanes.

Rasputin in the fifth or in the fifteenth century would not surprise us in the least. It is only because Russians wear top hats and drive motor cars that we feel incredulous about him in the twentieth. It is hard for us to believe that a minister of state could drive to his office in his electric brougham, and there find that he could not hold down his job unless he bowed to the wishes of a Rasputin.

That is what frequently happened. Let me quote one case out of many. In 1915 the important post of Procurator of the Holy Synod was occupied by Mr. Samareen. The procurator is the head of the Russian Church, which, as a state institution, is administered not by the clergy, but by a department of state, with a cabinet minister at its head. Mr. Samareen was that cabinet minister, a man of very distinguished ancestry—his family claims to be equal to that of the Romanoffs—the imperial house—and of very honorable repute. He was especially held in esteem by the nobility of Russia, who form a distinct class and have their own local assemblies. A conservative of the

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Each According to His Gifts

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE gray dawn of the morning crept into Fifty-eighth Street, New York, and, finding its way past the hangings of old blue that draped the windows of a ninth-floor room, bathed in a ghastly parody of light a setting such as—you might have imagined—only a woman could plan and execute. Gradually the enameled furniture, fashioned in the period of Louis Sixteenth and gray as the dawn itself, took shape and color; and out of the neutral background of the walls certain shepherdesses of Watteau and certain unclothed ladies of Zorn came coyly into view. And in one corner, on the blotting pad of a quite feminine desk, a slim white envelope, which seemed strictly business and quite out of touch with its surroundings, was presently defined.

Under the canopy—also old blue—of a dainty bed a sleeper stirred and murmured, and threw one blue-pyjamaed arm across—alas, across his close-cropped head. For on that bed lay André Leriche, head designer for Felice et Cie., smartest of Fifth Avenue modistes; and he murmured and stirred in his sleep because he dreamed a dream. Better, perhaps, to say that he saw a vision.

From out the mystery of the dark, from out the uncharted land of sleep, his masterpiece had been flashed to him!

You may recall how once, in a lonely English farmhouse, a poet fell into a doze—aided, they say, by a drug—and how through his mind as he slept there marched lines that were haunting, beautiful:

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground——"

"You are a Vision, Miss Drew—a Vision, I insist," said Lord Lindsay

Lines, in truth, of such unearthly charm that no one doubted the authenticity of the dream. You were ready enough to believe this of a poet; believe it now of a man dressmaker. Why not? Artists are artists, whatever be their specialty.

André Leriche awoke and sat up in bed. Even as he slept exultation had filled his soul; now it increased a hundredfold as he sat staring at the footboard, dimly outlined before him. He had planned scores of other gowns, walking the floor and smoking many cigarettes; here was one that had come to him finished, wonderful—a glory of a gown! He saw it on a matron, and the years rolled from her, the wrinkles disappeared; while in her eyes glowed a light supposedly forever quenched. He saw it on a girl, rich in youth, and the beauty of the picture made him faint.

André rose from his bed and put on a dressing gown, which was, you may be sure, a mixture of old blue and gray. Through an open window the November air came sharp and cold; unconscious of what he did, he closed the window and turned on the heat in his radiator. Over the desk in the corner hung a lamp with a gray shade. André snapped the button and gave first-aid to the dawn. There before him lay an envelope.

Only the night before, the contents of that envelope had brought him shame, humiliation. Only the night before! That was a million years ago; that was another world. In his present fever of inspiration the envelope meant nothing. He tossed it to one side and, seating himself, took up pad and pencil.

For a moment he waited, biting at his trim mustache, twisting the rings on his fingers. Then, with a rush, the details of his masterpiece came back to him and he smiled, for this was good—good. He began to sketch.

For an hour in that slowly warming room André worked with his pencil. Over the artist's scaffolding that he built, we, who could never understand, need not concern ourselves. Enough to know that at the end of that hour every last detail was down on the pad.

Now the fever was gone. André shivered. He drew his dressing gown closer and, rising, rang for coffee. Then he walked back to his desk; and, no longer the inspired genius, but little André Leriche, the man, he stood staring with sudden recognition down at the slim white envelope.

He seated himself again and took the envelope in his hand. In the upper left-hand corner was engraved the address of the French Consulate in New York. André did not need to take out the letter itself; the typewritten words of it ran rapidly through his brain. The pain, the humiliation, the wound of the night before, once more overwhelmed him.

You have gathered, without being told, that André Leriche was not very much of a man. His body was small, fragile. His feeling was all for texture, form, color; his soul—more or less—the soul of a woman. Before you sneer at him on this account, remember that he had not been granted the privilege of selecting, from a vast assortment, his body or his soul. He had not been consulted at all. Had he been, he would undoubtedly have chosen to be a man like his brother, fighting now in the Army of France. This soft, luxurious life amid the money-mad people of New York would never have known him.

Into André's easy life, some three months before, had burst the bomb of the war. The little designer had been appalled. His place, he felt, was over there, fighting for the country he loved. But he shivered at the mention of guns. He trembled at the thought of wounds.

Somebody at the shop of Felice et Cie. had, in a humorous moment, spoken of the possibility of André as a soldier. A vast giggle had spread through the rooms. The thing was really too absurd!

So André had seen his waiter at the Café Cote d'Or go; he had said good-by to his friends; he had parted with his servant. Outwardly he was smiling, suave; but inside him something kept gnawing—gnawing ——

It gnawed so long and so hard that André was finally moved to do a very brave thing. Though the act sent a cold shower of horror through his soul, he went to his consul and told him that he wished to become a soldier of France.

The consul was a polite man; he concealed his smile. A military attaché of the Washington Embassy, who happened to be present, not to be outdone, concealed another. They looked André over and told him he should hear from them.

And he had heard from them, only the night before, in that slim white envelope. They were polite to the last; but they had refused frail little André's sacrifice. Of course theirs was not the final verdict, wrote the consul; but it seemed quite certain that André was unsuited to the rôle of the soldier, and he was strongly advised to remain in New York. Each man to his trade, it was intimated. Let André stick to his gowns.

Never had André wanted so much to go as at the moment when he read that they would not have him. He sat now staring at the envelop. and a blush—blushes constantly tormented him—crept over his face and up to his pompadour. Slowly he tore the letter into shreds and dropped it into his wastebasket. No one must ever know. Rather let them think him a coward; a slacker, than that they should guess he had been refused by his country in the hour of her great need.

He shut his thin lips firmly. Stick to his gowns, eh? Very well—he would. And this—the latest —— His fingers strayed to the pad, and he sat staring at the evidences of the strange thing that had happened to him in the night.

So the poet must have gazed in awe at his poem.

And the poet had had the aid of a drug, whereas in André's case it had been nothing more than a cup of strong coffee, such as now came steaming toward him on a tray, carried by a sleepy servant.

In the establishment of Felice et Cie. there was a well-defined suspicion that the model with the flaming hair was getting a bit *passée*. About her eyes there hovered a continuous look of unhappiness, of strain. It was but a reflection of the mighty struggle that engrossed her—the struggle to keep her figure as the years sped by.

One morning, about a week after his dream, André gave this model his latest creation and told her to put it on. In a private room he waited, with Madame Felice, for the girl to appear.

Presently the door opened, and the model stood before them. Madame Felice, the cold and haughty, gasped, and a little cry of wonderment escaped her lips. As for André:

"I have worked magic!" cried André in his joy.

He had. It would be possible to give a detailed list of the materials with which he had wrought—so many yards of this; so many yards of that. But then you would be farther than ever from a picture of his gown. It was a gown able to bestow on almost any wearer the twin blessings of beauty and of charm. It was a gown which, when you looked at it, brought back to your mind far memories of moonlight and romance—brought back the thoughts of youth, which are long, long thoughts. If only you might have seen for yourself!

If you might have seen as Madame Felice was seeing! Twenty-five years in the business, and this gown amazed her. She turned her startled gaze on André.

"Some creation!" she said; for alas, she came originally from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

"You like it?" André beamed.

"A dream!" she answered. "How did you come to think of it?"

"You have said—a dream," replied André. "And there you have it. It was a dream. In the night it came to me—complete—as you see it now."

"Humph!" said Madame Felice. A crazy Frenchman—but a useful one. Her gaze returned to the model, standing awed by her own magnificence. "I shall sell it," she announced, "to Mrs. Mortimer Reyton."

André was suddenly raving.

"*Mon Dieu!*—no!" he cried. "My masterpiece—on that woman—that Eiffel Tower! Scrawny! Impossible! I beg of you ——"

"Nonsense!" broke in Madame Felice. "She can pay. A fancy price, I promise you. And you—you shall have a commission."

"Commission—bah! Commission on this thing I dreamed in the dark! Never! I beg of you—someone else. That girl—the one with the eyes of violet—De Puyster her name. Youth—youth—that gown must have youth! Then it will be irresistible. Mrs. Reyton! Please—for my sake ——"

"Mrs. Mortimer Reyton," repeated Madame Felice firmly. "She can pay. Who's running this place—you or me?"

"Alas—you!" cried André, and strode away, white with anger.

Madame Felice looked with puzzled eyes at the model whose hair flamed.

"Your contract was up last week," she said.

"I know," replied the girl. Her gaze was on the floor; her heart like lead.

"Come into my office," said Madame Felice. "I'll fix up a new contract—two years?"

"Yes," whispered the girl, and madame went out.

André was standing by the window. The model came over and laid a hand on his arm.

"Your gown did that for me, André," she said; and, turning, he saw tears in her eyes.

"No, no," he protested, his mind on Mrs. Reyton.

"Yes; it did. Thank you, André. You are a great genius."

Softly she left the room. André leaned close to the window. Mrs. Mortimer Reyton! For that empty-headed woman he had dreamed the great dream of his life! He saw a field strewn with the bodies of men—men who had thrown themselves between the enemy and Paris. Overwhelmed by his uselessness, he pressed his face against the cool pane of the window. "I wish I were dead," he muttered.

Mrs. Mortimer Reyton saw the model of the flaming hair in André's gown, and bought it without asking the price. Triumphant, Madame Felice carried the news to her designer.

"There must be alterations," she suggested.

"Never will I see her in that gown!" cried André. "I am determined."

"But it must be fitted—your advice ——"

"Never!" repeated André emphatically.

Madame Felice was furious. Had he not been the best designer in New York, she would have sent him packing. She decided it was better to respect his whim.

The gown was adjusted without André's help; and at a dinner she was giving in honor of a middle-aged British peer—Lord Lindsay—Mrs. Reyton first wore it. Several odd things happened.

Her maid looked at her in sudden surprise.

"Madame is beautiful," she said; it seemed as though she meant it.

Twice during dinner Mr. Mortimer Reyton caught himself staring in a puzzled way at his wife. He wondered whether, after all, there could be within him some remnants of the deep affection he once had for her. He wondered whether she would be interested to know what he was thinking. He decided not.

In a dark corner of her hall a man, who had loved her twenty years before, bent suddenly above her hand and kissed it. Mrs. Reyton looked in amazement down at his bald spot. There was a queer lump in her throat.

Contrary to her custom, she wore that gown a second time. She was planning to wear it a third, but remembered that she might thus start rumors about the financial condition of her husband's Trust Company. So, with a sigh, she parted from it.

André's gown went traveling—traveling ——

It made a very long journey—all the way from Fifth Avenue to Puget Sound. Out there, where the little fogs come creeping from the gray Pacific, where the docks are crowded with men of many colors from the many-colored Orient—out there, where the Land of the Free now feels most of its growing pains—it paused in its flight.

Ten years ago the city that received it was a huddle of shacks; now it stabs at the heavens with intermittent sky-scrapers, and only by the ruse of cotton in his ears can the stranger escape the story of that marvelous growth. It is a growth that has brought to this city, sprung up by the waters of the Sound, all sorts of men on all sorts of business—men who were strangers for the first month, plain citizens for the next eleven, and after that old residents and members of the Boosters' Club.

In this city, humming with tales of financial conquest, of sudden millions, you might think André's gown would be decidedly out of place. But, as a matter of fact, the town has for some time boasted a society of its own. This society is made up of several cliques, and at the very head—an impenetrable circle of exclusiveness—stands the little group of remittance men and remittance women—black sheep, poor relations—the discard from certain families famous back East or overseas. Perhaps it is sympathy that has drawn these wistful people together; whatever it is, a surprisingly large number of them are living in this city by the Sound. And there they cling pitifully to their borrowed glory, and are very, very careful with whom they associate.

Mrs. Horace Gerard is careful; for one must pay due deference to the family of one's late husband, looking out on Boston Common from behind their purple windowpanes on Beacon Street. Mr. Nat Ellis, walking daintily through the traffic of the town, with his stick and his gardenia, is careful in the name of his brother, the Bishop, whose wealth you know if you know New York. The Warburtons are careful, as becomes those whose uncle is an Ambassador; the Macreadys, burning metaphorical candles in their cheap parlor before the portrait of the great Dutton Macready, never, never bend. The Shiptons—but the list is sufficiently long.

The city smiles at these pretensions; and when one of the women of the inner circle appears in a new fur coat or a wonderful hat the gossips whisper, "She's had another box from the East." But the city is awed, just the same; and it walks with hushed footsteps through the neat little avenue where its vain outcasts live, all together. Rotten Row, a witty visitor called it; which was hardly just, for not all have come there because of some weakness—unless it is a crime to be a poor relation.

Mrs. Egerton-Dayne was giving a dinner. Egerton-Dayne had been a colonel in the Indian Army, who died in the shadow of a scandal that even his high connections in England had not been able to hush. So his widow had fled to America, to rule most haughtily on Rotten Row. Her dinner to-night was in honor of Lord Lindsay—the British peer Mrs. Reyton had entertained in New York having reached Puget Sound in the course of his travels.

The very cream of the avenue was gathered in Mrs. Dayne's little drawing-room, buzzing polite conversation, and waiting. By a nod of her head the hostess put the cocktails into circulation. Again she ran over the list of her guests already present, and again she noted that only one was missing. It was like Natalie Drew to be late. One could be late when one was the niece of Mrs. Mortimer Reyton, of New York—even if one were a very poor niece, whose frail little father had never done a stroke of work since his brother-in-law made that killing in Wall Street.

Without warning, the curtains between hall and drawing-room parted and Natalie Drew stepped into the room.

On the instant all conversation stopped and a little gasp of astonishment was audible. Of course they had known that Natalie was pretty, in her slim, blond way; but—but ——

It was a great pity André Leriche could not see his masterpiece now, worn by one worthy to wear it. "Youth—youth—that gown must have youth!" he had cried, and here, at last, it had what it needed most. And if it had helped a *passée* model to a two-year contract; if, worn by the angular Mrs. Reyton, it had caused an unaccustomed flutter round certain middle-aged hearts—ah, what did it not do now for this radiant girl who, in Mrs. Dayne's drawing-room, on Puget Sound, wore it as though it had been made especially for her!

The effect, indeed, was breath-taking. Over in a corner Nevil Cunninghame set down his cocktail glass and stared. His heart stood still; a thrill crept into it that all his wasted years had never known before. He who had been forced to leave his home and his own people because of certain unpleasant episodes; he who had now no interest in life save a monthly letter, with the English postmark, felt suddenly a flood of uncomfortable questions running through his mind.

He stepped forward. He was far from bad-looking, and months of ranching had made his a stalwart figure.

He bowed above the hand of Natalie Drew.

"The gods are good to me to-night," he said. "I am to take you in."

She had only a moment to smile, and then Mrs. Dayne was presenting Lord Lindsay. That heavy-faced Englishman was far from brilliant—but then, he could hardly have been expected to know.

"Charmed, I'm sure," he said. "You are a vision, Miss Drew—a vision, I insist. And what modistes you have over here! I'm hoping to flatter you when I say that your gown reminds me of one worn by a certain great lady in New York."

The room was deathly still.

"Mrs. Reyton?" suggested the girl, with a smile.

"Er—precisely."

"It is the same gown," she told him. "Mrs. Reyton is my aunt."

Lord Lindsay put one hand to his befuddled head and walked off into the middle distance. A strange country—a deucedly strange country!

Natalie Drew had carried it off very well indeed, but she felt the silence and the hidden consternation of the room. Her cheeks flamed.

They went in to dinner. There, to the astonished ears of the diners, Nevil Cunninghame was suddenly revealed as a wit. This handsome but silent and supposedly stupid younger son contributed often to the talk, and what he

From Out the Mystery of the Dark, From Out the Uncharted Land of Sleep, His Masterpiece Had Been Flashed to Him!

contributed had the tang of smartness and the ring of inspiration. André's gown!

If the others at the table knew him unexpectedly as a wit, the girl in the gown, who sat at his side, was discovering that he was also a most attractive courtier. For her he resurrected the gallant manner of his English days; into her ear he poured, one after the other, chivalrous little speeches that had come into his mind unbidden.

Occasionally he sat silent and thinking—thinking of his life here on Puget Sound; of the old, far days at home; of the tall, gray, masterful man they had had to make a baronet in spite of themselves—the man whose last harsh message had come through a solicitor:

"Barker, be good enough to tell my youngest son that I have no wish to see him ever again."

Then, from thoughts like these, the girl—and the gown—at his side would draw Cunninghame back, and again he would hear himself making a pretty speech that somehow seemed to come from his heart.

After the dinner Mrs. Dayne gave a box party for her guests. You will smile when you learn the location of the boxes, but on reflection it may not strike you as so very funny after all; for while their kind back East exhibited their diamonds at the Metropolitan, the exiles on Puget Sound gathered in the Moving-Picture Theater. Yes; it is done—it is, in fact, quite the thing, even after the most fashionable of dinners.

In the darkened box at the theater, Cunninghame sat close to Natalie Drew and never once looked toward the screen. His mind was a chaos of rioting thoughts; vainly he sought to set it in order, to plan for the future, to decide just what he ought to do.

After the pictures he took Natalie back to Rotten Row in a taxicab. He was remarkably silent now. Accompanying her up the walk to her front door, he unlocked it for her and pushed it open.

A gaslight flickered feebly in the narrow, unpicturesque hall. They stepped inside.

This was a humble, middle-class house, which sheltered the relatives of Mrs. Mortimer Reyton on Puget Sound. Its woodwork was yellow, shining, reminiscent of installment furniture. There were no long vistas, no rich effects of space; everything was crowded close—so close, in fact, that from his room above the snore of Natalie's worthless father came plainly to their ears.

Natalie slipped off her cloak and stood revealed again in André's gown. Cunninghame caught his breath. She held out her hand.

"You have been very gallant to me to-night," she smiled. "And I have had—such a beautiful time. Good night."

Something very like a sob gripped the Englishman's throat. He seized her hand in both of his. "Don't send me away like that!" he cried. "With only 'Good night'! You can't—it's too late—you can't. Don't you see—something wonderful—terrible—has come into my life to-night? I love you—I love you—I never dreamed I could love like this ——"

"I Can't Let You Go!" She Cried. "Oh, I Can't Let You Go!"

The girl shook her head.

"It's this gown," she said gayly, though her voice trembled. "It is beautiful, isn't it? From Felice et Cie. Just borrowed plumes, that's all—you heard me confess—at Mrs. Dayne's. It's the gown, Nevil; it has turned your head."

"Perhaps it was the gown that made me see," he answered. "It made me realize how lovely you are. But now—it's you—the girl inside—all that is good in me loves you, my dear. I think you'll understand that when I tell you—what I am going to do."

She waited.

"You see, I'm not asking you to marry me," he went on. "I'm not worth a thought of yours. I've been a pretty rotten sort all my life. Never did a stroke of work—except a little ranching; and that was fun. Disappointed my people, made a mess of everything—oh, ask them. Ask my father. I'm living here on a monthly draft from England—living here like an idle fool ——"

"We all are," she whispered.

"I'm not asking you to throw your life away on me. All I ask you have given me—this chance to tell you I love you. And perhaps—you will let me kiss you—just once—before I go away. For I'm going—in the morning ——"

"You're going ——"

"Yes. I knew it the moment you came into Mrs. Dayne's drawing-room to-night. If I've been a bad sort all my life I've been a much worse sort than usual since the third of last August. I've lived on here like a coward and a slacker, when my place was over there—at the Front."

"Nevil!"

"I got my monthly draft to-day—it's enough to take me to New York. My father will cable me passage, there. For I'm going back to him—in the only clothes I could go back to him in—in khaki. Just tell me good-by, my dear—and wish me luck."

For a moment she stood, wide-eyed, staring; and then with a little cry she threw her arms about him.

"I can't let you go!" she cried. "Oh, I can't let you go!"

He looked down at her, amazed.

"Natalie—you love me?"

"With all my heart! Take me away from here—away from this silly life. I'm so tired of it all—take me away!"

(Continued on Page 37)

A Matter of Blood Pressure

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

AN AMERICAN Burke's Peerage—something a shade more imaginative than Who's Who and a shade less cryptic than Bradstreet's—would be of a certain distinct advantage if you will pause to consider it. Suppose such a volume to be as widely distributed in these United States as the White House Cookbook or Omar Khayyam done in limp leather; the mere mention of the name of Oil King Cole here would free my introduction of tiresome details; for you, turning at once to the invaluable directory at your elbow, would read:

COLE, Owen Kirk—Oil Baron; President California Central and the Phœnix Petroleum Companies; President Atlas Oil and Refinery Company; President Midway Development Company; Vice President Lone Star, Michelinda, Grossmont, Queen, and Dunbar-Daly Oil Companies; Managing Director Atlas Oil and Refinery Company; Director Southern, Potrero, Pacific, Lone Star, Atlas, Midway, Dunbar-Daly, and Independent Oil Companies; Vice President Los Angeles Jobbers and Bakersfield Third National Banks; Treasurer Bakersfield and Western Railroad Company; Fourth Vice President Pacific Coastwise Navigation Company, etc., etc.; Member Los Angeles Athletic, California and Sierra Madre Clubs, of Los Angeles; and the Bohemian Club, of San Francisco; Member Midwick and Burlingame Country Clubs, etc., etc. Residences: Los Angeles, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Burlingame, California. Commonly known as Oil King Cole.

If, as I say, you had such information at your hand I would begin directly:

Oil King Cole sat in the library of his Los Angeles residence—referred to by Angelenos as a "show place"—glaring at an innocent-looking contraption of nickel and rubber attached to his fleshy bare arm. Dr. Erasmus Webb, the specialist, watched the dial of the sphygmomanometer closely and smiled behind his mustache at the peppery monologue of the magnate.

"And that," growled the latter, "is what I mean when I say that you doctors are in a conspiracy with Mrs. Cole! Arteries! Didn't know I had any! Of all the infernal ——"

Webb laid a finger on the purpling arm.

"Remember, Cole, what I told you about apoplexy. Profanity is as bad as spices and rich meats. Wait a minute now—there; it's off. Pull down your sleeve and listen; and don't talk to me about conspiracies."

The oil baron sat back, absent-mindedly manipulating a cuff link.

"Go ahead," he said resignedly. "But you won't convince me."

"Nonsense! You went to Mrs. Cole's young medico, and he told you you had a blood pressure. Not satisfied, you called Fleming. Either one of them was competent. But nothing would do then but you must drag me out here and break up a perfectly good foursome for the afternoon." He rose, folding the instrument into his case. "I tell you that Fleming and Quint were both right—you've got a pressure of a hundred and ninety, and the heart of a quail. You can continue to charge into fourteen hours of business a day and blow out any time in the next year, or you can use a little of your God-given sense and live to be eighty. I'll send my bill to your office. Good-by!"

His patient drew out a cigar case and extended it.

"Sit down a minute, Webb. I suppose I mustn't smoke?"

"What are they—fat, black queens? Humph! I thought so. No; you'll have to take to light ones—not more than three a day. Thanks; yes. I haven't an abnormal blood pressure!"

He clipped and lighted the cigar, drawing in his breath luxuriously. Oil King Cole grunted:

"You've got the malevolent disposition of a shark, though. Now what I want is definite information. None of the professional gibberish of old Fleming. What must I do to be saved?"

"Don't be so melancholy-tragico-serious, Cole. To all intents and purposes you're a perfectly healthy man. You can work as hard as you like four hours a day—the rest of the time you must play." He swung in his chair. "If I were running this motion-picture comedy of a world I'd order everybody in it to do the same. By all accounts you have some ten or forty millions banked; is there any mortal reason why you should work more than half a day?"

The oil baron was pawing through a desk drawer. From the farther depths he fished a faded and broken cigar, of mild and innocuous hue, and licked it into its wrapper.

"No reason, except that ten millions, or two, don't keep themselves, my scientific friend."

"Perhaps not. That's out of my line. But I'm perfectly serious in confirming Fleming's judgment on your case. If you are going on the way you have been you'd better put your money into life-insurance policies."

Cole nodded sourly.

"I'll take your word on that. Then what?"

"Four or five hours a day at your business. No more! After that—no automobiling round the oil fields and calling it exercise, mind you! You must walk, or ride a horse, or take a gymnasium course, or ——"

"Or play Run-sheep-run, I suppose?"

"Golf would lend itself better to your figure, Cole."

The capitalist snorted.

"Golf! A blithering, chuckle-headed, immortal-soul-wrecking excuse for a lot of gouty old wrecks to sit round on a porch and swig a lot of damnation ——"

"Profanity and fat meats!" the doctor interrupted warningly.

"All right—the most triple-dashed blank of a game since they invented shuffleboard on the Ark! There! Is that decent enough to keep down blood pressure?"

"Decent enough? Yes," the specialist laughed; "but inaccurate. Have you ever ——"

"Played golf? I have not—nor bean bags; nor indoor baseball."

"You might be safer if you did, Cole. I'm not ordering golf. I'm only telling you about it. Suit yourself. But one thing you must be perfectly clear on—don't mix business with pleasure. That's final! When you leave the office, leave your affairs in it with the other furniture. Dismiss everything from your mind. I don't want you coming back in six months and saying that the treatment made you worse. Do you understand?"

"Oh, I'm not a fool, Webb. I'll take your advice literally as far as office hours go. But we'll leave the golf question open."

"Of course—I was only suggesting. I'll have my dietitian send you a chart, which you'll probably burn up. But if you decide to try golf I can give you some hints about putting irons ——"

Oil King Cole reached for a heavy electric desk lamp; and the specialist fled, laughing thunderously. The magnate turned to the telephone and rang up his office: "Get Gallinger on the line for me, Miss Slade. . . . Hello, Gallinger! I won't be down again to-day. Take care of that asphalt contract with Austin and let everything else slide."

There was a stifled and gentlemanly gasp in the receiver.

"Yes, Mr. Cole. But we've just heard from Sorenson on that pipe-line lease—I don't know what you and Fish decided; and there's that ——"

"Tell Sorenson to wait until to-morrow."

"But, Mr. Cole, Sorenson leaves to-night for San ——"

The oil king bellowed:

"Good suffering snakes, Gallinger, I don't care where Sorenson leaves for to-night! If he doesn't want to wait until to-morrow I'll tell him where he can leave for! 'By!"

Cole banged up the receiver and thumped the instrument on his desk. Then he leaned back, running a tentative forefinger round his collar top.

"Well," he muttered ruefully, "I've started taking the cure. And I'm hanged if I'm going to do things by halves!"

He rang and a servant appeared.

"Have Elliott bring the roadster round," Cole snapped. "And then trot up to Mr. Harry's room and sneak me his sack of golf what-you-may-call-its. I'm going to the Country Club."

II

THERE are two types of men who charge their vicissitudes and their fortunes to luck: those who lack persistence and push enough to advance themselves at all; and those who are too modest otherwise to account for their own success. Angus Lacey, employed by O. K. Cole's Atlas Oil and Refinery Company in the Brea fields, was of the latter sort. Angus started as a roustabout when he was sixteen. He was powerful, active and intelligent. His mother—she was one of the McTavishes and a shrewd bit of a woman—his mother said:

"The lad's father gied him his hicht an' brawn; my ain father gied him his bonny face; but I ken the guid God gied him his brains—else he'd have naine."

Angus never bothered his head with original causes. When he was promoted to be a tool dresser, at eighteen, and when he took his first seat on the "driller's throne," in a new rig—the youngest driller in the field—at twenty-one, he laughed and said he was lucky. If it was luck, it held. He plumbed the bowels of the earth for the Atlas Company for four years and earned an enviable reputation—for boring straight holes and for escaping trouble—that was more than local.

One day an Associated man lost his entire string of tools below the casing at thirty-four hundred feet, and the problem baffled all the professional tool fishers who were called in. Angus Lacey drifted over, after the last of them had given up the job in despair, and made an impression block from a short scantling, a pound of shingle nails and a dollar's worth of soft soap. This crude cylinder he lowered into the well until it came into contact with the tools lodged below. When it came up it bore the marks of that contact, showing something of the position in which the lost string had become jammed. Angus carried the block to his office, made a careful drawing, and then ordered a peculiar snaggletoothed fishing tool, the like of which had never been seen outside the Patent Office Museum of Curiosities.

The word went round, and when the new instrument was finished the floor of the derrick of Associated Number Nine was crowded with skeptics. Angus fingered the line as it was paid out, with his head cocked as though he could hear what was happening half a mile below, down the black throat of the casing. Presently he signaled and the engine was reversed.

"He's got a pick-up!" somebody said; and Angus nodded.

The bull wheel groaned and creaked as the long cable was wound in. At its end, caught in an unbreakable grip by the new fishing tool, was the lost string. Angus stepped back and wiped his hands.

"Isn't that luck?" he laughed.

After this singular piece of good fortune—though there were those who held that the snaggletooth Angus had devised had its good points—the Atlas Company superintendents, one after another, found better berths for Lacey; and in time he came to be a sort of mechanical and supervising handy man under Superintendent Mason, with no particular title but with a good deal of responsibility and great usefulness, and with a fair increase in pay. "All luck!" Angus would have it.

Luckily, then, he was on the job at five o'clock one morning overseeing the spudding-in of a new hole when he noticed the last of three truckloads of derrick timbers being dumped inside the boundary line of the Atlas property.

"Hello!" he said. "Didn't know the super was figuring on a new rig."

His driller spat.

"That ain't our timber. Seen Flanders and his gang from the Potrero Company setting stakes there at daybreak."

"Flanders, eh? Um-m-m! Potrero has claimed forty feet along that line for a year, but I thought the lawyers were fighting it out. Hustle up to the office, one of you, and bring Mason, and I'll go over and see whose party this is."

He was coolly received by the huskies gathered round the new piles of lumber.

"You boys working for Potrero?" Angus asked.

Unconsciously they recognized authority.

"Yes, sir."

"What are you going to do here?"

They were silent for a moment; then one said swaggeringly: "We're going to build a Sunday school!" And the crew snickered.

Angus laughed good-naturedly with them.

"You'll have to hurry, then," he said, "or you won't have it up in time to hold services for your dead."

"The' ain't going to be no dead Potrero men here," the bold workman retorted. "But you better keep your Atlas pay roll th' other side o' that fence line."

He pointed to a newly erected row of posts, twenty feet over on Atlas ground. Angus frowned. It was entirely possible that the boundary dispute had been settled without his knowledge, but this early-morning program looked dubious. He kicked a clod of earth from one boot toe and considered. The derrick carpenters and helpers began to stir about their timbers, talking in low growls. Presently an Atlas man came up with news.

"Mason's sick—quinsy, they say. They've sent him to the hospital at Fullerton. I tried to call the Los Angeles office, but it's too early. No answer."

Angus spoke in a low tone:

"All right; I'll have to take a chance. Go back to the bunkhouse and turn out the afternoon tower. Tell them we're going to throw these Potrero bohunks off. I don't want any guns; but you might grab a forgy-bar or a pick handle apiece. Now hike!"

The Potrero laborers watched the conference warily and, when the Atlas man left, one of them started for their camp on a trot. Angus leaned against a new fence post and waited. Within a few minutes Flanders, superintendent of the Potrero, drove up in his buggy. He jumped down and crossed to Angus at once.

"Light out, now, young fellow!" he blustered as he came. "Get off this ground, or get throwed off!"

Angus grinned. "Throwed off? Who you going to get to help you, Flanders?"

"Don't make me sore now!" the other cried. "We're starting a derrick here this morning and we're in a hurry."

"I notice." Angus nodded toward the fence line. "How long since the Potrero bought this strip? And what's the main idea of getting to work at three o'clock in the morning?"

Flanders Drew a Revolver, and Angus Lacey Promptly Knocked Him and His Weapon Endwise

Flanders tried a new tack, seeking to persuade the other to keep the peace and refer the matter to his superiors. Lacey encouraged his eloquence. Ten minutes later twenty burly drillers and tool dressers swept down on the spot from the direction of the Atlas office. There was a struggle, in which pick handles and carpenter tools played a small but not unimportant part. Flanders drew a revolver at one stage of the proceedings, and Angus Lacey promptly knocked him and his weapon endwise, and then picked up the gun, emptied it, and threw it two hundred feet into Potrero property.

"Run along and get it, Flanders," Angus said coolly. "And when you find it, just keep right on going!"

Flanders retreated after his routed crew, cursing bitterly.

"I'll get you for this, you blacksmith's helper!" he shouted. "And the sheriff will kick you and your gang off as soon as I can get him here!"

He climbed into his buggy and whipped up his horse. Angus gazed somewhat ruefully about him. Two or three men were ready for the hospital—all Potrero employees, he observed—and several more were badly cut and bruised. If he were in the wrong the Atlas Company would have to pay through the nose and Angus Lacey would be out looking for work! But there was no time to speculate.

"You boys stay here and loosen up those piles of timbers," he ordered. "Then set a match to them and go on back to work. They can't build a derrick without lumber, so far as I know; and while they're getting more up here I'll find out what's which."

"Wait a Minute—Kick Your Telephone—I Don't Hear"

He ran to the office, summoned a doctor and an ambulance from the nearest town, and then rang for the Fullerton Hospital. There they told him that Superintendent Mason had diphtheria and had been removed to Los Angeles. Lacey grunted and looked into the telephone directory for the names of some of the higher-ups of the Atlas Company. But he had never had occasion before to deal directly with them, and his search led nowhere.

At the end of two hours he got into connection with the Los Angeles office of the corporation. They referred him to the headquarters of O. K. Cole, the president. The gentlemanly Mr. Gallinger hesitated, and then instructed him to call Mr. Cole's attorneys. Angus telephoned them, but their clerks informed him that one of the partners was out of town and that the other was not down yet.

"This is a hell of a company!" Angus grunted disrespectfully. "Nobody home but the clock!"

Meantime his men reported that the Potrero Company forces were waiting for reënforcements. When the timbers began to burn they had charged up the hill with fire extinguishers and a length of hose, but had succeeded only in drenching some of the Atlas crowd, for which they had been promptly thrashed. In the excitement about five hundred dollars' worth of derrick timbers had gone up in smoke.

"I've got a fine little single-barreled civil war on my hands," the young boss groaned. "The stuff's off now!"

By noon he had managed to stir up the Los Angeles offices, but still there were no definite orders. As far as anyone could determine, only Oil King Cole himself knew whether the Potrero Company was within its rights or not. The polite Mr. Gallinger, in Cole's office, warned Angus not to go too far. The legal adviser of the big boss, however, assured the perturbed man in the field that possession was nine points of the law and that the safe course was to prevent the rival corporation from starting a derrick.

Thus, Lacey was brought finally to the necessity for talking to O. K. Cole himself. Angus would have been much less troubled if he had been told to consult the Supreme Court. But his feeling of embarrassment wore out under his rage at the impotence of the company's subordinate officers. At one o'clock, finding that his crew was still in possession of the field of operations, that Mr. Cole could not be reached by telephone, and that no one in the city seemed capable of undertaking to interview him, Angus climbed into his decrepit automobile and drove recklessly into Los Angeles.

He had been told that Mr. Cole would be at home, from out of the city, about noon. He went to the half-a-million-dollar home and was informed that the oil magnate had gone to the Country Club to play golf. By this time Angus was filled with great and soul-pervading wrath. For once, Oil King Cole should be told where to head in. If he thought he could go rambling about the state, enjoying himself or soaking up high-priced liquors at a fashionable club while other men, wholly in the dark, fought his battles for him, he was mistaken; and Angus meant to say so.

The young man was so angry that he jeopardized the success of the whole expedition with the speed at which he tore through a solemn and law-abiding city; and when he reached the Country Club, following the directions given by a methodical house servant, he snorted up, asked for Mr. Cole in a voice that club employees recognized as authoritative, and climbed again into his machine to seek out the oil baron on the grounds.

"Hey! Stop, you!" a voice roared protestingly. "You can't drive on the links, y' know!"

"Oh, I can't, can't I?" Angus retorted. "I'll drive all over the place before I'm through! If you think I'm going to walk two miles across your tennis courts you've got water on the brain!"

He narrowly avoided maiming for life two or three staid and elderly golfers, and his escapes from the pitfalls of hazard and barranca were hair-raising; but he found Oil King Cole at last. Leaving the chariot—an ugly blot on the chaste green of the course—he strode across to face the stunned and unbelieving quartet of men staring at him from under an oak tree. Without preliminaries he addressed them.

"I'm looking for Mr. Cole, of the Atlas Oil and Refinery Company," he blurted.

Oil King Cole stepped forward, his face crimsoning.

"What in the name of the everlasting ——"

Another man in the group interrupted:

"Profanity and excitement, Cole!"

"Oh, dry up, Webb!" the capitalist responded graciously. "Now, young man, what's the meaning of this?"

"If you're Mr. Cole," Angus said brusquely, "my name's Lacey. I'm under Mason, at Brea. Mason's sick with diphtheria."

"Is he?" the oil baron retorted. "Well, I hope he dies of it! Let him get a nurse! Let him get twenty nurses—and two hundred doctors, if he needs 'em. Hire him a hospital—but don't bother me! Now climb into your ——"

"Oh, wait a second!" Angus Lacey exploded. "Do you suppose that's what I came up here to tell you? The Potrero Company has sent a crew of men over the Atlas line to build a derrick. I tried to get your office to tell me what to do. I asked your lawyer. I asked your clerks. I asked the girl that chews gum at your telephone. Now I ask you!"

Oil King Cole had been firing up to a dangerous point, but the news cooled him off.

"All right, boy," he jerked; "I'm the man. What have you done already—to those Potrero porch climbers?"

"Kicked 'em off and burned their derrick timbers."

"You have? Great merciful —— Here; I mustn't get excited. You've done well so far. Now go back and keep them off. Keep them off if you have to call out the state militia. But don't ever bother me with your troubles again—do you hear? You're in charge of the Atlas Company's field operations—I'm not."

Lacey shook his head.

"But that's just it, Mr. Cole," he protested. "I'm not, either. I'm not even a straw boss. Mason's superintendent; and I tell you he's sick—in the hospital!"

"Oh, damn Mason!" Oil King Cole cried vehemently. "Do I seem to speak the English language?"

Angus grinned.

"You seem to; yes, sir."

"All right, then. I said that you're in charge of the Atlas Company's field operations. Go in and tell Gallinger so, at my office. Tell him to give you Mason's pay. And then go down and lick the everlasting stuffing out of every Potrero man in Orange County! I'll teach Groenendyke and that bunch to play tag with me!"

The new superintendent of operations for the Atlas Company wiped his forehead.

"All right, Mr. Cole—and thanks!"

"Oh, drat your thanks! Get that snub-nosed oil cruet of yours off the fairway! And the next time you break into an afternoon with your questions I'll brain you with a mashie. *Vamos!*"

III

OUTSIDE the holy of holies where Frederick Gallinger had his business being, there were things said of blood pressure in the offices of O. K. Cole at about this period that never appeared in scientific treatises, and that even the most eminent authorities on the subject probably do not know.

Julius Brain, the head bookkeeper, summed up the sentiments of the force rather neatly, they all agreed, when he remarked epigrammatically:

"Blood pressure is the disease a lazy man has when he's too old for cholera infantum and too young for senile decay."

And the sharp-tongued Miss Ambrose, Mr. Gallinger's stenographer, said with a sniff: "I don't know what a two-hundred blood pressure means; but I do know that if the pressure on this office keeps up long I'll beat the boss to the sanitarium myself!"

In short Dr. Erasmus Webb's prescription for Oil King Cole had resulted in this: that, instead of working himself and all his employees only ten or twelve hours every day, as aforetime, the capitalist now used his allotted half day to concoct and lay out enough arduous business to last the clerical force through the whole twenty-four hours.

To make matters worse, his improved physical condition stimulated his imagination, which, in turn, presented new fields of activity to him, so that he thought up more ventures and more complex details, which he turned over to them to wrestle with. But to make matters worst, he himself was growing younger every day, had regained his appetite, was sleeping like a baby, fairly devoured work during his own shortened day, and could not for the life of him understand why anyone should ever feel fatigue. Always short and peppery, Oil King Cole became a martinet and a slave driver. At times his subordinates wished that he had contracted some less fashionable disease, and that he would succumb to it!

But there was a much more vital result of the new system, which worried Manager Gallinger himself into insomnia. This was that Oil King Cole could not be brought to a realization of the importance of sharing all his business secrets with someone in his confidence, or else staying on the job to attend to their ramifications in person, and yet positively forbade any interruptions of his afternoons at play.

"It comes to this," the manager moaned to their attorney: "Mr. Cole makes arrangements and deals and promises on his own hook, forbids telephone calls for instructions, and then slides away blithely and leaves me to pick up the threads by sheer instinct!"

"You mean ——" the lawyer suggested.

"Well, take that boundary fight down at Brea last week. Without my hearing a word about it, the chief has been engaged in a private vendetta with the Groenendyke interests—Potrero and Queen Companies, you know—for months. As he is on both boards of directors I supposed that everything was lovely. The first I know of a fight to the death is when some roustabout down there telephones for instructions. What could I tell him?"

The attorney laughed.

"You didn't have anything on me, Fred. You referred this young Lacey to our office; I shut my eyes and guessed. Luckily I guessed right."

"Oh, you guessed right—certainly! But suppose you hadn't?"

"Why don't you speak to Cole—taking that line with him?"

The manager threw up his hands.

"I have spoken to him. He says that if I haven't any intuition I'd better go to laying bricks, where there isn't anything subtle about the job."

"I see! He's so used to carrying the whole game in his own head —— What's the latest development in the row between Atlas and Potrero, by the way?"

"Mr. Cole hasn't told me much," Gallinger answered. "I do know that Groenendyke is as sore as a bruised thumb. We might have compromised with him and gotten together on that Standard Pipe Line contract; now he swears he'll fight us to the crack of doom! If Superintendent Mason had been on the property instead of this bellicose Lacey we might have avoided a ruction: now we've got a war on. And you know how Groenendyke makes war!"

"I do, thanks! I've been through one or two pitched battles with him. What about Lacey? Understand the old man has taken quite a fancy to him. Morphy was telling me."

Gallinger scowled.

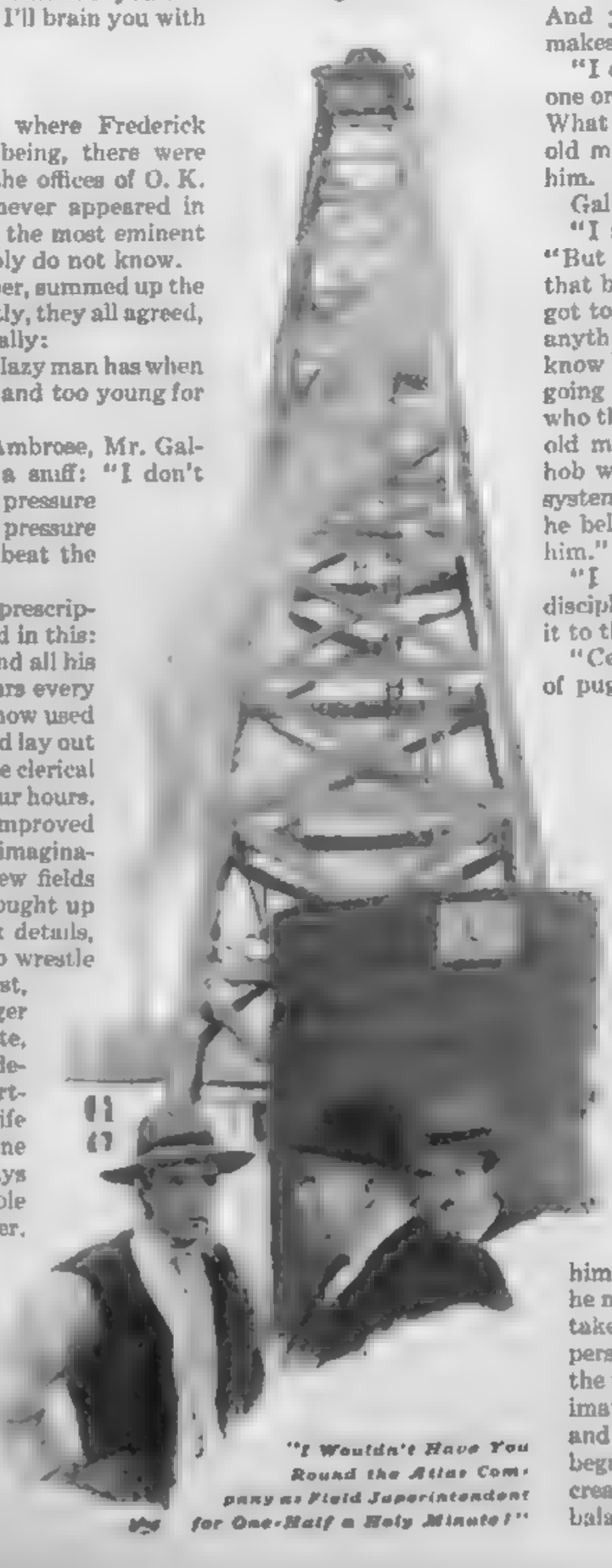
"I suppose so," he said shortly. "But Lacey went over my head in that boundary proposition and he's got to come down a peg. I haven't anything against him—wouldn't know him if I saw him—but I'm not going to keep field superintendents who think they can run direct to the old man with their woes. It plays hob with discipline and wrecks the system. I'll show Mr. Lacey where he belongs before I'm through with him."

"I suppose you're right about discipline—but you'll have to hand it to the boy. He's a fighter."

"Certainly. But this isn't a school of pugilism we're operating. It's a business—or was before Cole found he had a blood pressure and took to golf!"

Meantime, all unconscious of having incurred the displeasure of the powerful office manager, Angus Lacey was as busy as a bumblebee in blossoming bridal wreath. Oil King Cole employed the system that has made American Big Business what it is—he created a man's-size job, found the man big enough to hold it, and then trusted his man.

Inside certain broad lines Angus was a despot. The realization of the extent of his authority came to him gradually and did not spoil him. When an emergency arose he met it; and when he made mistakes he was apparently the only person who worried over them. On the whole, he came within approximate reach of satisfying himself, and the big territory in his charge began to show the results of increased efficiency in its monthly balance sheets.



"I Wouldn't Have You Round the Atlas Company as Field Superintendent for One-Half a Holy Minute!"

"Light Out, Now, Young Fellow!" Flanders Blustered as He Came. "Get Off This Ground, or Get Throwed Off!"

In his new position, also, he found opportunities for branching out on his own account. A stranger came to him one day offering a chance to go into a small syndicate that held an option on a piece of oil land in Santa Maria. Angus knew two or three of the men already signed up—the thing looked good. His savings were not great, but he did own one considerable asset—a two-acre piece in a strategic position in the center of the Brea fields. He had bought it cheap, but more than one agent had asked him to consider generous offers for it. For the first time he debated selling.

The agent to whom he went said at once:

"If you're still talking about six thousand dollars, Lacey, you're affected by the heat. I can get you five."

Angus pondered.

"No; I guess I'll wait, Wall," he said finally.

The agent coughed and tendered fifty-two hundred.

"No; I can't see that, either. If it goes at all it'll have to bring six thousand. Have a cigar?"

Temporarily, then, the young field superintendent turned down the Santa Maria syndicate. Two or three other propositions loomed up. Presently he was glad he hadn't hurried. With his increased salary, he was putting away a tidy sum each month. In a year he would be able to take a real plunge.

He was feeling something like a capitalist himself, therefore, when he looked up from his field-report blanks one morning to see, alighting from a big green monogrammed car, no less a personage than Oil King Cole. The capitalist walked in briskly.

"'Morning, Lacey! How are you? Don't get up; I haven't sat on the edge of a desk for five years. There! How are our friends on the Potrero?"

Angus grinned.

"Able to reach out and covet a little food three times a day, I guess. Haven't heard from them."

"No? Well, you won't—that's all fixed. I wouldn't use pick handles next time though, my boy. There are a lot of laws in California covering the relations between principal and agent, and I don't care about being sued for half a million by a parcel of widows."

"I don't want you to, Mr. Cole. But it was either pick handles or fists, and I didn't want a dozen Atlas drillers laid up with broken hands."

"I see! All right; but go easy next time. I came down to tell you something. Have you heard about the Standard Pipe Line Company contract?"

"Just derrick gossip."

"I want you to get it right. Let's have a Brea field map."

Angus spread a big blueprint on the desk. Oil King Cole put his finger on it with easy familiarity:

"The Standard Pipe Line Company is building a topping plant south of the city. For reasons of my own I don't want them to come over here—my idea is to lay a feeder system in the Brea field and carry the crude from this district to the S. P. L. Company in my own pipe line. Groenendyke, of the Potrero, has the same notion. He owns a private right of way for a local system; but I'm going to run along county roads. See? Here—like this": He sketched a gridiron of lines hastily with a pencil.

Angus nodded.

"You'd have to have a county franchise, of course."

"Yes. We've applied for it. It will be offered for sale on the twenty-eighth. But meantime Groenendyke has found that he can't build without a franchise to cross the roads and connect up. The blanket franchise I've asked for will be sold to me before he can get his through—there's advertising and red tape—lot of rigmarole; and so far he's blocked."

"I should say that you were pretty safe, then, Mr. Cole."

"I would be if it was anybody but Groenendyke. He's sore about that boundary fight and a few other little things, and he's the kind that isn't licked until he's knocked cold. I have a sneaking suspicion that he may try to steal those road crossings—lay his pipes some night—and get his franchise later. It's been done before."

"Then he could connect up his private right of way, and your franchise ——"

"My franchise would be pretty to frame. That's about it. I want you to watch things here. If you see anything call up Gallinger, our office manager, and he'll do the rest." He paused a moment; then added: "I think I can trust you enough, Lacey, to let you know that I've got a sale running into seven figures depending on this pipe-line deal. You'll have to sleep with one eye open."

"I will. Anything else?"

Oil King Cole thumped the desk.

"Anything else? Isn't that enough? I never met such a glutton! You keep your mind on Groenendyke about twenty-five hours of the day, and meantime I'll try to think up something more for you to do."

He slid from the desk and went out, chuckling:

"Anything else? Now what the triple-dashed realms of Satan ——"

Angus employed himself at odd minutes in the next few days in figuring out the probable route that would be followed by the builder of a local oil pipe-line system over private lands, and succeeded in checking up some rather extensive ditching being mysteriously done, and in locating two or three strategic road crossings. But no attempt at stealing those crossings was discovered, though he performed prodigious feats of espionage.

His ordinary duties settled into a routine. He began to pine for other oil-field worlds to conquer. Then, one morning when business took him to the county seat he overheard part of a conversation that sent his pulse up five beats to the minute.

A natty young stranger, carrying a lawyer's-brief case, was at the county clerk's desk, talking with one of the deputies. Angus caught half a dozen sentences. Then he looked up at a wall calendar. It was the twenty-eighth of the month, the date of that franchise sale. Without waiting he strolled out; but beyond the door he broke and ran. In the nearest telephone booth he snatched up a directory, found his number, and called the Los Angeles offices of Oil King Cole.

"Mr. Gallinger!" he snapped to the operator.

"Mr. Gallinger is in San Francisco," she cooed.

"In where?"

"In San Francisco. Who is this, please?"

"This is Lacey, Atlas Oil Company, at Brea. Is Mr. Cole there?"

"No. Mr. Cole will not be in to-day."

"Where the —— Where is he?"

"He's playing in a golf tournament."

"Get him on the line for me—quick as you can! It's important."

"I'm sorry; but Mr. Cole left positive orders that he was never to be called at the Country Club."

"Oh, he did, eh? Well, now, you forget those orders—and I'll see that you get a raise for it, if I have to pay you myself!"

The girl giggled: "Oh, I couldn't do that!"

"Couldn't, eh?" Angus grunted. "All right, then! A lunatic asylum on a three days' drunk would have more business sense than this company seems to have! Wait a minute! Give me the number of Mr. Cole's attorneys, will you?"

"I can connect you on our private line—if you wish."

"Shoot the piece!"

He waited, chuckling.

"I'll bet that little girl would stand on a burning deck and eat peanuts with the guy in the story!" he grunted. Then: "Hello! This is Lacey, Atlas Oil and Refinery Company. I'd like to speak to one of the lawyers."

"Mr. Morphy and Mr. Whitson are both in court to-day."

"Oh, in court! I thought it probable. Anybody else there who ever heard of the Atlas Company?"

The girl speculated on the problem, finally giving him an associate attorney. This man's ignorance would have made that of a Fiji Islander appear translucent genius. Angus lost what little patience he had left. He tried the Country Club and found that Mr. Cole was not to be reached. He hung up the receiver, paid the heavy tolls and went out swearing.

Of course any other man would have dropped the business straightway and gone about his own; but Angus was mortified, because it was his own corporation that was about to be made a laughingstock by the despised Potrero "porch climbers," as Oil King Cole had called them. Moreover, he was a persistent youth, as most oil-well drillers must be. On the way back to the courthouse he had an inspiration. It made him hot and cold to think of it, but his impulse governed him. At another telephone he called the real-estate operator who had offered him fifty-two hundred dollars for his two-acre corner in the Brea field.

"Hello, Wall!" he jerked. "I've been thinking about the price you made me for my lots. Do you still want them?"

"Who's this? Lacey? Yes; I can give you fifty-two hundred."

"When?"

"Why, I don't know—any time, I guess."

"Could you have the money in the Brea First National in half an hour?"

"I think so."

"All right! You're on! I'll see you this afternoon and tell you about it. I'm in Santa Ana and I need the money to draw on—see? Don't fall down now!"

"No danger. You know me, Angus!"

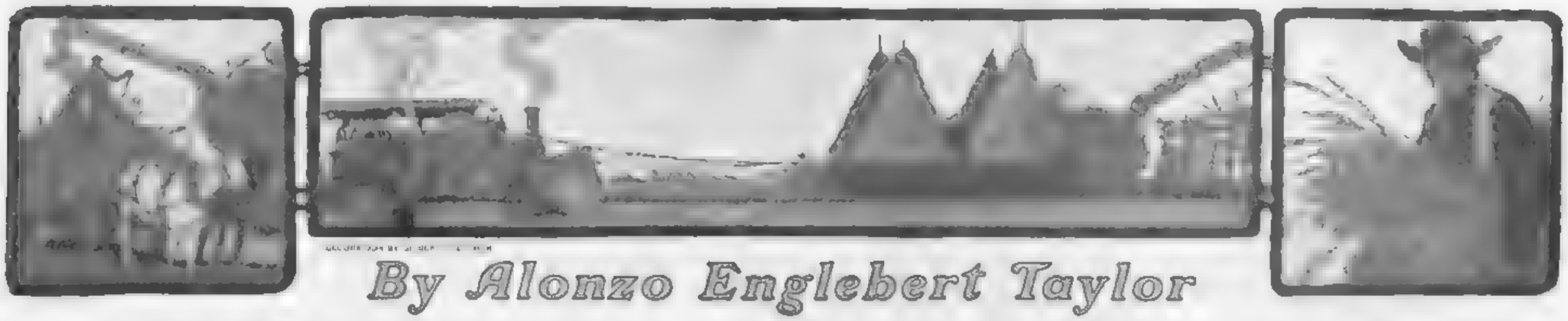
"Thanks. So long!"

Lacey hurried toward the courthouse once more. What he had overheard in the clerk's office was that the young lawyer, a representative of Groenendyke, of the Potrero Company, attending to watch proceedings perfunctorily, had been amazed and delighted to find that the Atlas Company had no representative present. He had immediately put in a sealed bid, to meet that of the Atlas already received by the clerk by mail, and was now waiting to offer an oral bid if that was necessary. If Cole's people did not appear it would be knocked down to Groenendyke. He had chuckled at the prospect—Angus had left him chuckling.

When Lacey entered the board room he looked quickly for the face of an Atlas Company man, but there was no one there he knew. The clerk of the board read the formal notice of sale of a franchise for the use of county streets and roads for a pipe line in the Brea Oil District. The Atlas Company's mailed bid was opened, read and filed. It was one hundred dollars. The bid of Matthew Porterson, in an

(Continued on Page 121)

THE FOOD SUPPLY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM



By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

LATE in the autumn of 1916 the writer was in Berlin. He had but a short time previously spent a number of weeks in England, where he had been impressed with the efficiency of British manufacture and transportation. Discussing the war one day with a German scientist, the latter requested a frank opinion of industrial conditions in England. The writer replied that wartime efficiency in England had attained a high and impressive plane of excellence.

"That," replied the German scientist, "is because our blockade is restricted by international agreements; England is able to devote capital, labor and talent to manufacturing because she is permitted to import her foodstuffs. If she had been compelled to produce her foodstuffs, as we must, she would not have developed such efficiency in manufacture. If she were to be compelled to produce her foodstuffs her efficiency in manufacture would collapse."

The writer then ventured to ask whether the German scientist believed it could ever be possible to starve Great Britain out by a submarine blockade.

"No," he replied; "not in the direct sense. A people will always produce needed foodstuffs if the soil is capable of it. England has a good soil, much better than ours, and she could produce her foodstuffs if she set to it; but only by placing upon the soil many million laborers now engaged in manufacture, to the disorganization of her manufacture."

Study of actual conditions in England and Germany and conversations with men of standing in both countries have convinced the writer that, in the main, the ideas, motives and hopes of the authorities, upon which the blockades of foodstuffs were founded, are practically identical in Great Britain and Germany. On neither side is there serious hope that a food blockade, as part of a complete blockade, will be able actually to starve out the enemy people. Neither Great Britain nor Germany can be placed in the position of beleaguered Paris; but each believes that the other can be compelled by blockade to produce her entire food supply. Each is convinced that, by compelling the other to produce all her foodstuffs, industry and transportation will be disorganized and the power of offense in the military sense seriously or even fatally reduced.

This is not the standpoint of the headlines of the press; it is not stated in the speeches of the chancellors; it cannot be used to bolster up home courage or be employed as a scare for the enemy. But it is the scientific opinion of the trained students of the subject. Internal disorganization leads to reduction in morale as much as or even more than failure of military offensive; and with each month of continuation of war morale acquires greater importance, relatively and absolutely.

A Year's Test of the Blockade

THE Allies' blockade of Germany has had about a year of real test. It has failed to starve the German people; barring extreme crop failure, it will not succeed in starving the German people. But it has effected serious disorganization of the industries, transportation and labor conditions of the German Empire. Compelled to produce her entire foodstuffs and feeding stuffs, Germany has not been able to produce more than the minimal requirements of her people and domesticated animals. Among yields comparably normal she has had one low crop of grain and roughage, and one unusually high crop of potatoes. Crass mismanagement has occurred, greatly to the physical detriment of the industrial classes.

The plans of German scientists for increased production have failed of realization. Distribution has been unequal, and this has spread discord among the people and accentuated class feeling. Disorganization in conditions of labor has become so severe as to necessitate military mobilization and control of civilian labor; in this disorganization the imperative demands of agriculture have played a prominent rôle.

Germany has now inaugurated a complete submarine blockade of the United Kingdom. The German chancellor has stated that a blockade of Great Britain has not been declared; Germany is merely trying to sink under the seas surrounding the coasts of Great Britain, France and Italy, without warning, as many ships of all nationalities as possible.

Though it may not be a blockade in the language of diplomacy, it is a blockade in the language of industry. In the direct sense she hopes so to reduce the tonnage available for shipments of coal, timber, ore, steel, munitions and supplies of war, troops and raw materials, as to reduce the military offensive; indirectly she hopes to compel Great Britain to cover her entire requirements in subsistence by domestic production. It will be instructive to study the food needs and production of Great Britain, in order to measure the size of the task Germany has undertaken; or, in other terms, to measure the size of the task such a blockade places before the people of the United Kingdom.

In the year before the war, about thirteen million seven hundred and fifty thousand tons of foodstuffs and feeding stuffs were imported into the United Kingdom, nearly ten millions of which were foodstuffs. This was a little less than one-fifth of the tonnage entered that year. It is not possible to give more than approximate figures, since there is overlapping, as, for example, between food fat and industrial fat. The total food consumption of Great Britain was probably about twenty million tons. To encroach seriously upon the tonnage needed for foodstuffs, the submarine must obviously attain an effectiveness far greater than ever yet displayed. To make the gross figure for importation of foodstuffs more concrete, it may be stated that in 1914 the importation per capita was: Wheat, 250 pounds; flour, 23.9 pounds; potatoes, 8 pounds; sugar, 80 pounds; rice, 14.2 pounds; ham and bacon, 14.2 pounds; beef, 20 pounds; mutton, 12.4 pounds; other meats, 8.4 pounds; butter, 9.46 pounds; cheese, 5.75 pounds; and eggs, 46 in number.

In order to evaluate the possibilities of a food blockade of the United Kingdom one must know the food consumption, the food need and the food production. In order to make an estimate of possible food production under forced agriculture one must make an analysis and evaluation of present agricultural production.

The last complete and supposedly accurate food statistics of Great Britain were compiled for 1908. During the first year of the war the food consumption of Great Britain was investigated by Thompson and Ballod, and we are thus in position to compare the figures of a British physiologist with those of a German statistician. The per capita intakes daily, according to these two estimates, are presented in the table. Each has used the data of 1908 as a basis and attempted to bring the material up to date.

When the figures are contrasted one is struck by the differences in intakes for protein and fat. According to Thompson the protein intake was 2.70 ounces; the Ballod figure was 3.75. According to Ballod, the fat intake was 2.58 ounces; the Thompson figure was 3.60. The writer thereupon made a recalculation. The higher figure for intake of protein obtained by Ballod was largely due to his having reached a much higher figure for domestic meat production and fish consumption than Thompson. The high figure of Thompson for intake of fat was due to the very high ratio he used to obtain the edible fat of each slaughtered animal. Estimated according to the American standards of abattoir practice, the Thompson figure for fat must be materially too high.

The writer has, therefore, made a totally new calculation, based on the complete figures of 1908 and the best data for the later years, with more careful arrangement of units within the groups and allowing for increase in population with a stagnant domestic production. The table contains the three sets of figures, in ounces and calories:

FOOD CONSUMPTION PER HEAD PER DAY IN UNITED KINGDOM

	PROTEIN	FAT	CARBOHYDRATE	CALORIES
Thompson	2.70	3.60	15.5	3100
Ballod	3.75	2.58	15.6	2900
Taylor	3.25	3.18	15.1	3000

According to both Thompson, for Great Britain, and the Eltzbacher Commission, for Germany, the subsistence of one hundred inhabitants would be about covered by the food required by seventy-five adult males, and the man rations of the three estimations would be as follows, in ounces and calories:

	PROTEIN	FAT	CARBOHYDRATE	CALORIES
Thompson	3.59	4.81	20.7	4130
Ballod	5.0	3.45	20.8	3860
Taylor	4.38	4.24	20.1	4000

Alcoholic beverages are not included. These may be disregarded, since they include little protein, no fat, and only a small amount of carbohydrate; all the more so as the manufacture of such beverages is greatly reduced during the present war. All figures are rounded.

Food Needs Reduced to Figures

THE food consumption of a people includes all the waste, and is, therefore, much higher than the requirements. The figure for total consumption means total provisions, domestic production plus balance of imports of foodstuffs. In theory the waste of peacetime may be abolished in wartime, and with proper efficiency it ought to be possible in wartime to have the figures for requirements approximate those for consumption. In practice this can never be accomplished. But if the figure for physiological requirement be made with moderate liberality, the inevitable waste ought to be included therein.

Since it is Germany that is blockading the United Kingdom, we may calculate the food needs of the blockaded people in accordance with the procedure employed by the Germans when they devised their defensive measures—especially as the two peoples are, in most physical respects, similar. The population in 1911 was, in round figures, 45,370,000. The present population may be taken as 49,000,000, and we may regard this as equal to a man population of 36,750,000. The caloric need of the adult man we will fix at 3000 calories, as did the Eltzbacher Commission, though this is somewhat low to cover the extraordinary work needs of wartime. Then $36{,}750{,}000 \times 3000 \times 365 = 40{,}240$ billion calories, required in a year to maintain the body heat and physical work of the people of the United Kingdom.

The protein requirements may be calculated in similar fashion; the figure obtained is 1,130,000 metric tons, the amount of protein required in a year to maintain the growth and wear and tear and upkeep of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom.

The standard for protein need of the adult male in this calculation is eighty grams a day. According to the views of Chittenden and many other physiologists, this figure is high beyond liberality and could be materially reduced without injury. The validity of a lower figure for protein requirement, advocated by Chittenden, has apparently been proved by the experience of the German people during the past year.

Nevertheless, we shall adhere to the higher figure as the basis of calculation—especially as the British are a heavy meat-eating people and will tend to cling to their habits of subsistence. In any event, only in this way can a direct comparison of the domestic production of German and British agriculture be attempted.

The figures for protein and calories stated under consumption, when calculated for the entire population, are as follows for the three estimations:

	PROTEIN TONS	BILLION CALORIES
Thompson	1,440,000	58,360
Ballod	1,810,000	54,870
Taylor	1,660,000	53,000

The figures for total calories are not far enough apart to make much difference in a final estimation. The Ballod figure for protein is certainly too high; that of Thompson too low. Probably, if the three estimations were averaged, the result would not be far wrong as an approximate figure for comparison. With these averaged figures for total consumption must be compared those for physiological requirement; the differences represent waste that it is the duty of the people of the United Kingdom to eliminate.

The writer is not able to understand why such a tabulation of need and consumption, with specific emphasis on waste, was not laid in popular form before the people of Great Britain long ago, even before complete blockade was inaugurated; it was, at the price of tonnage, certainly the duty of the people to eliminate waste, and this could not be attempted in detail until the total figures for waste were driven home to all classes of society:

	PROTEIN TONS	BILLION CALORIES
Consumption	1,660,000	53,000
Need	1,130,000	40,240
Waste	530,000	18,760

According to the Eltzbacher Commission, the waste of the German people was—protein, 656,000 tons, and calories, 31,899 billion. The per capita waste was greater in protein in Great Britain, greater in calories in Germany.

The determination of the domestic production of food units in the United Kingdom is, as everywhere, made difficult because of the impossibility of securing more than the crudest approximation of the food consumption of the agricultural classes and the overlapping of foods and feeding stuffs. The uncertainty is here less than in Germany, because the agricultural class is both relatively and absolutely smaller than in Germany, and the preponderance of sheep over cattle and swine makes the overlapping of subsistence for people and animals of lower importance.

The last complete data were obtained for the year 1908. Agriculture has, in all probability, not developed in quality or increased in quantity since that time; and no serious error will be committed if we assume, as we must, perforce, that the food production now is the same as it was nine years ago. The data up to and including 1915 are probably not to be regarded as entirely reliable. The figures for the later years indicate that production *in toto* had not increased. In 1916 there was a materially larger yield in wheat, balanced by a practically equal reduction in barley. But as the wheat means more to British nutrition than does the barley, the net result has been a distinct gain.

Subtractions and Allowances

THE direct importations of foodstuffs must be subtracted; also the indirect importations, by which is meant the meats and dairy products produced from the imported feeding stuffs. Of such concentrates were imported some 3,560,000 tons a year. There are standard ratios of concentrate to beef, pork or milk produced. If we assume that one-fourth the imported concentrates went to dairies, the stated amount of concentrates was equal to some 870,000 tons of milk, which must be subtracted from the figure representing the milk production of Great Britain, 5,650,000 tons—leaving that of Ireland intact—leaving as the figure for strictly domestic milk 4,780,000 tons.

We must also subtract a portion of the fish, which are not now available on account of the activity of German submarines. Probably it will be fair to reduce the fish figure one-half, as suggested by the reports of fish catches for 1915. The domestic production of beef and pork must be reduced one-half. A correction will have to be made for the grain devoted to manufacture of alcoholic beverages, now reduced to half the normal. On the other side, since the grain is now milled to eighty per cent, there is a large gain in flour over the amount previously obtained from the stated amount of grain, accompanied, of course, by a loss in offal for feeding. The gain and loss balance each other.

Employing now the figures of Thompson, calculated and corrected for the United Kingdom, we find that the domestic protein production, on the plane of peacetime, would amount to about six hundred and thirty thousand tons, only a little over half of the eleven hundred tons calculated as necessary to cover the protein requirements of the people. According to the data of Ballod, however, the domestic production that could be expected in wartime, on the basis of peacetime output, would be eight hundred thousand tons. Probably the figure of Thompson is too small; certainly the figure of Ballod is too high. Notable increase in the amount of protein available for human consumption could be attained if the feeding of beeves being prepared for the market were reorganized to meet the changed situation in the supply of feeding stuffs. Additional increase in protein for human consumption could also be attained if less butter were made and more milk devoted to the manufacture of cheese.

From the available data, one might adjudge seven hundred thousand tons as a reasonable figure for domestic production. This leaves, as deficit, nearly five hundred thousand tons. In other words, the domestic production of protein was about fifty-five per cent of the requirements.

The calculation of the domestic production of foodstuffs in calories is no less difficult than the estimation of protein. In round figures, 19,000 billion may be taken as representing the domestic calories. The cereals yielded nearly thirty-eight per cent of the total intake in calories, and only one-fourth was domestic. Sugar and related substances, all imported, in 1908 comprised 6500 billion calories.

	PROTEIN TONS	BILLION CALORIES
Consumption	1,660,000	53,000
Requirements	1,130,000	40,240
Domestic production	700,000	19,000
Deficit	430,000	21,240

If such a deficit were to be covered by importation, this could best be done by importation of

1,200,000 tons sugar	= 4,600 billion calories
400,000 tons fats	= 3,700 billion calories
5,000,000 tons grain, equal to 4,000,000 tons flour	= 14,000 billion calories
Total	22,300 billion calories

This would cover the deficit and would yield a nicely balanced subsistence, involving—plus 1,000,000 tons of fertilizer—a tonnage of 7,600,000, about eleven per cent of the total entered tonnage of 1914. The 4,000,000 tons of flour would contain nearly five hundred thousand tons of protein. The 400,000 tons of fat, added to the fat of the domestic meat and milk, would furnish a moderately rich intake of fat, but not enough to yield much soap or glycerin.

The blockade is not only a defiance to British shipping, it is a challenge to British agriculture. The German naval authorities can have no higher hopes for the success of the submarine in destroying tonnage than the German agrarians will hold as to the impotence of British agriculture; because for decades the German peasant has been told that British agriculture was greatly inferior to German. That this has been true, relatively and absolutely, has been freely conceded in the review of German Agriculture issued as a parliamentary paper in 1916 by Middleton, assistant secretary of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries.

Nevertheless, a review will make it clear that though the peacetime efficiency of agriculture was greater in Germany than in Great Britain, the potential of wartime expansion in agriculture is greater in the United Kingdom than in Germany. In order to measure the ability of British agriculture to meet the problem now imposed upon it by the blockade, a review of past conditions in cultivation of the soil of the United Kingdom is necessary.

The total surface of the United Kingdom represents about 76,640,000 acres, of which over twenty millions are in Ireland. Nearly thirteen million acres are in mountain and heath, and three millions in woods. Of cultivated land, in the broad sense, there are some 46,740,000 acres. Of this, 27,350,000 acres are classed as pasture; 8,200,000 are devoted to grain crops; 4,000,000 to green and root crops; and 6,600,000 to clover and rotation grasses. Of the land classed as cultivated, about sixty-eight per cent in Germany is under the plow; in the United Kingdom only thirty-one per cent. An average British farm of one hundred acres has nearly forty acres of hill grazing; an average German farm has only three acres. The acres that must be brought under cultivation for the production of grain must come from the 27,350,000 acres classed as pasture and the 6,600,000 devoted to cultivated grasses. Of the land devoted to pasture and grasses, about one-third is in Ireland.

The Amateur Stepmother

A Comparison of Yields

IN 1915 the cultivated acres of the United Kingdom were divided as follows: Wheat, 2,330,000 acres; barley, 1,523,000; oats, 4,160,000; pulses, 400,000; potatoes, 1,201,000; fodder roots—turnips, swedes, mangolds, beets—2,115,000; and hay, 5,231,000. The acreage devoted to wheat in 1915 was four hundred thousand acres over that of peacetime. The yields of 1915 were as follows, for the principal crops: Wheat, 73,000,000 bushels—thirty per cent above the normal; oats, 178,500,000 bushels—high; barley, 46,800,000 bushels—one-fourth below normal; pulses, 9,850,000 bushels; potatoes, 7,550,000 tons; fodder roots, 34,130,000 tons; hay, 12,500,000 tons.

In yield of grains per acre the British farmer was but slightly behind his German competitor. The yield of wheat was about the same in the two countries—32 bushels an acre; in yield of barley the German farmer led—36 to 32; in yield of oats still more—44 to 39. Potatoes yielded more per acre in Great Britain than in Germany—six tons to five. In yield of hay, however, the German farmer received 33 tons as against 23 an acre.

As against this, however, is the fact that the pasture of Great Britain supplies feed throughout a longer season of the year. On each hundred acres of cultivated land the German farmer fed 70 to 75 persons; on each hundred acres the British farmer fed 45 to 50 persons. The meat production per hundred acres of cultivated land was about the same, though slightly lower in Great Britain—4.5 to four tons; but the German farmer had to import concentrates to correspond to a third of this, which was also true in the United Kingdom. The German farmer produced on a hundred acres about twenty-six tons of milk, half of which was derived from imported concentrates; the British farmer produced 17.4 tons of milk, of which fifteen were obtained from domestic feeding stuffs.

In the final analysis, therefore, the milk production on a hundred acres from domestic feeding stuffs has been about the same.

The livestock of the United Kingdom in 1915 was as follows:

Horses and mules	1,700,000	Swine	3,800,000
Cattle	12,100,000	Sheep	28,200,000

Of imported feeding stuffs, one-fourth was checked off against milk production.

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MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND

VI

By Gelett Burgess

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THERE was a way Pauline Hope had, whether she had been away a minute, an hour or a day, of beginning to speak to her husband before entering the room, as if continuing a conversation she had only just left. One night toward one o'clock Lester Hope, looking over her letters in the library, had scarcely time to throw them into a lower drawer of his desk and kick it shut before he heard her voice in the hall. Snatching up a copy of Tom Jones, he began to read it, upside down.

"Oh, you really ought to have been there to-night, Lester! It was so interesting!" And, appearing in the opening of the portières, Pauline continued, yawning prettily: "I'm afraid you'll get awfully stodgy, staying by yourself all the time."

Upon his forehead she pressed a dutiful kiss; listless, she dropped upon the couch and abstractedly began to draw off her long suède gloves. Usually Pauline came home in high spirits, with a lively budget of gossip, and would listen to nothing until she had told it all. But this evening to Lester's questions she gave only an absent-minded "Oh, yes; perhaps," twirling her rings dreamily; or a remote "No; not exactly." And gradually the scene dropped.

After a while she rose restlessly and walked to the fireplace. She stood for some time as if she had forgotten what she was going to do. Finally she roused; and when she turned he noticed that she had more color than usual.

"Where Did You Get This?" Pauline Was Demanding

"Some feminine tiff," thought Lester, regarding her with a husband's eye; "or else it's that infernal lobster Newburgh they have at the Woodlings'." But his diagnosis, like most husbands', was incorrect.

"Oh, Lester, I had a talk with Peever to-night. Remember how afraid I used to be of him?"

A little nervous laugh—what did that mean?

"Well, he's afraid of me now! About a new author he's discovered—or, rather, he hasn't discovered at all; it seems he's quite a mystery. Anyway, Peever's perfectly mad over this man's work, whoever he is. It's a short novel. A sort of confession, in a way, I believe—an imaginary biography, or something like that."

She was back on the couch again, speaking a bit excitedly, watching the paper cutter in Lester's hand, waving slowly back and forth.

"Why, Peever said he sat up last night and simply bawled over it. Can you imagine Peever's ever bawling over anything, Les? And he's going to let me read the proofs. I'm awfully —— Why, what's the matter? What a peculiar expression! Oh, well, you needn't smile, Lester; evidently the book is unusually strong and original! Why, Peever says it actually bleeds!"

She took a new, quick look at him, saw the paper cutter now calmly slicing an imaginary cake on the table, and added:

"John Irons, the man's name is." No response; but the paper cutter had stopped. "Remember him, Les?" As she watched him the paper cutter tapped the table slowly, very slowly; then it was laid gently down. She advanced with caution: "Why, he's the man who wrote me about reading my character from my vocabulary! You thought it was so clever."

"Clever!" Lester smiled enigmatically and carefully inspected the end of his cigar. "I thought he was an ass!"

A quick frown marked Pauline's displeasure. There was a pregnant silence; then, shrugging, she rose languidly and, drawing the flowers from her corsage, arranged them in a vase—thoughtfully. Turning at last, sweetly she smiled at him; then:

"Well, what have you been doing all the evening, Lester?"

Her tone had the far-away indifference of one who says "Remember me to your mother"; or, "If there is anything I can do, let me know."

That night he lay awake for long. The letter he had started to Pauline, the letter that, running away with him, had developed in such unexpected fashion, she would read now—in type! And all the world, too, might read it. His novel had been accepted!

But, after all, what did that matter now? The writing of it had not been a quest for fame, but a spiritual experience, a passion—a *cri du cœur*. He smiled, recalling how often he had heard Pauline say: "Oh, I just love to write!" So he, too, had hoped some day to sit quietly down, with paper, fountain pen and a box of cigars, and satisfy the secret desire which, ever since he had first loved Pauline, he had sacrificed to make her ambitions paramount.

How strange now seemed that pleasant, romantic view of literary composition! He thought of those nights at the office as having been crammed with infinitely harder, more exhausting work than ever he had put on Blackstone, Torts or Contracts. And so now the fact that Peever approved his book interested him no whit. What did interest him and kept him so long awake was: How would it affect Pauline?

"Your little novel may have a fair success," Peever wrote to John Irons; "and we shall be glad to put it in type as soon as you can call in and sign the contract." Peever said nothing whatever about "bawling" over the book; but he did rather suspect—from the address—that "John Irons" was a pseudonym.

John Irons refusing to call, however, Peever got no nearer the mystery of its authorship. Following the Agreement he reluctantly mailed—wherein John Irons became a "Party of the Second Part"—came, a week or so later, the proofs, a jolly fat roll, filling Box 1711; and then, behold, one evening in the library appeared a similar fat roll—in the hands of Pauline!

Luxuriously reclining, propped up with cushions on the big leather couch, she began to read the sheets. Settled back in his arm-chair comfortably, Lester Hope began to read the evening paper. After a while she was sitting up straighter. After a while he was sitting up straighter! Then she moved to an easy-chair nearer the lamp.

Now in Lester's newspaper, that evening, he had just noticed a short legal item; and as Pauline read on he reached for the scissors and snipped it neatly out. Queerly enough, after he had removed the clipping there was a small oblong hole in the paper, through which, as through a little window, he could—and he did, quite unsuspected—watch his wife.

The amused smile—a bit patronizing, even, at first—had already given way to a look of intense interest—absorption. At times, laying down the sheets, she would sit gazing off, lost; while Lester ostentatiously rustled his paper or lit cigars, as one engrossed in the Law, to whom mere Literature was a silly pastime. But she had not read long before he found the look in her face growing still more fascinated. Her lips moved; her brows drew down. And finally, through his little Judas-hole, Lester saw in his wife's eyes something that gave him a grim pleasure—tears! He saw her dash them off. She rose, proofs in hand.

"I'm getting rather sleepy, Les," she said. "I think I'll go up to bed."

After those dull-blue portières had closed upon her abrupt "Good night!" Lester Hope smoked, smoked, cigar after cigar. . . . At one o'clock, when he went upstairs, he noticed that there was a light in her room. Pausing a moment by her door, he listened. Why, was that Pauline sobbing?

Tears, yes; one sometimes sheds tears; but one doesn't sob aloud over mere fiction. What did that sobbing mean? Should he knock at the door? No. No; he would go on.

Next morning, however, it was the aristocratic lady of the portrait who came down to him; her eyes were hard and bright. A fortnight passed. One evening he patronizingly picked up a copy of a new book—The Book of Pride—which had appeared mysteriously on the library table, and idly turned the pages. Far from idly had he turned those pages when he first received from the publisher that very book!

Pauline remarked casually that the novel seemed to have caught the public. The reviews were better than enthusiastic; they were causing discussion; everybody was reading The Book of Pride, and wondering who John Irons really was. Peever had told her, in fact, that the first edition was already sold out.

All this neither interested nor surprised him. What did surprise him, however, was a remark she made later, after he had acknowledged having read the book.

"I like the heroine, rather," said Lester.

"That's just the one I dislike," Pauline replied. "She's a perfect minx."

Lester smiled. "I'm afraid you don't quite understand her." And then he added reflectively, "I think the author did, though."

"John Irons?" Pauline took up the novel and began thoughtfully to turn the pages. "Of course anyone like that is fascinating to read about, but I mean—well, to actually live with, you know, I'm afraid she'd be trying, at least."

He had another surprise when, one morning, he caught a first sight of the extraordinary appearance of Post Office Box Number 1711.

Receiving now no letters from Pauline, it had been over a week since he had looked into that box. But this morning it was so full of letters that, when he opened the door, they poured out, tumbling upon the tiled floor.

Amazed, he tore one open. Why, it was as if he were back at that happy suburban breakfast table again, with Pauline, listening to the first flattering tributes to her stories! But no; as he walked along, dipping into another and another, these "charmed-with-it"s and "indignant"s, these young-lady letters of praise and spinsters' disapproval, were now the ridiculous gratuities of his own literary success!

No; he was not running for the 7:55, proud of Pauline's prestige, he was proceeding sedately to his office, quite unmoved by the thirty-two letters from strangers testifying to the popularity of John Irons.

That superior, unmoved serenity, however, received a shock when, skimming the pile of letters at his desk—from "so human and so convincing!" to "no man who really loved would ever act like that!"—he came unexpectedly upon one from Pauline! Crowded in and lost among the others, she seemed pathetic:

"*My dear John Irons:* I have read it! What an alluring plot! You won't find many women, I'm afraid, who will openly approve a hero who refuses to marry his sweetheart just because she had suddenly become famous; but, all the same, you're right; and every woman will secretly sympathize with him, as I certainly do, J. I. Whatever the feminists say, there isn't a woman worth having—no, for that matter, not the stoutest, mannishest, most militant standard bearer in the Suffrage Parade—who doesn't, at heart, wish her lover to dominate. That's what 'lover' means in

woman talk. Strength of mind and strength of body—that's what women want; they still love to be mastered—at least I do, anyway. That's the surest way to be happy. I know that well! Women love villains—the right kind of villains—and brutes; attractive brutes, at least. Surely an artist, a creator like you, will know what I mean!

"Don't try to deny that the novel is the story of your own life; I feel it; I know it. No doubt you have paraphrased the actual facts beyond all recognition to protect that girl; but, oh, you must have lived those emotions, or never, never could you have made the story so bitey and so bitter. At first I hated your heroine, then I pitied her. How you succeeded in making one love that woman—your heroine—I don't see! No doubt because you have loved her—vain and spoiled though she was.

"And—talk about telling my character from my vocabulary!—what about 'wounded pride' and 'shame' and 'lost self-respect' and 'humiliation'? Why, I could make columns and columns of your pet words that show how you must have suffered, even if the whole book itself weren't full of pinpricks! Why, J. I., I actually cried to think I had written that cruel letter to you! Who are you? What are you? Where are you? 'Secrecy'—'hidden'—'reserve'—'masque'—'concealed'—you must be as subtle and as proud as Satan!

"Altogether the book had so strange an effect upon me that I found myself reading it as if it were a letter to just Me. Wasn't that what your daring and flattering mysterious dedication meant? It brought you nearer to me than all your letters. Who are you? I feel as if you were right in the next room and I couldn't open the door! I get such mysterious glimpses through the keyhole, though; and I can almost recognize your voice! But, whoever you are, I am sure you're a genius. Oh, I'm afraid of you now, J. I. What could you ever have seen in me? But, in all humility, I say now—I shall be so glad to see you——"

So far he had read with a pleasant excitement; but "I shall be so glad to see you" brought a frown. See him! That would never do. She had had her chance; it was too late now. The next line deepened the furrow between his eyes: "—— that is, if you aren't now too famous for me."

"Famous!"—the frown changed to a sneer. Wasn't it just because he was "famous," as she called it, or whatever it was that all these letters and the literary gossip proved, that Pauline had suddenly affected this new interest in John Irons? With her whole little hero-worshiping world gabbling about The Book of Pride, of course she couldn't afford to let the mysterious author go!

There Was a Small Oblong Hole in the Paper, Through Which, Quite Unsuspected, He Could Watch His Wife

No; he'd be damned if he'd answer the letter! If she wanted him now, only because he was -but there he stopped; he smiled.

Of all insidious drinks, perhaps none turn the head so effectively as those that are smooth and sweet. Fame, too, is dangerously sweet. For three weeks Lester Hope had been tasting praise and publicity in daily doses. Careless as he had been, at first, of any recognition, he couldn't forever ignore the amusing worldly rewards of his literary effort. Now for the first time he realized that no longer was he "Mrs. Hope's Husband." He was "The Author of"; he had a "tag"; he was the "famous" John Irons. In short, he had "done something"!

"Where are you going to-night, Pauline?" he asked one evening, wandering debonairly into his wife's room, to find her dressing.

"Oh, just to the Woodlings'. Hand me that brooch, will you, Les?"

He handed it to her with a playful gesture; she did not notice it. Then, hands in pockets, he regarded her admiringly. She was putting an ornament in her hair. Said Lester:

"I believe I'll go along with you."

She stopped, hands upraised, and stared at him. Then: "Oh, I'm awfully glad!"

He noticed her equivocal accent and smiled. Nevertheless, to the Woodlings' he went that night; and, moreover, he thoroughly enjoyed mingling again with those who had "done something." Self-consciousness was gone from Lester Hope. He cared no longer how he appeared or what people thought of him. He neither posed nor felt ashamed. His secret so sustained him that the very way he entered a room was different. Not even when he was introduced as "Mrs. Hope's Husband" did he lose his equanimity. The bony dowager of the emeralds he found himself actually enjoying this evening as an excellent comedy-character part. He enjoyed "My daughter, Pearl!" Why, in this mood, he could have enjoyed even talker Thasp, the Bore Royal!

But, after all, wasn't it really himself that he was most enjoying? Harun-al-Rashid, no doubt, never felt himself quite so much a Caliph as when, incognito on the streets of Bagdad, he was clapped familiarly on the shoulder by a porter or asked to help a blind beggar. So, hearing John Irons' name and The Book of Pride continually buzzing about him, Lester Hope—like one who fumbles a diamond in his pocket—diverted himself with his paradox, marveling what would happen should he murmur into the decorated ear that never yet had listened to his words: "Florrie Woodling, behold me—your latest lion!"

Not that he had the slightest desire to do so. What overt praise could equal the piquant flattery of overhearing himself and his work discussed? Indeed, so delightfully superior did he feel in his modest disguise that few farces had ever pleased him as did a little dialogue he listened to while loitering alone by the palms. A peep through the leaves showed him that others, also, might assume his modest disguise!

Behind his beribboned goggles, Smithers was looking more than usually important to-night. He was evidently enjoying himself.

"I believe you are he!" said Helen Ramsay, shaking a coy finger at him. "Now aren't you?"

Smithers, besides looking important, looked wise.

"You don't dare say you're not, at any rate!" she insisted.

Smithers, besides looking important and wise, looked mysterious. "My dear Miss Ramsay," he drawled, "what

As He Stood There Dreading a Ghost, She Was Before Him

in the world is the use of my saying anything at all about it? Suppose I do deny it—what would that prove? If I really were John Irons, wouldn't I deny it also? I'd have to, to defend my secret, shouldn't I?" And with a bland smile Smithers tacitly assumed the laurels.

And with a smile equally bland Lester Hope, almost as invisible to Mrs. Woodling's clever guests as was John Irons himself, wandered and wondered like a pleased ghost through the evening's entertainment, not noticing, this time, the adulation paid to his wife, but pausing often idly to twist his mustache and that little tuft below his lip while maidens exclaimed, "Oh, it must be Spenser Thasp, I'm sure!" or smiling cynically at "Why not old Peever, aly old dog, himself?" No one asked Lester Hope's opinion of the popular mystery; no one accused him of being other than a rather poetic-looking tall lawyer.

Helen Ramsay, coming upon him thus alone with his diverting thoughts, smirked coquettishly.

"Lester, you're looking much better lately. D'you know it?" she said. "Somehow you're more—well, as you used to be; you have more animation. Why, positively I think you're growing handsome! What have you done to yourself? Lester Hope, are you in love?"

He admitted it frankly. Willyer, tall and blond, looking on with a smile, inspected Lester critically.

"Helen's right, Hope," said he. "I've noticed it for some time. I've made a study of your face—you know I've always wanted to paint your portrait; but there had always been something that baffled me—something I couldn't quite decide upon in it. I've found it now, though; and I believe I could get you onto canvas."

Said Pauline, after their return home, quite in her old mood of gossip:

"Oh, Lester, you should have heard that nearsighted old Mrs. Poppity gushing over me to-night! She was so lackadaisical and so far-away! She said: 'Oh, Mrs. Hope, when did you first find you had this power?'

"And d'you know what I said to her, Lester? I just took out my powder puff and powdered my nose; and I said in just exactly as soulful a tone as hers: 'Always, Mrs. Poppity; I have always known it!' But wait a moment! Listen! The joke of it was my acting was quite lost on her. She had already begun on Peever. She was asking him who that splendid distinguished-looking man was, 'over there.' He looked so 'like a genius'!"

Pauline rose, gayly smiling, and touched him mischievously on the shoulder.

"And who d'you think it was, Lester?" She broke into laughter. "It was you!"

It was his turn to laugh when alone in the library after she had gone upstairs; he recollected his pique at not

having been recognized long ago as a potential celebrity. Now, though unconscious of betraying any visible trace of having won a personal victory, that mystic difference between ability in the bud and the full flower of achievement, the pungent psychic perfume of success, was beginning to affect those about him, despite all his attempts at concealment. Already Helen Ramsay had noticed it in his face; and so had Willyer—even nearsighted old Mrs. Poppity! Why, then, hadn't Pauline?

That it was only because she was so near to him and so familiar, that it was because she was obsessed with John Irons, he decided when, next day, he read:

"*My dear J. I.:* Why won't you answer? Are you always going to be merely a romantic ghost? I can't stand it any longer! I have always been afraid of ghosts, J. I., and you haunt me day and night, as if I had murdered you. Well, perhaps I did when I wrote you that cruel letter so long ago. But if I could only see you—do let me see you!—I could tell you, perhaps, just why I refused to let you write to me; and then you would forgive me. Do say you will!"

Oh, yes, he thought bitterly, tantalizing enough it must be for poor Pauline to know that when John Irons was a nobody she had cast him aside! Well, she would have to take the consequences. He was by no means cajoled by her flattery.

No, indeed. That flattery now was becoming so frequent that it had begun to lose its spice. He got it not only in letters, from the newspapers and reviews, but it was served, hot and crisp, in his own dining room. It was more usual nowadays, at those little literary dinners that were making Pauline as a hostess in her way quite as noted as Mrs. Woodling in hers, to see the foot of the table occupied by Mrs. Hope's Husband. Suave, smiling, he was the most charmingly harmless host ever intellectually ignored; and the most hospitable: "A little more champagne, Mrs. Woodling?" "Have some port, Peever?" Unnoticed was the new twinkle in Lester Hope's eye. He felt as if John Irons was surreptitiously kicking him under the table.

"A very nice chap, that husband of Mrs. Hope's, isn't he?" So people obviously thought as they talked to Pauline and her assorted authors. "Such large boxes of such large cigars! Yes, and so soon after the dessert, too; not a second of suspense! Such pleasant compliments and such affable ways! Say, we must have him to dinner next week. He'll be so attentive to Cousin Dorothy, of Toronto—he'll take her right off our hands, poor thing! She hates literary talk; and they'll hit it off beautifully!"

And meantime: "Have you read the Book of Pride?" But the pretty, privately printed poetess beside him had turned away, even before he answered, and was already learning from Peever—Peever purring over his port—that "Why, d'you know, this man Irons hasn't even yet cashed the check I sent him for an advance on royalties! Eccentric chap, evidently." Lester encouraged him. "One of those temperamental artistic creatures—no idea of money!"

Lester's sudden grin caught Peever's eye, and Peever grinned, also.

"I suppose, Hope, as a business man you can hardly understand that—eh? Yes; just a very little—this port is excellent! Well, there's one thing you do understand, anyway, Hope: you know good port—ha, ha, ha!"

Laughter; and a sweet smile from Helen Ramsay to little Lester. "That heroine of Irons' is a fascinating character," Peever continued; "exasperating, though, as the modern literary woman is bound to be—present company," he waved his glass to Pauline, "of course excepted! Willful, vain, spoiled."

"Oh, no, not exactly spoiled, surely," said Lester hotly. "Why, don't you see, she only ——"

But nobody was listening to Mrs. Hope's Husband. Amidst the crackling crunch of celery stalks, the incoming of glasses of pink punch, and the silent offerings of two impassive, unfathomable maids, the guests were agreeing that John Irons' heroine was an admirable portrait of a familiar type of overestimated celebrity.

"For my part, I don't see how her lover ever stood her," said Pauline. "He ought to have boxed her ears! Now, if I were ever like that ——"

"Oh, you'd be fascinating, too, in John Irons' eyes," said Helen. "It's quite obvious that he thought her charming, at least."

"Didn't he prove that she was charming?" Lester again ventured. "Isn't it his success just that he did vindicate her apparent vanity?"

Several impatient looks at him indicated plainly that he had said quite enough, as an amateur, amongst technical experts far more competent to criticize. Mrs. Woodling, however, as a professional hostess, was permitted an *ex-officio* word.

Thrilled, yes, almost agonized, had Mrs. Woodling been by the Book of Pride.

"Ah," she moaned, "if I could only get hold of Mr. Irons I'd give him a reception such as ——" Up rolled her eyes, as if only the heavenly host's could compete with hers in splendor. "Ah, such a brilliant light to be hid under so mysterious a bushel! It's so quaint to be shy nowadays—ian't it, Mr. Hope?"

Pauline didn't think John Irons was necessarily shy. Nor apparently did Helen Ramsay, who looked suddenly very knowing and whose freckled cheeks blushed through her powder. She started to speak:

"D'you know ——"

But the talk had already become general and unctuous with adjectives of praise. Eagerly Helen watched her chance, as they wondered whether John Irons could be a woman—horrid thought!—whether the book wasn't perhaps too true to be acknowledged; and whether it would sell a hundred thousand; and whether it would be dramatized.

"D'you know, I wrote ——" Helen began again; when again she was submerged in the conversational flood. Still she hung on until a pause gave her, at last, her chance:

"D'you know, I wrote to John Irons a while ago——"

"You wrote to him?" Pauline faced her like a tigress.

The company sat spellbound. Helen was now easily the heroine of the party.

"Yes; and he answered me!"

"What did he say?" Everybody leaned forward. Lester leaned forward.

Helen took her time, gave a proud glance at Willyer, and smiled.

"Well, he was most kind and most interesting. Of course he didn't exactly tell me who he was; but—well, I don't think, really, I ought to repeat just what he said. It was confidential."

Lester took an olive, bit it, and watched. Helen, hinting and bridling, held the center of the stage. Now it was true that, among a mass of letters he had found in Box 1711 one morning, forwarded from Peever's publishing house, there had been a sentimental note from Miss Ramsay. As the audience pleaded with her for more light, he tried to recall just what he had written in answer. To the best of his knowledge it had run about like this:

"*My dear Miss Ramsay:* I am sincerely grateful to you for your appreciation of my work; and thank you for your kindness in telling me of it."

But, if the scene was comic to him, Pauline, by what he could read of her face, found it tragic. So darkly did she regard her dear friend Helen that, when the guests had gone, he could not forbear to remark easily:

"I say, Helen Ramsay looked well to-night, didn't she? Almost beautiful."

"Beautiful!" replied Pauline with asperity. "I thought she looked like a fright. I never saw her so unbecomingly dressed!"

What more she thought was evidenced next day in her letter to John Irons:

"Who are you? I simply must know—I must see you! I don't care whether you are deaf or dumb or blind, a cripple or deformed, red, black or yellow. I can't bear it not to have you write! Oh, I must see you—I must!"

The letter left him cold. Her pride, of course, had been piqued—that was all. She was envious, and feared that Helen Ramsay would capture the hero of the hour.

And, since as a lover he had failed to win her, why pursue the correspondence further as a celebrity to please her vanity? No. He sat down to finish her off with a last letter in the grand manner. If Pauline would take the bit in her teeth and try to run away with him, he would have to steer her toward the brink of a chasm so deep that she would simply have to stop, a precipice she would never dare to jump.

Pauline was proud of her position, her name and fame. A little spoiled, of course, she was. Her head was turned, but was still well set on her shoulders; no danger of her losing it for a man she had tossed aside so cavalierly—a man absolutely unknown to her. That scandal and disgrace was impossible for Mrs. Lester Hope, much less for Mrs. Pauline Hope.

And so, with one of those crafty smiles a husband, be he never so much in love, sometimes indulges in secretly, he sat down to end the romance beyond recall:

"*My dear Pauline:* Yes, I will meet you: but only on one condition. 'I love you' are ordinarily silly, meaningless words. What I mean by them is that if I cannot be first, the only one in your life, I prefer to be nothing. But if you are ready to give up everything—yes, I mean it—everything—your husband, your home, your comfort, your reputation—and face the world with me, then set your own time and place, and I shall be there and, whatever may come, ready to protect you always. If not, then this is THE END."

This rash epistle he sent by special delivery; when he reached home he knew it must already have been delivered. Pauline, however, showed no sign of excitement; seldom had he seen her so calm. Undoubtedly she had given up all hope of attaching John Irons' scalp to her belt. Well, he thought—thank heaven!—the sorry farce that had kept him so long in a fool's paradise was now played out. He and Pauline would jog on together; and she would never know.

Next morning he was searching absent-mindedly for some court-plaster in her chamber when the half-opened door of a closet where she kept her hats caught his eye. Something—why, that wasn't like a hat!—in the shadow—what were those brown things—roses?—attracted him.

Nearer, he saw, attached to the withered, discolored flowers, a card: "FINIS. J. I." He stared at it uncomprehending; then—he couldn't quite believe it—but yes, they were the same. His roses! So that was what had become of them—she had kept them! Then he had won! He had won! Pauline loved him! He rejoiced. But no—not him, either; she loved John Irons. He sickened. But he was John Irons; yes, he must rejoice! John Irons must win so that he might win as Lester Hope.

Slowly he walked downstairs and, hesitating, stopped at the library door. Through the slit of the portières he saw her bending over her desk, writing; she was smiling, transfigured.

No, not for many, many months had he seen that once familiar look of youth and romantic love. With that happy, rapt expression—why, she might have been Pauline-of-the-Violets! How often, writing to her in his office, he had longed for a vision of that mysterious inner self of hers; for a glimpse underneath the mask she always wore now when they were together! Well, there, at last, she was—not his wife—his secret correspondent. He knew she was writing to John Irons. He knew she cared for John Irons. But that he himself was John Irons, try as he might, somehow he couldn't feel. To him, also, John Irons was a ghost.

Lost in that reverie, he had scarcely time to escape before she had risen and was coming toward him. As the chameleon changes, somewhere between that table and that door she changed; and it was now Mrs. Hope—Mrs. Pauline Hope—who found him in the dining room and, smiling calmly, handed him a letter. For a moment he stared at her, wondering that women could thrive—yes, and grow fair—in an atmosphere of duplicity that would suffocate a man.

"D'you mind mailing this letter for me, Lester?" she said placidly. "I've just written to that mysterious Irons person" she hesitated "about his book. Everybody's talking about him so. I do hope I can find out who he is. He may

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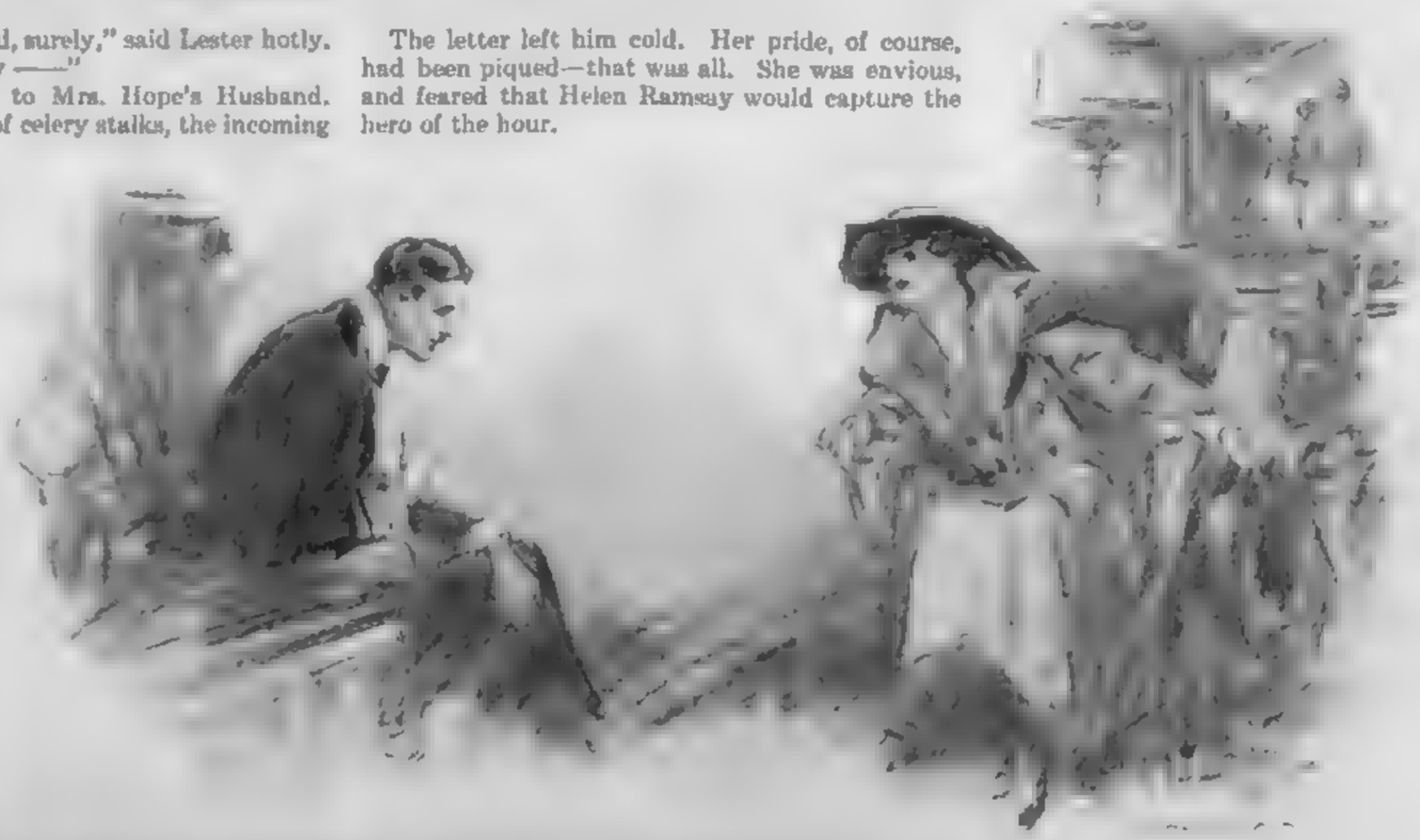


"I've—Oh, it's Sickening to Have to Tell You, But—I've Fallen in Love, Lester—at Least I Think I Have"

THE FORTUNE MAKER

VII

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

WE MUST go back now for a few minutes to Marthasville, Illinois, where this story started. John Turner's father and mother had died; and John—in all gravity, for he was losing the sense of humor where he himself was concerned—had erected a splendid church to their memory, as the legend at the bottom of the great stained-glass window, designed by a famous artist, duly set forth.

Except this astonishing church, nothing in particular had happened in Marthasville. Years ago Mr. Carter had transferred the debts and other disabilities of the Weekly Herald to new hands and wandered on. He and his son Wade—or Smiley—had long been virtually forgotten in the village.

Walter Hayes' father at length had suffered a slow physical decline—heart trouble. Yet he kept on at his desk in the First National Bank—a little frailer, more bowed, trembly of hand; but steadfast as ever. One might have seen him walking slowly along Main Street to the bank, noticeably leaning on his plain, stout stick; his thin and sallow face, with its slim, stringy mustache, bent down as he took care of his steps. He was always a strict, precise, methodical sort of man; hard as a hickory board in all his opinions and perhaps not much wider, yet of an unshakable integrity all through, holding his life rigidly to the line. To him and to his wife, especially after Walter left home, the Presbyterian Church symbolized and largely embodied the big fact in life—perhaps even bigger than the bank.

Walter tried many devices to get his father away—California, Florida, Egypt, for the winter; seaside for the summer. He explained over and over, pleading and scolding, that the little money it would take was nothing to him. He tried to show the absurdity of his father's milling away in the bank for eighteen hundred a year when Walter could disburse eighteen hundred a week without inconvenience if he chose. But Arthur Hayes shook his blanched head.

When this heart trouble developed he felt the great summons was coming, and he wanted it to find him at his post—his own post. The bank depended on him; he counted for something there and in Marthasville. His flinty independence and rustic pride couldn't stomach the thought of becoming a pensioner, even on his own son. Walter realized at length, reluctantly, that his father would be happier sticking to his old position, in the old surroundings, while his spirit prepared for that great business of the summons.

She Had Never Been So Sweet to Him as That Evening

The tremendous success that two adventurers from Marthasville had made—especially John Turner—became a kind of golden legend, shedding a remote glow over the life of the town. Knots of people in the post office and on the street corners speculated over John Turner's millions, which, however unattainable by them, still had a kind of thrilling proximity that made them quite different from the millions possessed by persons who were only vague names. The old Turner house, no less than the splendid memorial church, was at once pointed out to all strangers.

In the early fall, before the breach between John Turner and Walter Hayes, Arthur Hayes died. Then Walter persuaded his mother to come to Sarum and live with him—buying a house on Maple Street that happened to be on the market at the time.

Elizabeth Hayes had been a passive woman all her life—obeying her father, then her husband. As long as she lived she considered her husband a very remarkable man. His integrity, the respect in which he was held, his sagacious conservatism in business were unfailing sources of pride to her. She would remark—if a visitor overcame her shyness sufficiently—that her husband in forty years had loaned millions of dollars for the First National Bank of Marthasville, with only two losses to the bank, amounting together to less than a hundred and fifty dollars. Arthur Hayes, on his deathbed, with the great summons at hand, had derived a deep satisfaction from that fact. As for her husband's theological views, they inseparably blended in her mind with the body of thought and feeling that she considered revelations of divinity.

At the time of moving to Sarum she was sixty-five years old, and had lived in Marthasville—or on the farm near it before her marriage—all her life. She had traveled surprisingly little. Arthur Hayes' strict economy permitted few dissipations.

They were both happiest at home, in their familiar, beaten little circle. Neither of them had the imagination to be tempted much by travel. There had been a wedding journey to Niagara Falls and she had once gone as far as Denver; but two whole weeks in Chicago during the World's Fair had been her most extended outing.

She was short and dumpy in figure—innocent of a waistline these many years—and dressed in plainest comfort. Her chubby face was much wrinkled and she drew her carrot-colored hair, only a little marked with gray, into a tight, hard little knot at the top of her head.

She knew her son was incredibly rich—at least her husband had told her he was worth millions of dollars; but her mind was incapable of translating these figures into anything to be actually experienced. The house on Maple Street—a quite spacious two-story affair of white stucco, with a tall-pillared portico, all suggesting a miniature of the White House at Washington—though it seemed modest enough to Walter, was overwhelming to her. A butler, two maids and a cook—to say nothing of a chauffeur and a yard man—simply confounded her. In spite of Walter's explanations, it took her weeks to get over an apologetic attitude toward them.

In this mansion Mrs. Hayes—dumpy and waistless and wrinkled—was like a timid, fluttered bird; always with a vague notion in her mind that in a few minutes the conjurer would whisk all this dazzling make-believe away, and she could put on her apron and go and cook Walter's steak and potatoes for supper. Walter realized he had made a grievous mistake, because in these dozen rushing years he had really forgotten what his mother was like.

He saw that instead of providing her a luxurious home, as he had meant to, he had simply locked her up in a gold cage, where she felt overawed and lost and homesick, though she strove bravely to appear appreciative and grateful. It seemed too late then to remedy the mistake, but he did the best he knew to overcome it.

She had a sitting room and bedroom at the front of the second story.

He brought on furniture from the old house at Marthasville to fit up those two rooms with, and in that transplanted bit of Marthasville she began to live, always busy crocheting or making endless yards of tatting, and watching for Walter to come home at dinnertime—docilely suffering herself to be taken out riding in the limousine or the electric as he directed.

Coming home the day of the directors' meeting, when he had voted against John, Walter went up there and sat a while chatting with his mother—gayly, in spite of the steady tug at his heart. Then he went back to his own study, with the bedroom opening from it, where he dropped down at the writing desk in a very lumpish frame of mind—a mood when all is wintrish and one feels a kind of sad, engulfing disgust with the whole of life. In that sodden state he pulled open a drawer in the writing desk and took out a letter. It was three weeks old, and not much of a letter at best:

Dear Mr. Hayes: Only to-day I came across this book of old fashion plates that you so kindly lent me ages ago. You see how little I deserved the kindness. You know I have been away from home nearly six months; but, of course, there is no excuse. Please do try to forgive me.

Sincerely yours, MARY WADE.

It was not much of a letter; but, looking down at it, he helplessly fell anew into its potent snare. In ghostly fashion he saw the supple, gliding fingers, the shining head bent over the paper, the soft turn of the chin. In soundless echoes her voice came to his ears. He had fallen in love with her the same night John Turner did. Only his desk, the wall paper, the night air, had had any chance to guess it. Even if he had dreamed in his wildest moment there was any chance for him, loyalty to John would have made a barrier essentially as strong as though Mary had been John's wife.

Ten days after this John abruptly departed for Europe, to be gone until spring. On that Walter cogitated. That there was yet the smallest chance for him was a thing beyond hope; but he might fairly see her a little if he could. For two years there had been, in the week before the holidays, a Christmas bazaar at the Country Club—one

of those things that, with vast preparation and great outlay, enable the socially elect to display themselves under an attractive setting; enable others with spare change to enjoy the display; and finally yield some small sum for charity. John had paid the expenses, naturally setting them at a pitch which merely and thriftily rich citizens like Frank Detweiler had no desire to emulate.

John was gone now; so Walter Hayes went to Mrs. Martindale and Mrs. Wilder—the younger Mrs. Wilder, Eva—offering to take John's place as angel of the bazaar. The women were ready enough to accept his check and enact the managerial rôles. It was to Mrs. Wilder that he mentioned Mary Wade. She was an artist, he understood; he believed she'd rather taken charge of the decorations last year. Wouldn't it be appropriate for her to do it this year? He went with Mrs. Wilder to invite her. So, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars and considerable time, he had ten days during which almost every day he might, by some maneuvering, stand and talk to her a little while.

"I'm afraid she's terribly lonesome," he said at one of these talks, referring to his mother. "She's lived in the same country town all her life. I know she misses the familiar things; the familiar faces going by. I wanted to give her everything I could; but I'm afraid I've just shut her up in a jail with all the modern improvements. It's hard to tell what to do, for she's alone except for me; and I can't very well live in Marthasville."

Then, one day in the first week of the new year, he found his mother in a little flutter of happy excitement.

"The nicest young lady has been to call on me, Walter!" she beamed. "She came right up here to my room and stayed a whole hour. We had such a good visit."

The calls to which she had been subjected theretofore were mostly a trial and embarrassment to her.

"She says she'll bring her mother to call too; and she wants to take me over to her house for tea some afternoon. Her name is Miss Wade. I think it will be very pleasant, if her folks are as nice as she is." The soft, shy old eyes quite shone with pleasant anticipation.

The further call and the tea duly happened. Then, going up to his mother's room one day Walter heard a laugh that set his heart jumping. His mother was laughing, too, when he stepped into the room—a placid, contented laugh such as he seldom heard from her nowadays. He sat down and chatted with them, his pulses playing tricks on his brain until, as he moved, spoke, laughed in the intimate room, he had a giddy sense that he had fairly captured Mary and they were sailing off together in an invisible airship.

With such beginning, that bit of old Marthasville extended itself, so to speak, over two households. Walter and his mother went over to the Wades' for a simple family dinner. The Wades came to their house on the same footing. They sort of took Mrs. Hayes under their wing—Mr. Wade, always kind and understanding; Mrs. Wade sympathetic, too, with who knows what thoughts in the back of her head.

Mrs. Hayes was quite happy in having found friends of whom she could be fond and not afraid. The waistless, wrinkled little old lady, with her bright yet shy eyes, was really a sort of belated infant; not much given to conversation at any time, but speaking with homely sense; mostly listening to the others; beaming like a nice, modest child who asks only a little affectionate attention and cuddles down in it with a shy smile.

No doubt it was noticed presently that Mr. Hayes and Miss Wade now and then appeared together and were evidently good friends. When elders in that sort of cozy, homely atmosphere are always saying "Walter" and "Mary," rather than "Mr. Hayes" and "Miss Wade," the familiar usage naturally extends itself.

So it went on through the spring into the summer, Walter Hayes inevitably dreaming, yet not daring to believe the dream. It was good as it stood, he said. He could have her near him, sunning him—the elation of that always singing in his mind. But when he took stock of himself—well, he was thirty-eight, a treadmill sort of business man, with his brain worn stiff and rutty by the hard office grind. True, he shaved his mustache in May; but that still left him practically middle-aged. He had a face with the usual complement of features, but nothing in particular was to be said for it. He was only five feet ten and getting round-shouldered, except when he remembered to straighten up. She was twenty-six, still glowing with the grace of youth.

In this brotherly-sisterly fashion she went to him freely, without restraint, in complete confidence. A hint from him of something else plainly involved the risk of spoiling all that. It was very good as it stood—unless somebody else came along, which would doubtless happen some day.

Meantime the old intimate relationship between John Turner and Walter Hayes was all gone. John's pride was wounded. In his heart he thought Walter had deserted him at a crucial time out of selfishness, fearing that his stock in the motor company would depreciate. Of course he knew well enough there was slight probability that Walter Hayes would ever have had a bundle of stock in an amazingly prosperous motor company except for him. And Walter Hayes knew well enough how John felt about it. He was enormously sorry—deeply grieved, in fact; but he saw no help for it.

After John's return from Europe in the spring the two men met over business affairs with cool courtesy. John set the tone and Walter had to accept it. There was no wiping out that vote in the directors' meeting; and, with that vote standing—over against all the benefits he had bestowed on the voter—John was entitled to interpret it as he would.

The merger scheme was never revived. Probably the objections Walter Hayes, Sandy McGregor and Frank Detweiler raised—and the lengths to which they went in opposing it—made their impression on John. Owning forty-five per cent of the common stock of the company, and with his prestige, he could easily have thrown out a couple of the rebellious directors at the next annual meeting, supplanting them with others whose votes he could have commanded, and so revived his scheme. But he made no attempt to do it; in fact, he became more conservative all round. All the same, he never forgave those who had doused him—especially Walter Hayes, on whose loyalty he had the greatest claim. Sandy McGregor, too, was distinctly out of favor, though John let him continue as vice president and director.

For Walter Hayes this breach really took all the zest and pleasure out of the motor business. He couldn't help being dumbly hurt anew at every instance of John's coldness. In their terse and strictly official intercourse now, John obstinately avoided calling him by name. He wouldn't say Pips, or even Walter, any more; and to have said Hayes or Mr. Hayes would have been too open a slap. It was a melancholy enough situation for Walter Hayes. He began thinking more of the Arcum Company, in which both he and Sandy McGregor had interests.

It came on into July. Walter Hayes had arranged to take his mother to the seashore for a month. They were to start the following week. Mary Wade had accepted an invitation to a camp in Northern Michigan. She was to leave on the early train in the morning.

There was a sort of leave-taking family dinner at the Hayeses'. For a matter of half an hour—with only one shaded electric lamp burning in the living room, for it was hot—the three parents had been sitting in front of the broad middle window, which was wide open for the little breeze. Walter and Mary had been on the davenport, across the room, talking low and friendly. Mr. and Mrs. Wade got up to take leave, for these little parties kept early hours. In a moment, of course, Mary must rise too.

The Fat Old Brewer Was an Affliction

She had never before been so sweet to him as that evening. The penetrating lure of her close presence and the imminence of the separation were in his blood. Without having intended it at all, he suddenly caught her hand and said: "Could you marry me, Mary?"

"Yes, Walter; any time you wish," she replied.

In that absurd way the miracle accomplished itself. Her parents and his mother were already turning, moving toward them, looking at them. Amazed at his own luck, he could only stand agape while she went out with her father and mother. He spent hours asking himself whether it could really be true; whether those words that tumbled through his brain had been veritably uttered by him and by her; whether she could have meant it. He couldn't get himself round the idea that going down to the seven-fifty train in the morning would be unseemly, presumptuous, displeasing to her; so she went away without his seeing her again.

Then abruptly, in the middle of the afternoon, he dropped everything, came home, lied to his mother, packed his bag, and caught the evening train after her.

She laughed at him when he appeared at the camp. But he left, forty-eight hours later, knowing it was veritably so.

The engagement was duly announced in September. From that day forward John Turner avoided seeing Walter Hayes, even at the plant, so far as possible. Mary Wade still haunted him.

VIII

MAPLE STREET, in Sarum, where the best residences mostly are, is only six blocks long—from Shiloh Avenue, on the west, to Lincoln Avenue, on the east—a pleasant street, especially in summer, when the big maple trees along the curb are in leaf, their branches meeting overhead, though it is fifty feet from curb to curb.

The houses sit back forty feet or more from the cement walks, each with a plot of lawn about it, giving a spacious air. The grass and shrubs and flowers are carefully tended. At this time old Mr. Schmidt, principal owner of the local brewery, grieved his neighbors by having two cast-iron deer on his lawn, flanking a little white-iron fountain, in the middle of which a bulbous-legged cast-iron Cupid rode a dropsical and popeyed cast-iron dolphin. Even before John Turner appeared and set the pitch several octaves higher, Sarum thought it had got far beyond that sort of thing. Also, the fat old brewer persisted in slopping round his lawn in shirtsleeves and carpet slippers, watering and pruning. He was an affliction, for nobody else so much as ran his own lawn mower. Maple Street drew what consolation it could from the reflection that his span of life was short.

John Turner had bought the Dinsmore house, near the east end of the street on the south side—built by John Dinsmore, now deceased. The law firm had been Kilgore & Dinsmore, very notable in those parts in its day. Julius Kilgore had been United States senator for two terms and about the most important figure in state politics. Then that matter of the certificate of deposit for fifty thousand dollars, which some distillers had mailed to him when a change in the internal revenue tax on alcohol was pending, came to light—provoking a great deal of low comment in the yellow metropolitan press.

Senator Kilgore, with great dignity, had declined to stand for reëlection, and thereafter had lived mainly in Washington and New York, maintaining in each city a modest office, with his name and the legend "Counselor at Law" on the door. The yellow press said he was a professional lobbyist of a superior and expensive sort. At any rate, his prosperity seemed to continue unabated. He was a slim, swordlike man, with jutting chin, a bold nose, piercing dark eyes, and a mane of dark hair. There was no doubt that he was an effective orator, and the family enjoyed a distinguished social position in both the capital and the metropolis.

His Sarum house stood on Lincoln Avenue, facing Maple Street—staring it out of countenance, one might say. It was built of rough mottled stone, with great stone pillars to the veranda, and a round tower at the corner with battlements on top of it—craggy and jutting everywhere; a tremendously stony kind of house, with big, gaping plate-glass windows.

There was a son and a daughter, Lydia, both known to Sarum mostly by report, for they had spent little time in the home town since their teens. Lydia, everybody knew, had married Latham Wyndham, son of the Wall Street broker and supposed to be far up in wealth and social position. Presently everybody knew, also, that she had divorced him. For a year or more it was indefinitely understood she was living abroad. Then New York society columns contained notice of her return, and soon thereafter social Sarum was considerably excited by hearing that she was to spend an undetermined season in her native town, occupying the stony house, which had long stood vacant—both her father and mother being dead by that time.

This information was soon confirmed by a bustle of workmen about the dead house, decorating and furnishing. Then half a dozen servants appeared, in command of a personage with a bit of narrow gray whisker in front of each ear, who spoke a strange tongue—which, however, anybody who understood the English language as spoken in the Middle West of the United States could comprehend readily enough by paying a little attention. Three days later Lydia herself appeared.

It was observed at once that she looked like her distinguished father, being a slim, dark lady, with nose and chin that were like a softer edition of his outstanding features. "Handsome," nearly everybody said; or "Stunning." Her strangeness impressed the most casual observer. Her lips were so red and her finger nails so deeply pink that some ladies privately speculated as to how she stained them. Sometimes she wore her lusterless dark hair parted in the middle and combed down over her ears in a demure way that somehow suggested a girl in tights wearing a nun's headdress.

Her chauffeur wore livery—the first to be seen in Sarum; and on some occasions there was the additional shock of seeing a liveried footman beside him. When she used the limousine a funny little jet-black dog, with a sharp nose, a mane in comical imitation of a lion's, and a tiny gold-and-scarlet harness, usually rode on the seat beside her or in her lap. If she were in an open car it would be a milk-white silky collie, with a blue ribbon round his neck. Altogether there was superabundant material for Sarum's comment.

Lydia Wyndham's appearance in Sarum occurred the last week in October, the very day following the simple wedding of Mary Wade and Walter Hayes. Mrs. Martindale was at the station to meet her. They drove to the stony house together and remained there in conversation through teatime.

Lydia, as any old resident could have told by counting back, was then thirty-one years of age—a dozen years younger than Mrs. Martindale. Yet there had been a certain rather intimately flavored if mostly long-distance friendship between them ever since Lydia was a young miss at Washington, and Mrs. Martindale was not the least efficient or least appreciated of Senator Kilgore's aides. For nearly a year now Mrs. Martindale had been writing to Lydia rather regularly.

Mrs. Martindale, able psychologist as she was, held a theory that when a man has been rebuffed in love he is apt to plunge at the first available female object which presents itself. A rebuff in love, she thought, wounds a man's masculine pride, and he instinctively tends to reinstate his pride by demonstrating that if he can't possess one woman he can possess another who is equally desirable. She assumed there is a powerful conjugal tendency in a normal man, and if it is balked by the object that has thoroughly stirred it up it will seek satisfaction in some other object.

Perhaps this was a cynical view, but she could point to a good many instances within her own observation where a man, being disappointed in his hopes of one lady, rather promptly turned to another. Between these friends it was no secret that Lydia's finances, in spite of the brave showing she made, were in an unsatisfactory state, and that for several other reasons a prosperously settled condition would be very welcome to her. John Turner happened to see Mrs. Wyndham twice without an introduction. Then he met her at a very cozy little dinner at Mrs. Martindale's.

"Mr. John Turner Must Sit Down While We Finish Dressing Jane"

It would be difficult, no doubt, to say what two clever women, with a full opportunity, might not do to a man who was particularly susceptible to flattery. Mrs. Wyndham remained in Sarum over the holidays, then returned to New York. When John presently followed she was able to show him there something he had never thought about—namely, what the cumulative experience of mankind has achieved in refining the art of spending money; a formula no doubt running back to Lucullus and beyond, by which one who had the price and paid attention might get for his outlay the most of certain subtile commodities.

Anybody having money could spend it, and that had been John's case; but in order to spend it like an adept a rather elaborate setting was necessary—not merely magnificent houses, costly furnishings, well-trained servants, but the association and approval of those whose adeptship was recognized. In that setting, food and women—the elementary objects of dispensable spending—were displayed with the highest temptation. Every artifice to heighten their lure which long experience had approved was employed. And in these drawing rooms or dining rooms, carefully designed to give an effect of rich, secluded aloofness, the quiet air was subtly murmurous with the applause of a vast, invisible gallery, whose tangible sign consisted of the columns that a democratic press devoted daily to the doings of the people in the rooms. To spend in this way was to extract the last practicable ounce of gratification and to provoke the last ounce of envy—the gratification being augmented by knowledge of the envy.

Ingeniously Mrs. Wyndham let John Turner see this: let him feel that here, in its final form, was the prize toward which acquisition of money rationally tended. It came to him more clearly than at Sarum that she herself was a sort of object of this art of spending, as a vase is an object of the art of pottery. He couldn't have imagined her in a plain dress or hardly eating a plain meal, and he wouldn't have wanted to. She had her being in an elaborate artifice. Obviously, to support her carefully selective, thoroughly designed existence—in which everything, from an olive or a pair of shoes to an evening gown, was deliberately picked out for some clear reason—involved a prodigious expense as compared to what existence might be supported for. Her selective expensiveness appealed to him a good deal as ownership of the costliest pieces of porcelain would. Only a very rich man could afford it.

She had no hesitation about displaying her sophistication, yet with an implication of essential innocence. One might know everything, talk candidly enough about pretty much everything, yet retain an unimpaired respect for oneself. She was quite different from anyone he had ever known. He spent a good deal of time in New York that winter. In the late spring Mrs. Wyndham came back to Sarum for six weeks, with the same train of servants and dogs as before.

It was the end of May and her visit was two-thirds over. The day was unseasonably warm. For some time John had been expecting the arrival of a new type of German racing car, which he had ordered by cable. The evening before he mentioned to Mrs. Wyndham that the car had arrived that afternoon. She had expressed a curiosity to ride in it; so in the middle of the afternoon John drove the car round to the stony house.

Simson, the butler, with the little patch of gray whisker in front of each ear, opened the door at his ring and gave him the sedately cheerful butlerish smile which betokened a habitué of the house.

"I think Mrs. Wyndham is upstairs, sir," he suggested gently.

John noted, of course, that the excellent Simson had never before quite turned the establishment over to him in that intimate fashion. It pleased him. He went upstairs with a smile in his eyes and at the corners of his mouth. The door to the room where he expected to find her stood open.

It was the room that took in the big round tower at the corner of the house, and there was a good deal of deep yellow and vermilion in the furnishings—an effect of restrained gorgeousness contrived by a few solid colors.

Mrs. Wyndham was sitting on the floor in the middle of the room, clad in a loose soft gown, dead white, with a wide band round the neck and down the front, in which an arabesque pattern was carried out in gold thread.

She turned her head gracefully as he stepped in and called out: "Oh, hello!" and held up her hand, the loose sleeve falling back from her arm. "I'm too lazy to live—let alone get up," she added, and laughed. Laughing, her dark eyes shone brilliantly up at him; her vivid red lips parted over her small white teeth. Her dark lusterless hair was combed down over her ears and caught in a big knot at the back of her white neck, so loosely that it seemed likely to fall down her back.

But she was not alone. A little child, with blue eyes and golden curls, and the face of a cherub, sat on the floor beside her. Near them stood a small white bed, with white sheets and pillow, and a yellow silk coverlet. Between them lay a large doll, with eyes hardly bluer and hair no more golden than the child's. Some articles of doll apparel lay near. It was evident at a glance that Mrs. Wyndham was helping the child dress her dolly; in fact, she had presented the little girl with the bed and the doll, the bedclothes and the doll's clothes.

John knew the child—Eva Wilder's little Ruth, aged two years and six months. He had frequently remarked the child's beauty; in fact, he was rather a friend of hers—as she attested, when her big, grave eyes had examined him an instant, by giving a gurgling laugh and lisping:

"It's Mister John Turner!"

He had admired the child before; but she had never seemed quite so lovely as just now, in a mite of thin, sleeveless white dress exactly appropriate to a cherub. Her own shoes and socks stood on the floor, not much bigger than the doll's. Evidently Mrs. Wyndham had let her take them off for coolness. Her little, dimpling pink feet, with rosy toenails, invited kisses.

"It's Mister John Turner!" Mrs. Wyndham repeated, imitating the lisp, her dark eyes dancing as she bubbled a fond laugh. "Mr. John Turner must sit down while we finish dressing Jane and put her to bed. He knows that a young lady like Jane mustn't go without her clothes when a gentleman calls."

"No-o!" said the child gravely; and they resumed their occupation.

"Now this goes on next," Mrs. Wyndham instructed, handing a garment.

She on the floor and John on a chair watched, smiling, while the little, eager, sweaty fingers fumbled excitedly at the task.

Mrs. Wyndham was in no hurry. For a good five minutes, paying hardly any attention to John, she helped the child only with advice and a touch here and there. Then she herself briskly finished dressing the doll and put it to bed—aware that men get bored, even over the prettiest scene.

Laughing fondly, she drew the child into her lap.

"And now, Tootsie, we must have our shoes and stockings on; and then we'll ride home in Mister John Turner's new car. Won't that be fun!"

She stooped far over and kissed one of the little, dimpling pink feet before putting the sock on it, for she was as lithe as a leopard. She sprang up to her feet in one long, easy motion.

"Of course I ought to dress," she said dubiously. "And I'm so lazy this weather!" she laughed.

She went over to the window and peered out as though calculating on a hazardous choice. Turning, she laughed again, brilliantly.

"I'll just slip a coat over this thing. Nobody will know unless you upset us."

(Continued on Page 46

Tales From a Safe-Deposit Box

A Little More Capital—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

IT STILL lies there—the note and the stock, my largest dead investment—in an envelope of its own; and with it the check that kept us out of jail. And whenever I see the thing in my box the whole affair goes flashing through my mind again, starting with that morning when Edith came to ask me to put in my first thousand dollars.

"You know all about how Chic formed this company," she said; "and how he put in all the money we had—that ten thousand dollars which Aunt Elvira and Uncle Homer left us, and everything; and how Chic got all his friends to take stock, when he was sure—when he had that wonderful contract from those men in New York. Well

"We didn't ask you to put in anything then; we left you severely alone, because we knew how careful you were with your money, and because it is bad policy to mix family and investments. But now I've come to see you because I've got a real investment for you that is absolutely safe."

"What ——" I started.

"Now listen! It's all got to be on a business basis—absolutely. Six per cent, and all that. And we wouldn't ask you if it wasn't absolutely safe—absolutely; if Chic didn't have that wonderful contract with those men from New York. And it must all be purely business between us, just as if I weren't your sister and Chic a brother-in-law you like personally. And if you don't want it, don't do it, for a minute; for we can get it somewhere else just as well. But when Chic spoke of it I thought of you right away, for I knew you always had a little money that you might want to invest."

"What is it?" I asked when she stopped.

"All it is," she said, "Chic must have a little more capital, at the beginning, while he is carrying out his contract."

"Why doesn't he get it at the bank?" I asked.

"Well, that's just it! That's what he wants to avoid doing," said Edith. "When he starts again there, after the money from the contract comes in, he wants to get a lot larger loan from them than he has now. And he wants to keep his balance up there, so he can do it."

"How much is it?" said I.

"Only one thousand dollars. But if you don't want to do it, as a little investment, just for a month or so, just say so—please! Because Chic can get it somehow. He can take it out of the bank if he has to, because he's got more than that there now, of course. He didn't want to have me come to you, anyway."

"Well, send him round," said I.

So when he came I finally put in that first one thousand dollars, on his personal note.

"You see," he said, "I don't want it to be loaned by you to the company direct, because it would show upon the books as a loan, and the bank would see it. I can just put it in myself, this way; so it won't show at all."

So I let him have it, and just as soon as he got his new bank loan he paid it up promptly.

"You know how I am," said Chic. "I lean over backward when it comes to money matters in the family."

It was a couple of months after that when he had me round to luncheon with him at the Nomeset Club, where he belonged—and I didn't feel I could afford to.

"The devil with a new business," said Chic, "always is in getting enough capital to handle it at the start. Now you take mine, for example. Here I've got this contract with these New York people; they furnish me the material practically, and they take the product off my hands. All I have to do is to furnish the plant, and buy some miscellaneous supplies, and do the manufacturing. And I give you my word there's forty per cent profit in it, easily. It'll figure out that way conservatively. But, of course, the business is new and untried, and the banks don't want to take it on for enough, in the start. So I'm trying the best I can to hold up balances so my credit with them will grow all the time. You see, I've got to have credit to handle the business, the way it's growing on me."

"Well," I said, laughing a little uneasily, "I wish I was a capitalist; I'd go and look you over."

"I wouldn't ask you to," said Chic, sending out for another demi-tasse of coffee. "I don't believe in it—in these investments inside the family. But there's one thing you can do, if you want to, with absolute safety: You can let me have two thousand dollars until my next bank loan is due—the way you did before, so I can keep my bank balance up, looking good. You can't lose on that—not with my business jumping along now so fast I can't handle it; growing all the time. And I'll pay you six per cent—or seven, if you say so."

"That isn't necessary," I said; "not seven per cent!"

"Well, I know," said Chic. "But this is business. I wouldn't do it on any other basis. I want you to feel you've got a real investment here—if it is in the family; or I wouldn't think about it. But you can see for yourself that it's as safe as the Bank of England. I've got more than that in the bank on deposit right now, of course.

"Oh, if the business wasn't safe itself," said Chic, "I'd see that you were safe, anyway. If anything happened to any business I was in my friends would get let out first—that's sure; you know that."

I did know that; everybody did, about Chic. He had all kinds of friends everywhere. He would do anything for a friend of his—always. And they, of course, reciprocated.

So I let him have two thousand dollars that time, till the next bank loan—personally, on his own note again; but on a little different arrangement.

"Instead of doing it the way we did it before," said Chic, "I want to do it this way: I'm going to make four thousand dollars' worth of stock over to your name," he said, "out of the treasury stock—instead of giving you collateral. That will make you doubly sure, if anything ever happened to me. And, in addition, you'd have my note. You see why I do this," he explained to me. "You see, that way it could go right into the company without its appearing as a loan at all—to anybody; and it wouldn't affect our credit at all.

"And, from your standpoint, whenever you want your money you just come to me, and I will pay my note and take the stock over in my name; any time—remember—you want it. I want you to understand that. It's only for my convenience. And it's only temporary."

"How's everything going?" I asked him once or twice.

"Fine!" he answered. "All I'm shy on is capital. I'm having to take on more hands all the time to get out my orders."

"All I'm shy on is capital. I'm having to take on more hands all the time to get out my orders"

That was true, of course. I knew he wouldn't lie. So I left that money—that two thousand dollars—there for that three months, and another three months, and another, drawing six per cent interest. I got quite used to the idea; I even forgot the note was due to be extended for a fourth time till Chic asked me over to luncheon again. He liked to do business New York style at luncheon. Quite a number of the younger fellows did.

"Now," said Chic after luncheon, "you've had your money in here nine months. And I stand ready, just as I did before, either to pay you or to let it stand again. Of course I can use it, with the business growing so; but I want you to be satisfied—and I hope you are."

"I've no complaint," I said, "so far."

"Well then, if you haven't," said Chic, "I want to ask you something: Would you consider putting in any more on the same basis—temporarily?

"I'll tell you why I ask this," he went along quickly. "These orders keep growing and growing, and if I'm going to fill them all I've got to have a little more capital, or I've got to let them go—that's all!"

"It would be mighty little more I'd have to loan you, I'm afraid," I said with an apologizing laugh. "You know that."

"Well," said Chic, blowing away the cigarette smoke, "could you let me have two thousand dollars more?"

"That would double it again," said I.

"Yes."

"Well, I don't know. I'd have to sell something to do it," I said. "And what I've got in savings is pretty limited."

"Yes; I know that," said Chic, "and I appreciate it. And I want you to feel free to say yes or no—or even to take out that other two thousand dollars you've got in now. That's understood, isn't it? But I thought I needed just a little more capital just now—the money to extend my business; and if you had it to spare you might look at it like any of your other investments: Get your interest, and at the same time be perfectly safe. Even if the business wasn't growing by leaps and bounds, and all tied up by contract for all we can deliver for months to come, you know I'd take care of your money the first thing I'd do—even if anything could happen."

"Well, I'll see," I said. "It's too much of what little surplus I've got to decide offhand."

"Sure!" said Chic. "I see exactly. And we will leave the whole matter open—the old note and all—until you decide."

So Chic went to join some of the other young fellows at the club; and I went, on my way back to my office, to see John Snaith, who sat by the front window of his bank, enjoying his dry smoke, and staring off, speculating on matters in general.

"How much you got in there now?" asked John Snaith, twisting his cigar in his mouth and looking far away through the dusty plate glass. . . . "Uh-huh! Well, I think I'd take it out before I put in any more; if you can get it out—that is."

"Oh, I can get it out!" I said.

"Well then, I would."

"Why?" I asked, a little uneasy.

"Why?" he repeated. "I'll tell you why—the chief reason: That contract with those New Yorkers!"

"That contract!" said I. "Why, that's what he banks on! He told me he made an enormous profit on that."

"That's the way they do it," said John Snaith, "these fellows like your brother-in-law. Their profits are generally ninety per cent hope and twenty-five per cent more bad debts, as they figure them; leaving them fifteen or twenty per cent to the bad usually. Anyhow, the fact of the business is, he's losing about twenty dollars—about ten per cent—on every machine he turns out, as I figure it."

"Twenty dollars!" I said, scared a little. "Why, how did you come to know that?"

"Two reasons: I had to look it up twice—once for the bank, when he wanted credit here; and once for your mother."

"My mother!" said I, scared a little more—and mad. "Has he been after her for money?"

"Oh, he didn't get it!" said John Snaith. "He's been anywhere," he went on with a flicker of a smile, "anywhere

he thought he could get a little more capital—to keep up the business while it's growing so."

"And every time it grows it takes just so much more out of him," said I. "Is that it?"

"Like an old-fashioned chain pump," said John Snaith "rolling round and round in a cistern. The faster it rolls, the more twenty dollars it sucks out."

"But, if that's so, doesn't he see it himself?"

"No. He won't see it. He's a nice boy—Chic; we all like him. He's popular. But he's what I call one of these amateur business men—in business for joy and pleasure—and long luncheons and golf."

"And these fellows from New York?"

"They're what you boys call rank professionals, I expect," said John Snaith, staring farther off than ever. "They've got him about where they want him now. They sell him about all he buys and they buy about everything he's got to sell. And they're making a good thing. They've got him—and they'll pump him till they see he's about cleaned out; and then they'll give him one last good twister and leave him—clean."

"What kind of people are they?" I asked again.

"Well, nothing unusual. Only they're pretty hungry—that's all; like a good share of those fellows that come up here in the country to do business. No; I believe I'd get my money out if I could," concluded John Snaith, "before the thing goes."

"I suppose," I said, after letting it soak in a little, "you think I'm an unusual fool, putting it in in the first place."

"Unusual—no. Hardly!" said John Snaith. "Not very unusual, considering the fact that the majority share of most people's money, taking the country through, always goes into these family investments—into the schemes and enterprises of their own relatives and friends first. Why shouldn't it?

"Why shouldn't it?" asked John Snaith, taking down one foot and putting up the other on the low window sill of his window. "Every dollar in cash has got five hundred dollars in notes and stocks and investments chasing it round—as near as I can figure it. And the one who gets it oftenest, naturally, is the one who gets the head start—the one nearest home. It's that way all over. You never hear of it—that's all—like you do the stock market, all the time.

"They can talk about their million-share days in the stock market," said he. "But what does the average saving man throughout the country know about the stock market? All the stocks they've got there, anyhow, have had to come up and graduate out of the thousands and thousands of companies started near home, haven't they?"

"I suppose so."

"You know so!" said John Snaith. "They can talk about their billion-dollar corporations. But what do they amount to in the aggregate compared to the thousands of little businesses all round the country, started with friends' and relatives' money—the chances you've got at home to invest your dollar?"

"And lose it!" said I, worried over my two thousand dollars.

"Well, about nine times out of ten, by statistics—in these little private corporations. Isn't that the way it goes? About nine out of ten businesses go under, as I understand it; and the investment goes with it."

"The worst of it is the personal end of it."

"Yes; that's the worst."

"I wonder," I said nervously, "if I get out my money now, whether it will make Chic fail?"

"If it did," said John Snaith, swinging round in his black-walnut swivel chair, and closing the talk, "you'd do him more of a favor by taking it out than you did when putting it in—to say nothing of your own money and your family."

So I went to Chic that afternoon and told him I couldn't let him have any more money, and I'd have to ask him for what I'd loaned him. It didn't come so hard as if I hadn't known that he had been over to my mother secretly, trying to get money out of her. That made me mad

"I'm sorry, Chic," I said; "but I think I'll have to do it."

"Oh, all right!" said Chic, stiffening.

"If it isn't too inconvenient."

"Not at all!" said Chic, putting his chin up. "I told you I'd take it off your hands any time; and I will."

He wrote me out his check, and I gave back the note and stock to him.

"Oh, not at all!" he said—but his voice was a little raw. "I don't go back on my friends; you can count on that."

I shut my teeth together and kept still.

"And with the business coming in the way it is now," he said—"why, it will make no difference, anyway. I should have wanted to do it in a month or two, anyhow."

And he turned away. I started to get up, and then I stopped.

"Look here, Chic," I blurted out: "What do you know about that New York crowd, anyhow?"

He turned back, running up the red flag in his fair-skinned cheeks. "What do you?" he said, very politely.

"Nothing—only I understand they are a pretty sharp lot," said I.

"Is that all?"

"Yes; that's all," I said. "I just heard that; and thought I'd speak of it."

"Now you've spoken of it and gotten it off your mind, let's drop it."

"I'm sorry," I said, letting go of myself a little, "if I rubbed you the wrong way."

"You have a perfect right to get out—absolutely," said Chic, most politely. "Absolutely! But, now you're out, I'll ask you to cut out the fatherly advice—especially coming secondhand from that old fossil, Old Man Snaith."

So we parted stiffly; and I went over the next morning and the bank cashed my check for me. And it was all right. My two thousand dollars was back in my pocket again. I breathed freely; but I was sore and sorry about the thing—and Chic and Edith.

I didn't say anything to my wife about it, at first; but she noticed it right away.

"How funny Edith is lately!" said Barbara. "Is anything the matter between you and Chic?"

And then I told her all about the thing—and his trying to get my mother's money too.

"Maybe John Snaith was wrong," I said. "Maybe the old man was mistaken about the company. I hope so."

"No; I don't think so," said Barbara.

"Why?"

"Edith. She hasn't had one new thing to wear this fall."

"Is that so?" said I.

"And you know what that means—with Edith!" said Barbara.

They were pretty stiff and formal—both Chic and Edith—for two months or more. But not a word out of them. There wouldn't be, of course, from either one of those two.

Then, like lightning out of a clear sky, Edith came over to the house, alone—in the early morning, before I'd finished shaving.

"She's down there," said Barbara, coming back upstairs, "demanding to see you. It must be something dreadful. I never saw her look so. And her clothes thrown on any way!"

"I can't stand it," said Edith to me when I went down. "I won't—any longer!"

I never saw her look so plain and tired. Her face was white and sharp and old. You could see exactly how she was going to look when she was sixty.

"I haven't slept all night," she said.

"What is it?" I asked her.

"You've ruined him!" she answered in a high voice. "And now you're going to get him out of it!"

"Ruined him!" I said after her. "Get him out of what?"

"If it happens," she said, "you're responsible."

"Happens, Edith! What happens? Sit down. What is it?"

"The business. Those contracts. Those men from New York," she stammered. "And you did it!"

"What is it? Is Chic going to fail?" I asked finally.

"He's ruined," she repeated, staring at me.

"Well, I'm sorry. But I was afraid some time ago he would have to fail," I stated.

And she stood staring at me, like a crazy woman.

"You!" she half screamed. "You stand there and say that, when you ruined him?"

"Ruined him!" I said after her again—sharply this time. "What are you talking about?"

"Just when he needed a little more capital, you came and took away what he had. You came and demanded it. And then this happened!"

"Nonsense!" I said, getting a little mad myself. "He'd have failed anyway—if you want the truth. He had to fail."

"That isn't it," said Edith. "I don't care about that—his failing. That's nothing!"

"Nothing!" said I. "What do you mean?"

"I mean they are going to prosecute him!"

"Prosecute him?"

"Yes."

"Who is?" said I, after it soaked into me.

"Those men from New York. They say Chic is a criminal," she said, half breaking down. "They say they'll prosecute him criminally."

"Why? How?" said I, standing in a kind of haze over the thing.

"I'll tell you why," said Edith, talking louder and louder: "Because he had to pay you! I'll tell you why—to pay *you!*"

"To pay me!"

"Yes; to pay you! He had to get money; and so he got it the only way he could."

"How?"

"His salary," she said.

"His salary?"

"All he did," said Edith, "was to anticipate his salary a little."

"Anticipate his salary?" said I, puzzled.

"Yes; to pay you off!"

"Anticipate his salary!" I said, waking up to it. "How much?"

"Oh, I don't know—four thousand dollars or so. I don't know exactly."

"Four thousand!" I said, remembering and calculating.

"And then those men claim it's embezzlement, or fraud on the creditors, or something," said Edith. "And they say they'll prosecute him—if he doesn't do something about it."

"Who says so?"

"Those two men from New York. They had a man in there—a kind of spy, in Chic's office—who went over the books for them."

"But he hasn't failed yet," said I. "Not yet?"

"No; that's it! They won't let him fail—not till he pays them off first, before anybody else. That's why they are threatening so. He can't even fail now!

"You!" She Half Screamed. "You Stand There and Say That, When You Ruined Him?"

"Now, you've done it," Edith went on, scratching at my bathrobe sleeve; "and you've got to help. You've got to straighten it out! Because I won't—I won't see Chic go to jail—all because he didn't have capital to carry him through; all because he anticipated his salary to pay my brother!"

And then she collapsed into Barbara's arms.

"Where is he now?" I asked her.

I saw it was useless to think of talking with her.

"He's gone," she said, straightening up again for a minute, "back to the factory. The poor boy! He doesn't know what to do or where to turn. And when he went I couldn't stand it. I had to come over here and tell you, and see what you are going to do."

"Does Chic know you're here?" I asked.

"Certainly he doesn't!" said Edith. "Do you think he'd let me come to you? He's too proud."

And she started breaking down again. So I left her with Barbara and finished dressing; then took a cup of coffee and started out to get Chic. I found him in his private office, lighting cigarettes and throwing them away, and staring at the blotting paper on his desk.

"I don't see why you should come into it—now," he said to me. "Those scoundrels from New York have got me. That's all there is to it."

But he came round a little, gradually; and then I went over to see John Snaith, when the bank opened, and told him all about it.

"Umph!" said John Snaith. "So it's come!"

"What can we do?" I asked him.

"Well, the best thing, probably, would be a voluntary assignment—to get everything straightened out right finally."

"Would you take it?" I asked him.

"What does he say?"

"He'd want you, naturally," I said, "if you'd take it."

"Well, bring him over," said John Snaith, "and let's hear his story."

I wondered then how many scores of times he'd said that to other people.

"Umph!" he said, when Chic had outlined the thing. "I see! They're winding you up."

"It's these two—the chief ones," said Chic. "They're unusually nasty; all kinds of threats if they don't get some special settlement. But can they do it, after all? That's what I want to know."

"Do what?"

"Could they prosecute us criminally for what we did?"

"Us!" said I to myself, sitting up. "We!"

"For taking out that money the way I did—and paying it over to you," said Chic, looking at me, "for my personal loan."

"Paying it to me!" I cried out loud. "What are you talking about?"

"They claim they'll prosecute you with me. They say we were in a conspiracy to rob the company of its assets."

"Look here," said I, standing up. "What is this?"

"It's just one of their smart tricks," said John Snaith. "They're giving him that final twister we were talking about the other day, and they've got you in it."

"Me!" I started.

"Now wait a minute! Let's understand it," said John Snaith. "Hold your horses! You did take it out—this money—didn't you?" he asked Chic.

"And paid it to you?" he said, turning to me.

"Yes," said I. "Good Lord!" I thought to myself, with a partial understanding of the thing. "What am I in for now?"

"What shall we do about it?" I asked out loud.

"The first thing's clear enough," said John Snaith; "that's sure! We've got to straighten the thing out. He's got to put back what he took out. He's got to get it all straight to start with—or you can count me out as assignee.

"It belongs to the company," he said, "in the first place; and it's only common honesty to put it back again. And, besides that, it's good business. You'd have to before you got through, anyhow, if anybody got after you. And that's evidently their game, all right.

"They threatened to bring your brother-in-law into it—into this prosecution—didn't they, the first thing?" he asked Chic.

"Well, yes," admitted Chic gloomily. "I didn't say anything about it then; but they did."

"Bring me into it!" I said bitterly. "Prosecute me criminally—for lending him money!"

"Oh, yes," said John Snaith; "they'd do that—if they could."

"What kind of folks are these, anyhow?" said I again.

"Well, they are not amateurs," said John Snaith.

"That's what they said they'd do," said Chic, lighting his hundredth cigarette with fidgety fingers. "I don't believe they can do it; but that's what they've threatened."

His eyes were red and his usually immaculate light clothes looked as if he'd slept in them.

"How much was it you took out," John Snaith asked him, "to take up that stock?"

"Two thousand dollars," I answered for Chic with pained quickness.

"Well, you'd better make all that trade back again."

"That's all you took out?" he went on asking Chic.

"Well, no," said Chic; "not entirely."

"What else?" I almost yelled.

"Well," said Chic, "I took care of Charlie Newell. I had to take his stock off his hands the time his mother had her operation. He was an old friend, of course. He helped me when I started. I had to do it. I told him I would; and I did."

"I see. Any more besides that?" inquired John Snaith's dry voice.

"A little, maybe; not much. No; nothing to speak of," said Chic.

"How much would cover what you took out—everything?"

"Four thousand dollars," said Chic, after figuring.

"Will that cover it—sure?"

"Yes," said Chic; "fully. Oh, yes—more. That's ample."

"Well then, that's what had better go back in—quick," said John Snaith. "Now, how are you going to raise it?"

"I suppose," I said right away, "my two thousand dollars will have to go back."

"Well, yes," said John Snaith; "I don't see how you can get round that—the way he got it out for you. And now, how about the other two thousand dollars? Where'll you raise that? Will Charlie Newell pay his back?"

"He can't," said Chic. "He hasn't got it."

"Well," went on John Snaith, "you'll have to get it somewhere. What about your other friends?"

"Nothing there," said Chic.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I've tried them all."

"Will he have to have it?" I asked John Snaith. "Will he have to put it in?"

"I should," he answered, "the way things look."

So, in the end, I doubled up my money again. I paid the four thousand dollars. And we put the company in the hands of John Snaith, as assignee.

"That was quite an investment for a man in my circumstances," said I to him—"from a small start."

"They are—these personal family investments in a brother-in-law's enterprises," said John Snaith.

"Anyhow, I've doubled up for my last time," I said. "It's gone from one thousand to two thousand, and from two thousand to four thousand. And there's where I stop. If it doubles up again it will be of no use. I can't put up what I haven't got. I'll just have to go to jail with Chic when these New Yorkers start putting us through," said I, and laughed nervously.

Four thousand dollars was bad enough. But the thing was beyond my losses now. I was afraid. We couldn't tell where it would end.

"Well," said John Snaith, "we'll see. He's put back what he's taken out now; so he's all right, so far as right and equity go. But now we've got to see what these other fellows are going to do next. They're a lively crowd.

"They're talking pretty ugly," he told me three or four days later, "since the assignment—those two big ones. They're coming up here in a day or two. They've got themselves appointed a committee of creditors. And then we'll see!"

"What do they want now?" said I.

"They want Chic and you to settle up all the debts of the company—that's what they want."

"Me!" I said after him.

"Both of you."

"How can they do that?"

"They don't say," said John Snaith briefly.

"They've got that one transaction of yours to talk about, of course," he added. "And they tried to say that was one of several. Oh, they'll try any dodge there is—don't doubt that—in court or out."

"If they should—if they could force us to pay up all the debts," I asked after a while, "how much more is there?"

"Oh, a little over ten thousand—so far as I can work it out," said John Snaith.

"Well, that's enough!" I said, and laughed rawly. "It might as well be ten millions, so far as I'm concerned. It would clean me out, anyway. I guess I'll get ready for jail."

"Don't get too excited," said John Snaith. "They haven't got you in jail yet."

"They might as well," I said, "as ruin me by getting me into court."

"It'll work out somehow, I expect," he said slowly. "As soon as I hear from them when they are coming I'll telephone you."

"It's cold comfort talking to him!" I thought as I went away; he got about as much excited over it as a hospital surgeon over a fatal accident.

The second day afterward he telephoned over:

"They're coming to-day at two o'clock. I want you over here.

"They're pretty rough," he said when I got there. "I don't know just how we are going to come out with them—especially your brother-in-law."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked him.

"Well, you certainly don't want to appear in it—not at this stage of the game," he answered.

"There is one thing, though, I believe you could do if you wanted to," said John Snaith, finally coming to what he was after. "If I thought you weren't naturally of such a nervous disposition ——"

And then he told me what he wanted.

"I don't know what's going to happen to-day," he said. "But when I got to thinking of it this morning it struck me, for one thing, that it wouldn't be a bad idea—whatever else we did—for us to have a witness or two."

So he told me about going into the next room to the one where they would meet, in the back of the bank.

"We'll have the transom open, just a little—accidentally," he said; "and I think I'll have Miss Johnson in there with you, taking it down—just so we'll be sure to get the wording right.

"I don't make a practice of doing this," he said. "But these men from New York are coming up here breathing fire and brimstone from their nostrils, and are just going to burn us all up if we don't look out."

"Anything you say," said I, thinking of the ten thousand dollars and jail, and ruin generally.

So I was in the bank, back of the rail in the president's office, when those two men from New York came in. They didn't know me from Adam naturally. And I saw John Snaith go out and shake hands with them.

"Pleased to meet you!" said the fat one, with the diamond watch charm and the thick hand with the diamond ring.

And he introduced the lean one, with the sharp, thin face.

"Howdy-do?" he said, and nothing else, his face changing no more than John Snaith's did.

"Let's go back here, where we can be alone," said John Snaith, putting a fresh cigar in his teeth and showing them the way.

I followed them at a proper distance. And as I did so I saw Chic coming in the front doorway—quite jaunty again, with a flower in his lapel, and carefully pressed light clothes, and his fair face very flushed.

He sat down and waited when they told him to do so. He didn't see me. I slipped inside, by another door, to that other room, which opened into the room where John Snaith and the men from New York were sitting down to talk. Miss Johnson was already there, with her stenographer's book and pencil—prim and stiff, and as nervous as ever—sitting on the edge of her chair, watching the transom, waiting for them to start.

"I understand you are the official committee from the New York creditors," said John Snaith. "Is that right?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Snaith," said the fat man from New York. "And I wish I wasn't. It's a bad business, Mr. Snaith. I give you my word. I ain't ever seen a worse one. Is that right, Mack?"

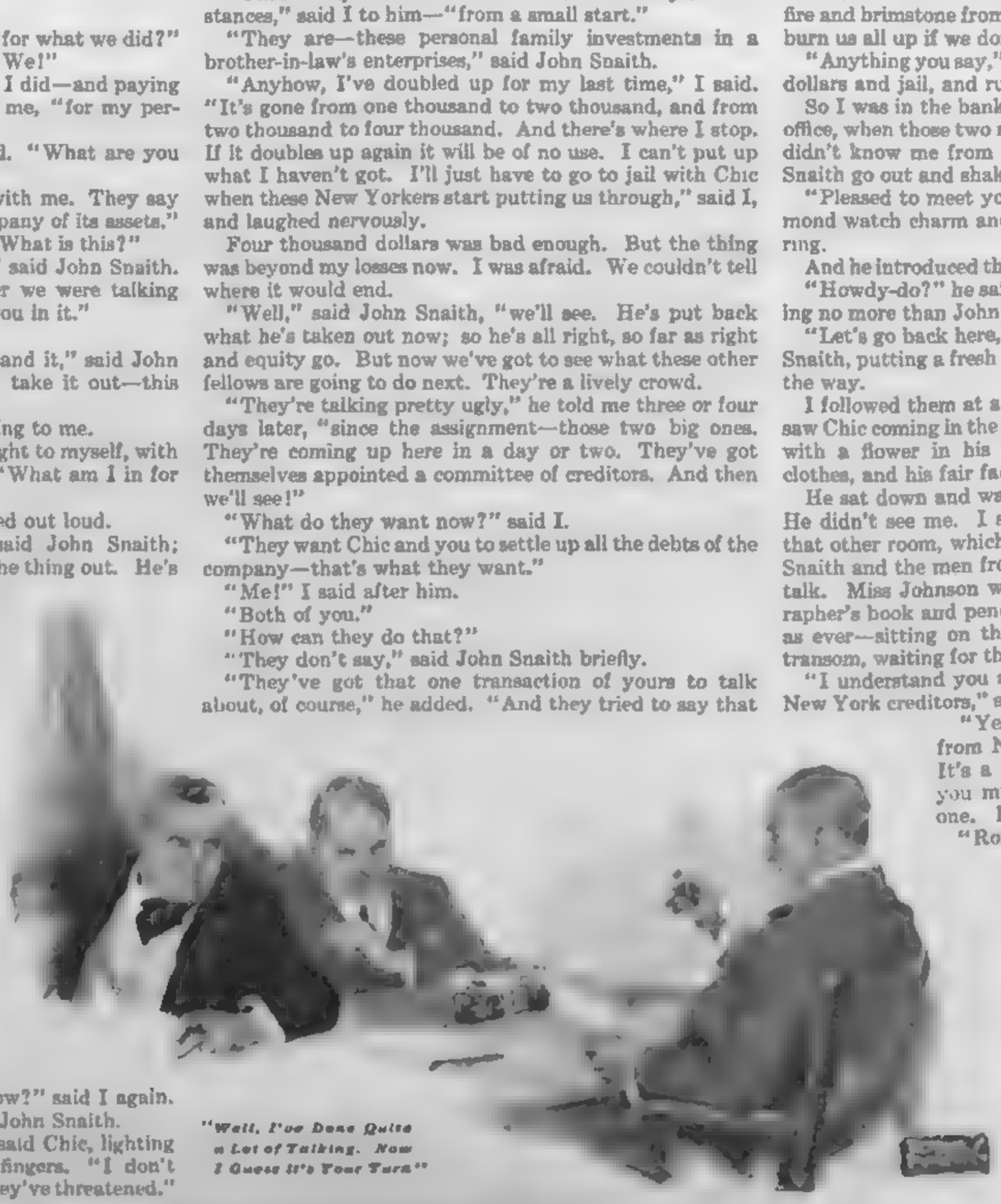
"Rotten!" said the lean man.

"We had our man going over his books and the company's," said the other man. "And if I gave you my word what things were there you wouldn't believe it!"

"Let's have him in," said John Snaith. "That will save your time and mine."

"Sure!" said the fat man from New York.

So I could hear Chic come in, saying "Good afternoon!" briskly, in quite a chipper voice, and doing the most of the talking.



"Well, I've Done Quite a Lot of Talking. Now I Guess It's Your Turn"

(Continued on Page 41)

The Case Against the Farmer

They Don't Like the Medicine

By E. DAVENPORT

SO ABUNDANT and, therefore, so cheap have been the products of our fields for the last half century that not only have Kansas farmers been known to burn corn as the most economical fuel, but the consuming public has learned practically to take its breakfast for granted, like the sunshine or the rain, as an established order of Nature or a dependable act of God. So have relative values as between necessities and luxuries become much confused. But soaring prices and a growing scarcity are creating a food problem new to American households; and the public, brought face to face with unaccustomed but fundamental facts, seems bent upon locating the guilty party.

The housekeeper naturally blames the retailer and accuses him of taking advantage of a disordered situation. The general consumer, with his mind upon problems of distribution, believing that in some way prices are manipulated and convinced that gambling in foodstuffs tends to increase their cost, lays the responsibility upon that indefinite individual known as the middleman.

The Terms of the Indictment

OBSERVERS with broader outlook attribute to war conditions the general impulse to high prices, and to the sinking of ships a fundamental cause of scarcity. But the statistically minded who write for the public press and speak from platforms, intent upon dealing only with facts, have, so to speak, short-circuited the discussion by going to the original records, from which they have made out a case against the farmer and supported it by what looks like evidence.

It is found by statistics—and they are assumed to speak the final word—that the American farmer is not increasing his output in proportion to the increase in population; indeed, that at certain points it shows alarming evidences of decline. Wherefore it is inevitable that food should become scarce and high in price; that exports should decline; and that the balance of trade—always maintained by our agricultural products—should now be in danger of turning against us.

Statistics further show that the wheat yield to the acre in the United States is only half that of England, France or Germany; and that crop yields generally show little evidence of increase, with occasional symptoms of an actual falling off. So is the "most intelligent farmer on earth" beaten two to one by "the ignorant European peasant"; and the showing is eminently unsatisfactory.

Quite naturally his critics remind the American farmer that he has the advantage of a virgin soil and of the best machinery on earth. His attention is further called to the fact that an agricultural college and experiment station are maintained in every state, and a Federal Department of Agriculture at Washington—all at enormous public expense and for no other purpose than his assistance and to provide against the very contingency that has arisen.

The farmer is, therefore, called upon in no uncertain terms to live up to his opportunities and responsibilities, justify the public expense lavished upon him, and till his acres with greater industry and skill, that he may feed the people at moderate expense and do his utmost, as a patriotic citizen should, to hold the balance of trade upon the right side of the ledger.

Just what is the matter with the American farmer does not seem to have been decided. Authorities differ in the diagnosis as to whether the trouble lies in lack of capital or in sheer shiftlessness, with the advantage of the argument just now in favor of shortage of funds. Hence the demand for a national system of rural credits, in which demand, strangely enough, the farmer's voice is little heard.

Why now does the farmer come so far short of his obligation and his apparent opportunity? And why is he seemingly so little concerned about so serious a situation? These questions seek answers, for this is a real problem which the public will do well to consider, because what is really happening seems not to be generally understood outside actual farming circles, though it is likely to continue indefinitely; and the conditions are not so simple as they seem, nor is the solution easily found.

The Defense

THE answers are, first, that the American farmer does not come so far short as is often represented, but at the best the case is bad enough; and, second, that he is not indifferent, but on the contrary is deeply concerned about conditions he cannot control, and yet which effectually prevent in many cases what the farmer as well as the public would like to see—an advancing instead of a stationary and sometimes a declining production.

First of all, the case against the American farmer is not quite so bad as it is often made to appear. His critics choose the one crop—wheat—for which our climate is not well adapted; and yet it is the very crop that, for climatic reasons alone, flourishes in England, France and Germany as it succeeds nowhere else on earth. He is, therefore, compared at his weakest point with competitors who enjoy a peculiar advantage for this particular crop. Furthermore, the landholder of the countries named is not an "ignorant peasant," but a remarkably skillful husbandman.

In other words, the very conditions that make ours the greatest corn-producing country in the world forever limit our wheat yield. And the same climatic conditions that permit those countries lying about the North Sea to lead the world in wheat yields effectually prevent their raising corn at all. If, therefore, his critics had chosen another crop, the American farmer would have made a better showing.

Yet, even where he is at his best, the farmer of the United States is not showing the advance that may fairly be expected when we recall the public and private aids to agriculture and the solicitous care and free advice of a small army of professional lecturers and writers. What is the matter with the American farmer? Has he grown fat and lazy, or is he for some other reason indifferent to his many advantages? The answer is that the American farmer is neither fat and lazy nor is he indifferent to the conditions, for where he has tried to keep up production by working his farm to its capacity he has found that he never worked harder in his life or, in the end and despite high prices, had so little to show for it.

The Farmer in His Own Defense

BRIEFLY he makes answer to his critics that just as the comparison in wheat yield is unfairly made, so the public is little aware of the circumstances under which the farmer works. Conditions in America and Europe are far from comparable. The American farmer's problem has always been one of labor, as the European's has been one of land. The American farmer has used horses and machinery to advantage as has no other farmer on earth. He has worked his children as no other American citizen has ever worked them, in the hope of getting them farms while they were yet to be had. He has produced more food per man—and per boy—than any farmer past or present ever produced. He has produced the cheapest food the world has ever known; and he has done it at the expense of fertility, which, even at present prices, he can ill afford to restore. He is no longer able to secure labor capable of handling expensive animals and machinery; and if he could the present scale of wages would eat up all his profits. Besides, he cannot run his farm on the eight-hour plan and according to union rules.

Coming to a more definite analysis of the situation, there is no such person as the American farmer. Every autumn, as the harvests are gathered, there are published in the current press figures to show the tremendous income of the farmer, as if he were an individual. And cartoons are depicted showing bursting barns and overflowing cribs, with the happy proprietor at the margin, wreathed in smiles, with hundred-dollar bills peeping from his pockets.

Now this is a very deceiving picture of the actual situation. First of all, let the reader and the consumer get the fact firmly fixed in mind that there is no such individual; the American farmer, as such, does not exist. The proprietorship in these products is infinitely divided. Neither is this vast store of wheat, corn and meat the output of a factory owned by a corporation and managed by a board, with power to fix prices. It is the joint product of some ten million families of all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, engaged in manufacturing a product whose selling end they do not and cannot control!

We read that the other day the manufacturers of cigarettes decided, on account of the increased cost of labor, to

(Continued on Page 55)

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 14, 1917

Organizing Congress

IN THE gravest situation the United States has experienced since reconstruction days, the last Congress broke down. It not only failed to act upon the bill the President deemed immediately necessary for national defense, but at its adjournment three very important appropriation bills lay unfinished on the table.

Responsibility by no means ends with a "little group of willful men representing no opinion but their own." Cloture in the Senate will not cure the trouble.

The situation was grave enough when that Congress assembled, and its time was strictly limited. It pleaded the time limitation as an excuse for its inability to dispose of several very important matters, and then notoriously wasted time with both hands. The silly "leak" investigation performance by the House is not forgotten, nor the pork-barrel building and rivers-and-harbors appropriations, nor some other exhibitions in both houses of indifference to economy and efficiency.

There is no effectual sense of national responsibility in Congress. Unquestionably an immense number of people would rather trust to the President alone in a crisis than to that balance of powers which the Constitution prescribes. This is wholly the fault of Congress. Too many members of it want to get on the front page of a newspaper—especially one that circulates extensively among their constituents.

Certainly there is ability and patriotism in Congress that might be incalculably useful to the country in a time of stress. But it is a poorly organized body. To get it going at all requires prodigious effort. It moves like a cranky old junk in a cross-current.

The new Congress will almost certainly be a war Congress. If it is organized on the old lines, with a hair's-weight balance between the two big parties, it cannot possibly develop more than a minor fraction of its potential usefulness.

Democracy Again

MANY people have been accepting the war as a vital challenge to democracy, illustrating the point by contrasting German efficiency with British muddle.

The illustration never had any necessary relevance to the main question, for from the beginning there was democratic efficient France and autocratic muddling Russia. In the opening months of the war it was France that gave the first and probably fatal check to Germany.

Just now the illustration looks more dubious than ever, for the nation that is exerting the greatest power—taking all theaters of the war, by land and sea, and all military, industrial and financial phases—is probably not Germany, but England.

Bureaucratic Austria seems to have pretty completely collapsed months ago. Under the strain of war, autocracy in Russia has probably gone definitely to the scrapheap. Recent utterances by the German Chancellor show that Prussia's very undemocratic form of government is now regarded as a weakness. His promise of a more liberal regime is evidently meant to allay discontent. So far as the war throws any light on the main question, one can now say confidently that a democratic government is more likely to develop the total resources of a nation for a terrific and prolonged crisis than is an undemocratic one.

It should always be remembered that the government of the German Empire contained a very large element of democracy. Representative public opinion was effectual in the government to a very considerable degree.

It now seems certain that there will be more democracy after the war than there was before, because, under the greatest trial of modern times, democracy has justified itself. It is all a question of organization; and democracy can organize. If it would only insist more strenuously upon efficient organization in normal times its critics would have little left to say.

Uniform Taxation

WISCONSIN and Massachusetts tax incomes, but at quite different rates and on wholly different plans. Two-thirds of the states have inheritance taxation, but hardly any two of them would make the same levy upon an estate of given size devised in a given way. Whether, from an estate of ten millions, the state took less than a hundred thousand dollars or more than one million four hundred thousand would depend upon whether the testator lived a rod north or south of the line dividing California and Oregon. Meanwhile the Federal Government imposes both an income and an inheritance tax; and as to both, the rates are likely to increase, but not at all likely to decrease.

To the opulent, income and inheritance taxes are everywhere of decided importance. They will quite certainly become more important. Generally legal residence is a matter of choice with the opulent. If there is a decided advantage in residing, for purposes of taxation, in one state rather than another, they are usually at liberty to pick the most advantageous state.

As income and inheritance taxation is especially aimed at the opulent, it ought to be uniform. Otherwise the state that levies a higher rate is pretty certain to lose the most promising subjects for such taxation. The states should either abandon such taxation to the Federal Government or mold their laws strictly upon the Federal laws. The most economical and efficient arrangement would put the assessing and collecting of income and inheritance taxes in the hands of the Federal Government, which would turn over an agreed proportion of the collections to the states within whose borders the taxes were assessed.

Railroad Labor

THE differences between the railroads and the four big Brotherhoods started more than a year ago. From the beginning the railroads were right, for they offered to submit the differences to arbitration.

The country would not endure a nation-wide paralysis of rail transportation owing to a refusal of the managers to arbitrate a difference between themselves and their employees. It cannot endure stoppage of rail service owing to a like refusal on the part of the men. Any private difference which threatens such a public calamity as paralysis of the railroads must be compromised.

Labor properly cherishes the right to strike; but nobody in a civilized community can exercise any right whatever save by the assent of the community. Civilized society exists by compromise. Every important statute, from the organic law down, resulted from a compromise between conflicting interests. Where vital interests of the community clearly require it, labor must accept a compromise as to its absolute right to strike.

We all say we have inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; but we can enforce them only to the extent and in the manner the community prescribes by law. If a man trespasses on your land your remedy is not to shoot him, but to bring him before an impartial court for judgment. In offering railroad labor an impartial court to hear its claims and enter an effectual judgment, society presents a fair compromise as to labor's absolute right to strike.

The chief usefulness of the strike has been as a means of enforcing collective bargaining. But organization of the highly skilled labor which operates trains has proceeded to a point where that labor rejects bargaining and demands that its own terms be accepted unconditionally. That arbitrary spirit is a bad advertisement for the principle of unionism and collective bargaining. It puts labor in the same attitude which the most reactionary employers occupy—the attitude, that is, of using power with ruthless selfishness.

The trainmen should have accepted voluntary arbitration and not forced the issue of compulsory arbitration.

War Prosperity

ONE phase of national life in England, France and perhaps even Germany, shows the customary signs of prosperity. Labor is fully employed at high wages; money circulates rapidly; the people are saving at a rate never before known. If one could look just at that phase he would say that England and France, and perhaps even Germany, were exceptionally well off. In the United States we have had that phase, without the tremendous qualifications of a belligerent.

Whatever else economists of any school may say about this war prosperity, one thing is clear: Production has gone forward confidently; capital has come forth freely for investment. If a fused public will in England, for example, had resolved upon an economic reconstruction of India, requiring the investment of six or seven billion dollars a year, and the manufacture of enormous quantities of machinery, implements, clothing, and so on, for export to the dependency, and if virtually everybody in England had given unwavering support to that program, we should have had these same signs of prosperity.

Socialists may have a better régime up their sleeves; but under this régime the key to prosperity is confidence and a copious flow of capital into enterprises that employ labor. Nowadays there is proper contempt for the capitalist's claim that he is a benefactor of mankind because he "gives" work to labor; for the classical assertion of that claim implied that "giving" work was an act of benevolence. But it is still true that the most unequivocally useful thing which can be done with money is to put it into the industrial process.

It is also true that any political action which disturbs confidence and checks the flow of capital into industry needs very strong justifying grounds.

Unknowable Russia

BUT for a sudden change in the government at the Russian capital there would very likely have been no Hohenzollern Dynasty to-day. The league to crush Frederick and partition Prussia seemed certain to succeed until the death of the Czar and the succession of a pro-German heir cracked it. And but for the romantic intervention of another Czar there would probably have been no Hapsburg Dual Monarchy. A Russian army recovered the throne which Franz Joseph had virtually lost.

That long chapter of European history when the greatest issues hung upon the will of a single man up north—usually an excessively dull man—has, no doubt, come to an end.

One can never be quite certain of anything about Russia; but Nicholas tolerated the germ that was very sure sooner or later to change the whole character of the government. When Louis summoned the States-General it was virtually all up with the Bourbon régime in France. So when Nicholas set up a Duma—circumscribed, overridden, controlled, meant to be merely a puppet—he staged the last act for the Romanoff régime.

The spirit of modern times is so charged with democracy that an autocrat who commits the folly of giving the people even a lath sword is already beaten. In saying that all Europe would be either republican or Cossack, Napoleon overlooked the probability of a Cossack republic.

Temporarily anything is possible—republic, regency, restoration, counter-revolution. It would be remarkable if, after so huge a stir, the elements settled at once into final order. The big fact is that the people overthrew the government and the issue must be a more liberal government—which can hardly fail to be a better government.

A Hungry World

NO SUCH food situation as that which prevails this spring has been seen within the memory of any living man. Usually the United States and Russia are the two great exporters of foodstuffs; but of late there have been food riots in New York and in Petrograd and Moscow. Not only are all the big belligerents on short rations but there is some shortage of edibles in nearly every neutral country of Europe.

No fully satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon has yet appeared. Outturn of the chief food crops last year was below normal, but not to such a degree as would, of itself, account for putting two-thirds of Europe on short rations. Interruption to transportation, as by the blockade of the Black Sea, plays some part. A good deal of food has been sunk at sea. Perhaps thirty-five million men under arms have been consuming more food than they would have consumed when engaged in their usual civil occupations.

It remains for statisticians to appraise all these causes and explain in detail why pretty much the whole world is now deeply exercised over its supply of daily bread, for the first time within the memory of living man.

It had been assumed that the world would never again be so exercised; that with harvest in progress somewhere every month of the year and with modern transportation a deficiency here would always be made good by a surplus there; so that no extensive and serious shortage of foodstuffs could occur in most civilized countries.

The present situation shows that the world lives closer to the margin than most people have realized. Submarines running amuck might at any time reduce the modern Western World to the condition of Asia and medieval Europe, where famine was always a cheerful possibility.

One Hundred Days an Emperor

The Real Story of Yuan Shi Kai's Plot for a Throne

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

YUAN SHI KAI was the strong man of his day, and the hope of his heart was to be emperor of China. He plotted for the throne for twenty years; and he lost. He gambled for a crown and he came to a coffin. Once in his life he was at a place where the crown might have been his for the fighting, and once he was at a place where the crown was his for the mere taking. He hesitated each time, waiting, with the Chinese caution that was his greatest weakness, for what he thought would be a more favorable moment for the coup. Then, when he did stake his all, he was too late. He lost, and he died, having maintained a wretched position as an uncrowned emperor-elect for a hundred miserable days, and keeping up for a few more weeks the futile struggle to rehabilitate himself in the presidency he renounced to found the impotent dynasty of Hung Hsien.

The real story of this vast intrigue whereby one man sought to make himself dictator of the destinies of four hundred million people has never been told. It would take a volume to tell it in all its bewildering detail of plot and counterplot, of devious diplomacy, bribery, assassination and complex politics; its wild extravagances and enthusiasms; its loyalties and treacheries; its punishments and rewards; its bizarre developments and absurd digressions; its fantastic heroisms and its underlying cowardices; its perfidies, expiations, fidelities and dedications. In the limitations of one article I can only throw on the high lights; but these suffice to illuminate this amazing, intricate and unique conspiracy to found a dynasty on the ruins of a republic in a country that has a recorded civilization of four thousand years.

A Disciple of Li Hung Chang

YUAN SHI KAI would not have been possible in any country but China; nor would his plot. He was the partisan and protégé of Li Hung Chang, without the sublimation of craft of that great and wily Chinese, without the great brain; but with more power, more strength, more craft and more personality than any Chinese of the ruling or official class remaining after the death of Li Hung Chang; also, with more brains. Undoubtedly he had in his mind the idea of usurping the throne of the Manchus even so far back as when he was Imperial Resident of Korea, where his actions had much to do with bringing about the war between China and Japan; but that idea did not take tangible form until in 1901 he succeeded Li Hung Chang as viceroy of the province of Chi-li, in which Peking, the capital, is situated. The men who knew him and supported him say that from that time he began to plot for the throne for himself; and that constantly, until February 12, 1916, when he, with lip protests, accepted the proffered crown, he never abandoned the plan.

The great basis of political power in Northern China has come through the Peiyang party, which is the military party and which has depended on the control of the army. This was first held by Tseng Kuo Fan, the hero of the Tai-ping Rebellion, and passed from him to Li Hung Chang. The military establishment of China has not been and is not yet a national Chinese Army. It is a group of individual armies giving loyalty to certain generals—that is, each general controls his own army, or the army of his province, and that army, though nominally a Chinese army, is in reality a separate army, subject to the offices and desires and orders of its supreme local commander. Thus, in a country like China, where the government was an absolute monarchy supported by military strength, the strength of the monarchy depended on the control the monarchy had, not of the army, as a whole, but on the control and support it had of the generals.

Tseng Kuo Fan organized the generals into the Peiyang party, and the Manchus were dependent on that party and its united loyalty to a large degree. If the generals were not in unison the army was not in unison, and the emperor had difficulties; but, with the generals united and harmonious, the man to whom the generals acknowledged leadership was, in effect, the ruler of China. Li Hung Chang gained and kept his extraordinary strength in China by holding the generals in harmonious relation to one another. Yuan Shi Kai also held the army fairly well together, beginning his control when he took over the place of viceroy of Chi-li; and he maintained a grip on many of the generals until the ignominious end.

He was fifty-six years old when I first saw him, in 1915; but, judging from his activity and appearance then, he must have been an exceedingly virile person in his younger days. He was then a man who gave an instant impression of forcefulness, ruling ability and decision. He was short, squat, thick-chested, big-necked and bullet-headed. He spoke quickly and emphatically. He worked incessantly, often reading as many as ten thousand Chinese characters in a day besides his other labors. He was entirely Chinese in his view of government, its functions, and the lack of views on the subject in men. He had a total disregard for human life—not his own. He had killed many, many men, and was not averse to killing many, many more.

Yuan Shi Kai Plotted for the Throne for Twenty Years, and He Lost

He never for a moment believed in the republic of which he was president, or in the republican form or theory of government. He always was a monarchist of the old régime, but a sort of opportunist, for he had no hesitation over becoming a democrat when he saw a presidency might be obtained by this apparent renunciation of the ruling-class idea; albeit he had no intention of remaining a democrat, and never ceased to plan to make himself emperor.

He was a cautious opportunist, for, though the situation after the revolution of 1911, which gave him his chance to become president, might have had possibilities for a great, dazzling seizure of the throne for himself, he lacked the supreme courage after he had forced the Manchus to abdicate. He was afraid the old Manchu generals would not support him, and he didn't dare to fight them. Again, after the second revolution, in 1913, he might easily have made himself emperor, for the people were sick to prostration of the Southern Chinese, who fomented both revolutions—tired of fighting, and impatient of a form of government that kept the country in constant turmoil. Moreover, Yuan had little to fear then from the old generals. He had been victorious with his northern troops in maintaining himself in power, and the armies of the south were practically disbanded and their fighting spirit gone.

It would not be Chinese boldly to seize upon opportunities like these and take a throne by force. Yuan was essentially Chinese. He preferred to wait and try to get by intrigue and plot what, in one instance, at least, he might have had by the simple expedient of forcible acquisition. He wanted to make it appear that the Chinese people, entirely of their own volition and because of the surpassing virtues of himself, had compelled him to become emperor much against his will and expressed desire, and after a suitable number of refusals; and he built up an elaborate organization and spent millions of dollars to bring about this spontaneous demand that he should assume the throne.

Yuan lived a full and active life. His theory of maintaining himself in power was to eliminate those who opposed him. He carried this idea into all his practices of government and by it built up his own superiority. He ordered assassinations, meted out summary executions, and, after he became president, organized and held in operation a sort of personal trial court in Peking, officered by carefully chosen men, and had persons offensive to his plans and practices haled before that court and punished adequately.

Personal Characteristics

IN HIS later days he substituted shooting in the capital or large cities for the old style of decapitation; but he had his headsmen working in other places, and not a few of his political opponents were disposed of by assassins who were never punished. Banishment was another of his favorite means of elimination—banishment or enforced exile. Often, men who were not persona grata to Yuan found it most salutary to retire to Japan, or elsewhere, knowing that if they remained in China they might remain as highly revered ancestors—revered, but dead.

Human life is cheap in China, and it was especially cheap to those of the monarchial régime. It is a crude but efficacious system of political philosophy that assumes that the man with his head cut from his shoulders will no longer annoy in a political way or bring opposition to bear. Dead men tell no tales; nor do they seek to undo those in power and obtain fat perquisites for themselves. This was the school of Yuan Shi Kai—this and bribery. A man may have been too powerful to be killed, but there never was a man, according to the opinion of Yuan, who was too moral to be bribed.

His whole theory of government was based on force or favor—one or the other, or both; wherein he did not differ much in theory from many other rulers, but largely in practice. He was a strong man among many weak ones, and he was conscious of his strength. He was accustomed to say that all he cared for was opportunity to fish in the waters of his native Honan, and to dissemble his ruthlessness with apostrophes to the delights of a peaceful rural existence. He once delivered to me a dissertation on his intolerable confinement in the presidential yamen, speaking with flowery eloquence of the beauties of his birthplace, and the desire of his heart to go back there and pass the remainder of his days in quiet and contemplation; all of which would have made a greater impression had I not known that he was at the moment conspiring to make himself emperor.

He was particularly strong on the delights of domesticity, and showed his faith in his own concepts of home life by maintaining a number of wives, variously estimated at from fourteen to thirty-two. He was fond of children, and he had more than thirty. He ate prodigiously, drank sparingly, was awake at five o'clock each morning, and had both persistence and application, qualities not generally found in the Chinese ruling class.

In order that his beginning and progress may be understood, his steady advance in importance and power, certain phases of his career must be sketched in. He was born in 1859, and in 1882 he went to Korea with a Chinese detachment. He was active, sedulous in his observance of the will of the Court at Peking, and able, even then, in intrigue, and not averse to removing those who stood in his path by any means that would secure their permanent absence from the scenes of his labors. He worked so assiduously for his imperial master, and for himself, that he was Chinese Imperial Resident at Seoul at the age of twenty-six.

The Chinese-Japanese War was largely due to Yuan Shi Kai's Korean operations. The story of the beginning of that conflict is too long and too complicated to tell here; but the war came, and when it came Yuan Shi Kai left Korea, marching as a chair carrier in a procession of chair carriers who were supposed to be carrying Yuan himself. He took no chances, but had an underling in his chair, made up to resemble the Chinese Imperial Resident, who at the moment, and because of the advance of the victorious Japanese, was the Chinese Imperial Emigrant.

He vegetated for a time, but always remained in Chi-li, near the throne; and in September, 1898, he was put in charge of an army corps, and then and there began his work of getting the support of the army. He was governor of Shan-tung in 1900, which is a northern province adjoining Chi-li, and had the great good sense to keep out of the Boxer business. The Empress Dowager sent him many telegrams ordering him to attack the foreign devils with his army; but Yuan tore up the telegrams, assisted the foreigners, and when called to account he blandly claimed that he never received the orders. After the Dowager Empress returned Yuan was made viceroy of Chi-li, the position held for so long a time by Li Hung Chang. Then he was properly placed, for during the next three years he took a masterful and useful part in remaking the Chinese Army, in modernizing it and arming it, and incidentally in holding it together for his own purposes, which were regal.

The imperial idea which had taken root in the devious brain of Yuan Shi Kai began to sprout as the army sprouted under the advice and with the control of Yuan. He knew that nothing is possible in China without the support of the army, and that anything is possible with the support of the army.

So he coddled the army and its controlling generals, and by the time he was made grand councilor, in 1907, he was rather sure of his own power with it.

His ascendancy at the court continued until early in January, 1909, when he was dismissed from office by the Prince Regent and sent home. He remained quietly in Honan, fishing: but he wasn't fishing for fish. He was fishing for greater military control. Presently the first revolution began, in 1911; and Yuan, though urged to join the rebels, and promised all there was to promise, did nothing, and ostensibly remained loyal to the Manchus. He also refused command of the imperial land and maritime forces. Eventually he accepted that command, after he had made some terms with the Prince Regent, and proceeded to the front. There was great confusion in Peking. Prince Ching was dismissed, and Yuan, the one strong man who was in support of the Manchu dynasty, then tottering and about to fall, was made president of the Council of Ministers, or premier, and given command of all the forces in the vicinity of Peking.

Intrigues Bear Fruit

This was in November, 1911, and at that moment the plots and intrigues of Yuan began to bear fruit. He was in a most advantageous position. He was the strongest man in Peking, acting for and with the Manchus, and he was also in a position to deal at first hand with the rebels, who were winning victories in the south, and who had established a provisional government with Sun Yat Sen at its head as first president of China. Yuan saw his advantage, and he pressed it. He apparently remained loyal to the dynasty; but he also remained exceedingly loyal to Yuan. He was at the top of his powers—a crafty, farseeing, expert politician. He knew that if he let the Manchu dynasty fall without using it to his own advancement he could expect little from the Nanking Republican Government, and he knew, also, that though the dynasty was *in extremis*, the Nanking Government, new and untried, and largely theoretical in its workings, was not so sure of its own ground.

Yuan played one against the other. He did not let the Manchus know that he had the rebels where he wanted them—practically defeated; and he did not let the southern rebels know that he had the Manchus at his mercy. The Manchus sought in every way to hold him. Three times Yuan was offered the title and rank of marquis, but each time he refused it. He was playing for a bigger title than that.

He secured from the Manchus the secret edict of abdication on February 3, 1912; and, having that in his possession, he proceeded to work on the Nanking Government, and get rights and emoluments for the fallen court. As soon as he had taken care of his former patrons he began to look out for Yuan Shi Kai. He had seen to it that the abdication edict gave him full power to organize a republican form of government, in conference with the republican leaders. He was most careful to have that designation in the official document.

Then he shooed the Manchus off the throne, published the abdication edict on February twelfth, and telegraphed down to the Nanking Government that, inasmuch as he was empowered to deal with that government, and inasmuch as it had in mind the establishment of a republic, he—Yuan Shi Kai—felt that a republican government might, after all, be the solution of the difficulties in which China found herself. "Therefore," said the wily Yuan, "I suggest that the most meritorious manner of composing affairs will be to become president myself; and in support of the exceeding virtue of that contention I call to your attention the fact that I have the delegated authority from the dynasty which has ruled China for many years; that I have a very good army to support that delegated authority; and that, moreover, I want the job, for I firmly believe at the moment that a republican form of government is the proper form of government for China, provided, of course, your humble servant, Yuan Shi Kai, is placed at the head of it."

Elected President

He was an ardent and lifelong republican from the date of publication of the abdication decree. Also, he had the strategic advantage. Also, he had the courage. The Nanking Government acquiesced. Yuan Shi Kai was too strong for them. He was elected provisional president by the Nanking Government on February fifteenth and took the oath of office in Peking on March tenth. He was formally elected President of China on October sixth, and inaugurated four days later.

That closed the first phase of the career of Yuan Shi Kai. He had in the early days of 1912 outmaneuvered the republicans, who had won the revolution, and he had used the Manchus, with all their prestige and all their dynastic authority, as pawns in his game. He fully understood that when a country which has been for forty centuries under the control of an absolute monarchy suddenly emerges into even a weak semblance of democracy, the inherent respect for the dynastic authority under which the people have lived does not immediately disappear, except among the extreme radicals; and that a sense of authority is vested even in them. Knowing this, he skillfully provided that the abdication decree should name him as the man delegated by the throne to organize a republican form of government; and the weight of that authority, backed by his own military resources, made it possible—easy, indeed—to force the newborn, untried and inexperienced provisional government to shunt Sun Yat Sen aside and take him.

Now Yuan Shi Kai did not want to be president, except as a means to an end. He wanted to be emperor. His conversion to republicanism was entirely exterior. In his heart and mind he was as much a monarchist as ever he was, but he saw clearly that he could only get a throne for himself by pretending republicanism for a time; and he was a most excellent pretender—a pretender of parts.

There are many of his friends who claim that this was the time for the seizing of the throne—when the Manchus went out; and they say that if he had had the vision and the courage to proclaim himself emperor then he would be emperor now, for the Nanking Government would have acquiesced in the formation of a constitutional monarchy, with a responsible Cabinet, similar, in effect, to the government of England. It is probable that Yuan Shi Kai contemplated this, but felt that there were two obstacles:

The first was that he was not certain the older generals, who were willing to support him with their soldiers as president, in the hope and with the idea that the Manchus might come back to the throne, and because they believed Yuan Shi Kai to be at heart—what he was—a monarchist, and better fitted to hold the governing power during the interregnum because of his known sympathy with the dynastic form of government, would go so far as to support him in his assumption of the title and offices of emperor, thinking of him as not endowed with the divine right of kings.

The second was that, at the time, Yuan Shi Kai had entirely imperial ideas. He did not relish becoming a circumscribed emperor, no matter how many concessions he had advised the Manchus to make in the way of giving the people a somewhat representative government, with a Parliament and a responsible Cabinet, some of which were under way when the dynasty was deposed. Yuan Shi Kai had no relish for anything but an absolute monarchy; and that was not possible at the time, for the revolutionists would not stand for that or admit of it. He thought, as his further actions clearly showed, that he would do better to take the presidency and, as president, continue his plotting for the throne for himself at a time when his entirely imperial ideas would not be so repugnant to the official and military castes.

So he took the job; but he never let his imperial ambitions sag. He always had a throne in mind. Then came that complex disturbed period in the history of China which culminated in the revolution of 1913, a protest against Yuan Shi Kai, who, in his official procedures, was displaying imperialistic tendencies too marked for a republican form of government. The history of that second revolution is a book in itself, or two of them, and cannot be discussed here further than to say that Yuan Shi Kai came through it as the victor. His troops whipped the rebels, and he was more secure than before in his position. He had solidified the army for his own interests. He had won over a large number of the old generals. He had ventured on a few arbitrary movements, had been supported—or not opposed. He had felt his way, and found, or thought he found, that the path was becoming open. There existed, of course, the cleavage between North China and South China; but that always existed, and the bulk of the better army is in the North. Yuan had that.

Here was his great opportunity. The country had been in turmoil since 1911. Trade was prostrated. Internal conditions were intolerable. The treasury was empty. The army was with him. The people were anxious for peace. They were tired of fighting; tired of politics; tired of republicanism that had brought only turmoil to them. They recalled the old peaceful days under the Manchus, when the throne was absolute and they trembled at and obeyed the imperial mandates. Yuan could have made himself emperor then with but little effectual protest, for the South was in no condition to fight him again. Outside aid of a sort that will be discussed in another article was not available, because of the victory of Yuan Shi Kai.

Devious Chinese Methods

He was urged to become emperor by some of his close friends, who knew what his ambitions were and who were willing to foster those ambitions, knowing that they would profit thereby. He hesitated. He thought the time was not yet propitious. He felt that he might build himself up to a securer position and then bring about his coup. He wanted to create the impression that the country compelled him to take the throne instead of taking it himself. He felt he could intrigue himself out of the presidential yamen and into the imperial palace with better ultimate effect on his fortunes than would ensue if he made the transfer by force of arms or edict. He desired to make his imperial ascendancy appear to be the result of the overwhelming demand of the people of China, instead of the exemplification of his own ambitions. Therein he was entirely Chinese—devious and disingenuous.

However, he tried himself out in various ways. He got rid of Parliament by chasing the Quomintang party, which opposed him, out of Peking with his police. He speeded up his court, wherein offenders were summarily dealt with, and especially offenders against him politically. He was much more arbitrary than he had been, and he began his final maneuverings for the throne.

During the latter part of the year 1914 Yuan had been in communication with tried friends in the various provinces of China, sounding them on his plan for the restoration of the monarchy. It was necessary to get the support of the provincial governors, military and civil, and of the provincial generals. That was the first essential; for a movement to restore the monarchy couldn't move an inch without the support of the army. He sought advice from his closest supporters. Many of these were opposed to his plan; and at the beginning powerful men—Liang Shih Yi, for example—kept out of it. There were plenty of men, however, to whom the idea appealed, and these were brought into the movement by virtue of promises of reward.

Scouts were sent out and saw the important men in the provinces. They had with them the assurances of Yuan Shi Kai that there was much to be gained by the provincial leaders—titles, honors, wealth, power; the promises were glittering. The advances were made secretly, but they were made; and the movement was gaining underground headway when there came a sudden and drastic interruption. In December, 1914, Japan, vastly interested in the various political upheavals in China, and taking advantage of the war in Europe, saw an opportunity for further control. The twenty-one demands were presented. And then came that long negotiation by which Japan sought to get actual control of China, and did get partial control of a great portion of China, the story of which is familiar to readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Brevet Dukes and Earls

Japan presented an ultimatum in May, 1915. It has been claimed by many students of Chinese affairs, and by many of those who have knowledge of the situation at the time, that Yuan Shi Kai had an understanding with Japan, based on his monarchial ambitions. Whether this was so or not—China agreed to most of the demands made by Japan, and would have agreed to all of them had it not been for the publicity given to the methods and motives of Japan by American and English writers who were in Peking at the time, and who knew the genesis and rapacities of this assault on the sovereignty of China by Japan. At any rate, China capitulated, after an ultimatum had been served, and left the way open for further enterprises of a like nature by Japan, as will be told in another article.

This episode delayed the execution of Yuan's completed plans. They were fully matured at that time, even down to the distribution of the titles of nobility. A full list of princes, dukes, earls, marquises and barons had been prepared. And as it was found that to honor all who had been or would be useful would make entirely too great a company of nobilities, an advantageous scheme was devised by Yuan himself to honor, but not completely honor—that is, he invented the titles of brevet duke, brevet earl, and so on, and had his list prepared for these secondary honors, also, thus creating, so far as my knowledge of peerages goes, an entirely new class of nobles. A Chinese brevet duke, it would seem, should be a most imposing person.

China accepted most of Japan's demands and the incident was closed, so far as its immediate demonstration was concerned. Thus, the hour for embarking on the monarchial adventure became propitious. Yuan decided to make his attempt, so long planned for and plotted for. Many of his closest friends and advisers were opposed. They felt that Yuan was merely making trouble for himself and for China. But the revolution of 1911 did not transform all Chinese into republicans, and especially not the bulk of the older officials, who had been in power under the Manchu dynasty. Indeed, the greater portion of the former ruling and official class were monarchists—and are still, for that matter. Yuan found much comfort for his project among these, and much support. They were not particularly keen to have Yuan as emperor, it may be; but they realized that, in the circumstances, Yuan was the only man in China who had a chance to become emperor, and they valued the return to imperialism so greatly that they were willing to accept the available instrument for it.

The proper and accepted manner in China for promulgating and advancing a propaganda is to form a society for that purpose, and has been for centuries. As in the later civilizations notably ours—the Chinese are given to organizing themselves into societies. These societies, though assigned names that express the greatest righteousness, piety and civic morality, are

(Continued on Page 109)

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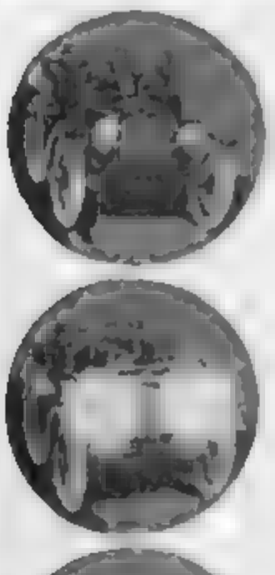

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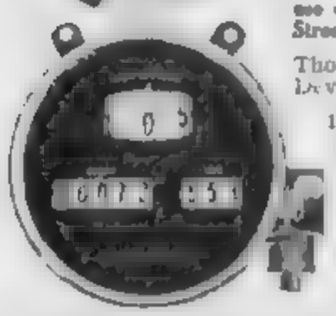

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THE FOOD SUPPLY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

(Continued from Page 17)

This means that the domestic feeding stuffs devoted to milch cows will, under complete blockade, be sufficient to maintain only eighty-five per cent of the milch cows on the normal plane of feeding. The authorities, therefore, face the situation of: *a*—regarding the importation of these concentrates as imperatively necessary; *b*—cutting down the number of milch cows fifteen per cent; or *c*—raising fifteen per cent more feeding stuffs. The plans decided on will include the last two courses of action in all probability.

In any event the situation will not be bad, because the average yield of milk was not high—about three thousand two hundred pounds a year; and it is much easier to maintain a moderate yield of milk than to hold up a forced high yield.

The present number of horses and mules is probably considerably lower than the figure given. The low consumption of pork is of distinct advantage to the United Kingdom, since the small number of swine will not rouse the problem that has confronted Germany. The pig is the natural competitor of man for food, since potatoes, maize and barley are the principal foods used in fattening swine. It was the swine of Germany that robbed her people of fifteen million tons of potatoes during the first two years of the war. There will be little temptation in Great Britain to feed to swine foods fit for human consumption.

Ireland has over 4,800,000 of the cattle, which are there naturally fed largely on roughage. Ireland has one-third of the swine; and, as the relations of the Irish peasant to his swine are quite comparable to the relations of the German peasant to his swine, some feeding of grain and potatoes to swine in excess of the normal may be expected in Ireland.

One great natural advantage enjoyed by the people of the United Kingdom lies in the fact that a large part of their domestic meat supply comes from sheep, which compete so little with man for food. The 28,200,000 sheep will yield their meat with very little outlay of feeding stuffs that could serve as human food. All in all, the situation in the livestock of the United Kingdom is one essentially favorable to sustaining a blockade, just as in Germany it was naturally unfavorable.

The Use of Fertilizers

The antagonism between the agrarian and the industrial classes, so long present in Germany, does not exist in the United Kingdom. The probability of increased production from the intensively cultivated lands of Germany was, in theory, slight; in practice it has proved impossible of attainment. In theory, increase in production from the mildly cultivated lands of the United Kingdom ought to be entirely practicable. It is easy to speed up from a jog to a run, but hard to speed up from a run to a sprint.

Added to this is the fact that the agrarians of the United Kingdom will have little temptation to divert crops to livestock.

To produce the required grain, land now devoted to pasturage and grasses must be turned under the plow. Will the remaining lands be able to sustain the normal number of domesticated animals? In view of the fact that, with the raising of grain instead of importing it in part as flour, an increase in fodder will be obtained in the augmented offal and in the straw, this ought to be possible when taken in connection with the unused lands of the upper classes. The conversion of pleasure lands into productive lands will mean not only the industrialization but also the democratization of these lands, events both highly desirable in a country of such economic extremes as the shooting park and the slum of Whitechapel.

The United Kingdom imports all her sugar; therefore she need have no fear that sugar will be fed to livestock. Another advantage lies in the climate, whose mild winters make the winter ration for maintenance lower than in Germany, and, indeed, permits of continuous grazing during the winter in many parts of the kingdom.

The normal use of artificial fertilizers in the United Kingdom never reached the plane attained in Germany, partly because the soil of Germany was naturally inferior, partly because of the aversion of the average British farmer to anything scientific. According to Middleton, the use of chemical fertilizers in Great Britain before the war was, for each hundred acres of cultivated land, in tons:

Nitrogen, as sulphate of ammonia—20.5 per cent N	0.48
Superphosphate—30 per cent soluble superphosphate	2.85
Kainite—12.5 per cent K_2O	0.72

This was not intensive artificial fertilization. The nitrogen was imported largely as Chile saltpeter. The potassium came mostly from Germany. The phosphates came principally from the United States. Importation of nitrate and phosphate is still open to the United Kingdom; that of potassium, of course, is closed. To cover the needs in fertilizers, an annual tonnage of about a million and a quarter tons will be needed if domestic production is not increased.

When the writer was in England, in the autumn of 1916, he was advised that no notable development of the calcium cyanamide industry had been undertaken. The establishment of a large production of this artificial fertilizer is not, however, a difficult or time-consuming proposition. It could not be done for the crop of 1917, but could be accomplished for the crop of 1918. For the crop of 1917, the fertilizers are, in all probability, already in the United Kingdom. The coke ovens of Great Britain must be producing very large amounts of ammonia.

Wartime Agriculture

The nitrate and cyanamide plants of Norway are controlled by British capital; and their outputs are available for the United Kingdom, barring interference by submarines. Nitric acid can be produced in England and Wales by the arc method, with power derived from coal, and to some extent in Scotland by water power, though such installations are not rapidly accomplished. Phosphate, in the form of basic slag, Great Britain has in large amounts, as a by-product of iron industries. Certainly the importation of a million tons of fertilizer ought to suffice to maintain for the year 1918 the normal yield of the land already under cultivation.

For the land to be brought under cultivation, no artificial fertilizer will be needed for several seasons. The lands to be turned under with the plow are, in part, pasture lands; in part, lands under permanent or rotation grasses. The pasture lands will be found fertile as the result of the long-continued application of natural manure. The other lands will be found fertile as the result of fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by fungi. The problems of securing normal yields of grain from these lands will be solely questions of physical preparation of the soil; in other words, questions of labor and machinery.

The work animals of the United Kingdom will not suffice to carry on the cultivation of the acres that must be added. The number of horses has without question been depleted by the war. Plowing and preparation for seeding must be done with machinery, operated by tractors. This is, of course, the most efficient method of preparing a new soil for seeding. The tractors work the entire twenty-four hours and do the maximum of work with the minimum of men.

Knowing as early as February first how much soil must be cultivated, the authorities have had sufficient if not overabundant time to manufacture or import the needed tractors. Harvesting will be done with the best of modern machinery, because six months are available in which to secure the harvesters by importation. The value to the people of the United Kingdom of the early notice of submarine blockade cannot be measured. Had notice and operation of the present blockade been postponed until May first, cultivation of increased acreage would have been out of the question for this season.

The labor that must needs be diverted to the augmented agriculture cannot be more than approximately stated. Since the new agriculture will be predominatingly a machine agriculture, one cannot draw figures from older British statistics. The estimates

(Concluded on Page 34)

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(Concluded from Page 32)

of the population engaged in agricultural labor in the United Kingdom vary widely.

According to Middleton, 5.8 persons were employed on each hundred acres of cultivated land in Great Britain, of whom 1.2 were female. The German total was 18.3, of whom ten were women. Of the 5.8, 1.2 were temporarily employed, practically all males. This would mean for the United Kingdom something like 2,200,000 to 2,300,000 workers. Since the number of women is so low, the number in each family to be counted as dependent is larger than in Germany, and may be estimated in total at probably from eight to ten millions.

Thompson gave as a figure for the actual number of male workers on the land in the United Kingdom 1,830,000, which, with the females included, agrees well with the figure of 2,300,000 given above. The dependents he gave as 5,300,000—for 1908—much lower than other estimates, which ran as high as nine millions. The man value of the agricultural population, from the standpoint of food consumption, Thompson estimated at 4,260,000. This would not correspond to a man value, in work, of over four million men, who cared for the 46,700,000 acres of cultivated land in the United Kingdom. This figure seems, to the writer, to be too low.

Of the 46,700,000 acres of cultivated land, some 8,500,000 were devoted to grains. In order to raise an additional five million metric tons of grain, some six million acres of the lands now under grasses will have to be cultivated, assuming that the normal yield of thirty bushels an acre is attained. This need not be entirely in wheat, as used in the estimate; it may be partly in oats and barley, which, all in all, equal wheat in nutritive value and can be used in part directly in the diet, in part mixed with wheat flour, as is being done in Germany, barley flour being especially so employed.

If four million men, in terms of man labor, were able to cultivate 8,500,000 acres devoted to grains in conjunction with the other work required by the livestock and all the other crops of the 46,700,000 acres, it would seem certain that less than half this number of men could cultivate 6,000,000 additional acres devoted to grain. It would require intensive labor during six to eight weeks in the spring or fall for plowing and planting, and about a month in the fall for the harvesting, threshing and storing.

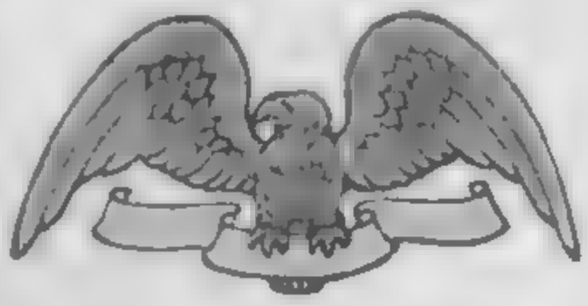
In other words, the extra labor that must be sent to the land to raise the required grain need not be placed there for over three months of the year. It would seem likely that the families of the permanent farmers could care for this number of men, so that their dependencies would not need to accompany them from their homes. If this were not possible the men could be cared for as contract labor is usually cared for—in working camps.

The Saving of Waste

Women could not be used for such labor—at least, to no large extent. Women could be placed at some of the simpler farm work and thus release men for plowing and harvesting. It would certainly not be the rule of efficiency to release from munition works the two million women who are now directly and indirectly engaged in manufacture of munitions. Recruits could be used to some extent, and regiments on leave. But the German experience in this war has indicated that soldier labor can be little spared for agriculture; in all likelihood the British authorities will not have idle soldiers on their hands during the spring and summer months of the coming season.

The estimations, as carried out, have been based upon the assumption that Ireland would do her share in the increased production of grain. To what extent the conditions of unrest in that island will interfere with her performance of her share of the increased production cannot be conjectured. It is within the range of possibilities that Ireland not only will fail to attain any increased production but may, indeed, fail to maintain the normal production of peacetime.

The military deflection of Ireland has been a serious loss to the United Kingdom; her agricultural deflection would, however, be of still greater import.



Measures to eliminate waste and to reduce the plane of living to a simple physiological basis will be the same in the United Kingdom as in Germany. Up to last October, when the writer was last in London, there had been practically no lowering of the plane of living of peacetime; apart from the prices, one could not recognize from the subsistence that the country was at war. Wages were high, few were unemployed, and the general nutrition of the people was on a high plane. Reduction in the plane of living and elimination of imported luxuries the Allies' blockade had done for Germany. The United Kingdom must do this by direct legislation, as is now being drastically accomplished. In addition to specific regulations, the British food controller has issued an appeal to the civilian population to reduce the per capita consumption of bread to nine ounces, of meat to 5.7 ounces, and of sugar to 1.7 ounces, a day.

The wheat will be milled to some eighty per cent; the ration of sugar will be restricted; the manufacture of wasteful and unnecessary table luxuries will be prohibited. The manufacture of alcoholic beverages is now cut to fifty per cent; it is easily possible that it may be prohibited if the submarine blockade should make tonnage very scarce; certainly Lloyd George will not throw five hundred thousand tons of grain away in alcoholic beverages if a pinch comes. The state will have to finance the agricultural classes and aid in securing equipment and organization of labor. The amounts of foodstuffs stored in the United Kingdom are not a matter of public record.

Equal to the Task

The alternatives are clear-cut. The United Kingdom can import five million tons of grain—the 1,200,000 tons of sugar and 400,000 of fat she must import—or she can raise it. The one plan demands tonnage and protection in transit; the other requires machinery and labor. Naturally it will also be possible, if desirable, to import a part and raise a part. The decision depends upon internal factors that no outsider can know. But one thing is certain: In the hands of men like Lloyd George and Robertson the decision will be reached on the basis of efficiency, not of predilection or tradition.

Choice of action will be of great advantage. Germany had no choice of action; she has had to raise her foodstuffs during the past year or go on short rations. Since she failed to maintain production and failed in distribution, the industrial classes suffered short rations. The United Kingdom, unless her ships are completely driven from transatlantic trade, has always a choice of action and can increase one and diminish the other as circumstances make it necessary.

The sum total of an objective consideration of the situation leads to the conclusion that, though Germany raised eighty-five per cent of her foodstuffs and imported but fifteen, while the United Kingdom raised not over forty per cent and imported sixty, yet the United Kingdom is naturally in a better position to withstand a food blockade than was Germany.

The writer is fully convinced that the trained minds of Germany do not expect the submarines to bring the people of the United Kingdom to starvation. They do, however, confidently count on disorganizing the industries—especially the making of munitions, the mining of coal, the building of ships, and inland and oversea transportation. They are convinced that the labor unions of the United Kingdom will resist mobilization of labor and speeding up of output. They count on resistance of the upper classes to simplification of living, and of all classes to reduction in the use of luxuries and alcoholic beverages. They believe their "natural allies in the love of liberty" in Ireland will resist organization of agriculture.

In a word, the purpose of the complete blockade is disorganization, with secondarily reduction in military efficiency. Looking forward, the task imposed upon British agriculture appears large indeed; but it is not larger than the tasks imposed during the past two years upon the industries of the United Kingdom, in which accomplishment has been attained beyond all expectations in Germany or the United States.

En-ar-co THE MOTOR OIL FOR NATIONAL USE

DEALERS! Apply for Agency

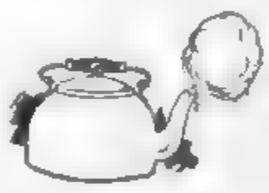
We shall be glad to receive applications from responsible individuals or firms for Agency on En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil in unoccupied territory.

En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil and En-ar-co Motor Grease for any make of car, being goods of recognized merit, enjoy the highest confidence of hundreds of thousands of motorists who use no other brand.

For 35 years this Company has been refining and marketing only the highest quality Petroleum Products. Only the most modern scientific methods are used and materials of highest quality obtainable.

Why En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil Is Better
Why It Costs More—How It Is Made

Steam that escapes through a tea-kettle spout, if caught and condensed, would be pure water



Distilled water is manufactured on this same idea, only on a larger scale.

Along the sides and at the bottom of the tea-kettle, scale is formed and accumulates—the residue that is left over after the passing of the water into steam.

The same principle that manufacturers of distilled water use is carried out largely in the manufacture of En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil.

Imagine a tea-kettle that will hold 25,000 gallons, then you have some idea of an oil still, used for this purpose. Into these huge stills goes selected Crude Oil from which En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil is always refined, where the oil is heated until it forms a vapor. This vapor is then condensed into a liquid distillate (the same as the vapor from a tea-kettle spout becomes condensed), further refined and then filtered. The result is a clear, clean, carbon-free motor oil—En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil

Residue oils left over in the still never enter into the manufacture of En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil Where such residue is used an oil is made of very inferior lubricating properties, and can be and is sold at one half the price of En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil made as by our own scientific process.

A motor oil loaded with residue will break under heat and fail to perform its function. The residue and deposit which becomes incandescent, causes pre-ignition under heavy duty, and finally, after continued use, coke-like carbon forms. Just as scale is formed in the tea-kettle.

Suppose you catch and condense escaping vapor from the tea-kettle spout? You have pure water. Place this distilled water in a brand new tea-kettle and reboil it—you will find little, if any, scale in tea-kettle No. 2. The same experiment applies to En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil.

En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil, distilled into a vapor, is further refined and then filtered—leaves no carbon, and lubricates most efficiently.

Why pay hundreds or thousands of dollars for a fine motor car and break it down long before its time by unjustly using low-grade, carbon forming, ordinary motor oil? Why put up with all the many nuisances? Why not always know positively that your motor car, of whatever make, is perfectly lubricated as it always will be with En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil?

The amount of money a motorist spends for motor oil is really one of his smallest expenses. It is comparatively a trifle in the long run when satisfaction and perfect motor car efficiency are considered.

En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil is a perfect product. It is the last word in quality. The recognized highest grade Motor Oil and is **your best insurance** against repair bills caused by faulty lubrication.

Use En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil from every point of view of satisfaction and permanent economy for perfect lubrication of any make of car.

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White Rose Gasoline. Always uniform. Every drop is continuous power. Pure, dry, carbon-free.

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National Light Oil. Bright, clear light for lamps. No smoke, odor, charred wick or chimney. Uniform heat for incubators and brooders. Best for oil heaters and all purposes for which the best burning oil is required

En-ar-co Motor Grease. For Differential, Compression Cups, Transmission; gives perfect lubrication and is manufactured especially to be used for any and all purposes, all around the motor car.

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This Handy Oil Can FREE. A slim, long-spouted can—will oil hard-to-reach parts.

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My Name is _____

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NOTE—This can will be sent to owners of Tractors or Automobiles only and when you fill out coupon *complete* Not for boys or girls.

Guard Your Home Against Fire and Decay

ONE practical way to do it, is to build your home with stucco over Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath. Then you can be confident of having a handsome, *safe* home to live in.

The walls and ceilings of a Herringbone Home also are of plaster, held together and strongly reinforced by Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath. Fire can't eat through the walls, decay can gain no foothold. Mice and vermin can't cut their way in. There is no danger that the lath will stain the plaster, or that the ceilings and walls will crack and fall into pieces. For the plaster covers and protects the lath; the lath holds the plaster in an unbreakable grip.

HERRINGBONE RIGID METAL LATH

From every point of view fire-resistance, decay-resistance, moisture-resistance, wear-resistance, the Herringbone Home is *permanent*.

And it is a good deal more. As a substitute for wood lath, Herringbone is economical, adding but little more to the total cost of the structure. It is sanitary. It is most sightly, and you need hardly to be told that stucco and inside walls and ceilings over Herringbone make a home which is artistic and comfortable to live in. You don't have to paint anything except the windows, blinds and doors, and your house will last almost forever and give permanent satisfaction.

Wherever you use stucco or plaster, use Herringbone. The lath will last, and the plaster will stay with it. And both together will stubbornly resist fire and the other elements which destroy homes.

If you are building or renting a house this spring, make sure that it is plastered over Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath. Send for our free booklet, "Herringbone Homes." It contains the pictures of a wide variety of beautiful Herringbone Homes which have been erected in different parts of the country.

THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING COMPANY, Youngstown, Ohio

Also Manufacturers of GF Self-Sentering, GF Trussit, GF Steel-Tile, GF Waterproofing Materials. Members of Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers

Branch Offices: New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Utica

EACH ACCORDING TO HIS GIFTS

(Continued from Page 12)

"It's a bit hard to believe," said Cunninghame. "It's—so wonderful! I will take you away, my dear—but first I must go home. I must win back the affection and the faith of my people."

He looked down, then, into her face, tearful and pleading. And suddenly into his brain came trooping all the little devils who had always wrecked his will; who had sent him wandering, an outcast, far from his kind. Why not change his plans? Why not ——

"No—no—no!" he cried. He pushed her roughly from him. "I must go. Would you marry a coward? And more—if I should have sons—sons who read history—even though their lips were silent their eyes would ask, 'Where were you?'"

The girl stood, trying to set aside her emotions—to think clearly. And at that instant she caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror. She was like a great lady saying good-by to her lover at the castle door. André's gown again!

"Let's not wait for daylight to spoil it," Cunninghame went on. "Let's say good-by here and now. I want to carry this picture of you—away with me. And when I'm something more than a mere remittance man—I'll come back for you. Dearest—you must smile. Tell me good-by—and good luck."

So, like a great lady, she raised her eyes to his.

"Yes," she said; "you must go. Good-by—and good luck!"

"That's very sweet—and brave of you," he said tenderly. And he kissed her on the lips.

"Come back to me," she cried. "Come back to me!" The great lady in the mirror was giving ground a bit.

"I will come back," Cunninghame whispered brokenly.

The front door of the little house closed after him.

And on the hard stairs, carpeted with a narrow strip of inexpensive matting, the girl who wore André's gown lay sobbing.

Cunninghame walked briskly down Rotten Row. The blotted page of his past seemed torn into shreds and scattered at his feet. The white page of his future was before him.

In the great library of a house on the west side of Cavendish Square, in London, Nevil Cunninghame sat with his father one evening after dinner. Without difficulty he had secured his commission—he was Captain Cunninghame now; and, hardened by months of training in placid English fields, he was to start the following morning for the bloody acres that are known simply and eloquently as "over there."

Silent and grim, Sir John Cunninghame stared into the crackling fire. He had already fed two sons to the monster "over there"; and they lay buried somewhere in France. This young man beside him now was all he had left to give.

Nevil stirred uneasily. How he hated these last quiet, nerve-racking hours! How he longed for the trenches and action!

"When I was at Wildersham the other day," he said, "that new groom of yours—I've forgotten his name—was telling me that Molly X. has been a bit off her feed of late. You might ask him to keep you posted about her. It would be a great pity to lose the old girl."

"A great pity," repeated his father.

Another pause. Nevil Cunninghame's eyes strayed to the face of a tall clock, ticking off the minutes in a far, dim corner.

"I—I've been wanting to say," he ventured, "that for all the pain I have caused you I'm devilish sorry ——"

The elder Cunninghame raised his hand.

"When you came to me—in khaki," he said—"the past vanished from my thoughts."

"It's kind of you to say that," his son went on. "There's—something more. Perhaps you think it was the war brought me back—the war alone. It was, first of all, a girl. Out there in the Northwest—Natalie Drew. She would be my wife to-day if I'd had anything to offer. If I go through this thing I intend to marry her. And if—if I don't—I hope you will be very kind to her—as kind as though she were really my wife."

"I promise," said Sir John Cunninghame. He rose to his feet.

"You will want to turn in," he said. "To get your rest ——"

"When I have written a letter," smiled the boy.

"Precisely. I shall see you again before you leave."

"But, father," Nevil cried—"at four in the morning! It will be a pity to wake you then."

"It will not be necessary to wake me," said Sir John Cunninghame.

They stood looking at each other at that, and for a fleeting second it seemed as if the vast chasm always between them was about to be bridged at last. But in another second the old mask fell—Sir John was himself again.

"Good night!" he said, and suddenly was gone.

"Strange old boy!" thought Nevil as he crossed the room to a desk. Unemotional, always. Well, that was the better plan in these days.

Outside, in the hallway, the tall, grim, masterful man seemed to have grown unaccountably old and frail. He put out one thin hand and clutched the rail of the great stairs.

"I mustn't lose him now!" he thought, as though that depended on him.

Perhaps you are one of that vast mob of persons who have made up their minds to read nothing more about the war. There is enough sorrow in the world—and so on—without your having to hear about it. Then, too, you decidedly disapprove of guns and fighting; and those madmen in Europe, who persist in struggling on in the face of your disapproval, strike you as impertinent creatures, unworthy of your attention. You close your eyes to the endless tale of their courage as you rush through the newspaper to find out when The Follies are coming to your town.

If that is the sort you are, God help you—and good-by! For it is necessary, in order to complete this story of André Lericheé's masterpiece, to relate briefly the events of two short hours as they occurred on the Allies' Western Front one warm spring night.

At a quarter before six that evening the French village of Pont-à-Cresson was just where it had been since the first invasion—behind the German lines. But, because of the plans made by certain high military authorities on the Allied side, it was now vastly important that the village should not remain there. To this end a wedge had been driven into the German Front just north of the town, and a similar wedge on the south. In the driving of this southern wedge Captain Nevil Cunninghame had played a conspicuous and gallant part, so that his name was mentioned in dispatches, and his father—who had not yet given up reading about the war—heard of him with mingled pride and terror.

It was arranged that, at six o'clock on this evening in question, the men on the north were to charge down and the men on the south move up. It was hoped that, before too many had died, Pont-à-Cresson would again belong to France.

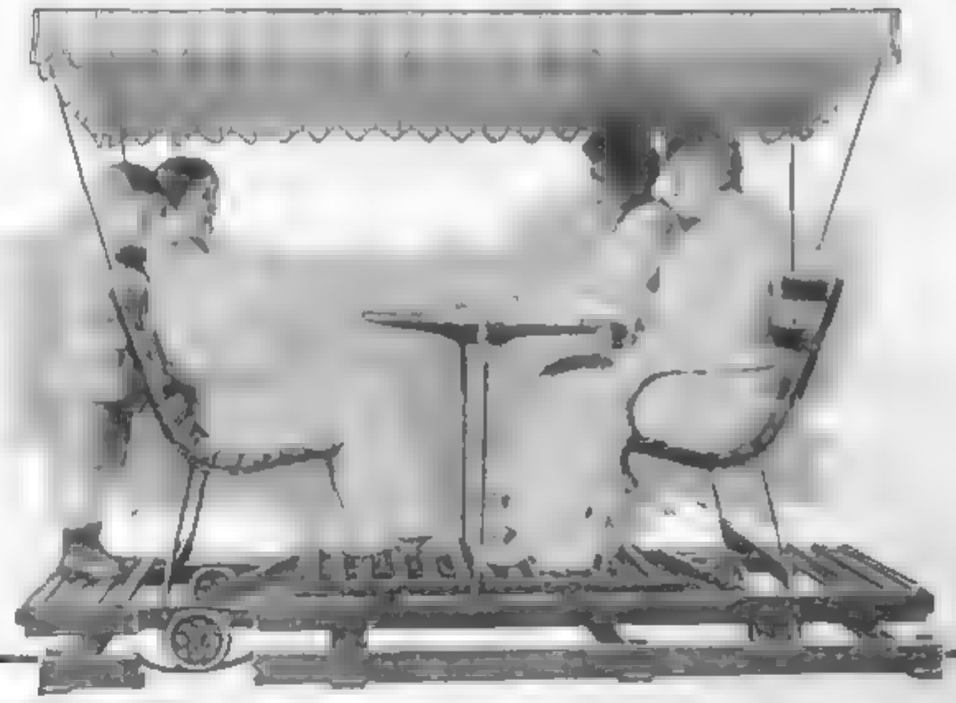
Leaning against the damp side wall of a trench, Captain Cunninghame glanced at the watch on his wrist. Five minutes of six! The artillery, which had been pounding all day, was silent at last. He let his gaze stray down the line of his men—men who had come from shops, from offices, from farms, schoolrooms and laboratories to grapple here with death. He looked away again and lighted a cigarette.

It would be a pretty touch to say that the little fogs the guns had made out there over No Man's Land recalled to him the fogs of Puget Sound; that his mind lingered over the picture of a lovely girl, in a wonderful gown, standing under a flickering gas lamp; that he felt in his pocket to make sure her letters were safe ——

As a matter of fact, he tried not to think at all. At such times, counting aimlessly often serves to keep the memory blank. He began to count: one—two—three ——

He had counted more than a hundred when the order came to him along the narrow trench. He called to his men; and, in company with their comrades far down the line on each side, they climbed over the sandbags and out into the open.

It had been the theory that the artillery had completely wrecked the fortifications of the enemy; but now from out the dead



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A Game of Cards "in the Open"

Canopy Easily Tilted to Any Angle

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Grandpa, Grandma, all your Sisters and your Cousins and your Aunts.

A low-down Swing, with Canopy, Table, Fan or Hammock Attachment. The most unique, practical and durable swing ever made. Send for complete, descriptive catalogue.

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Notice in the operation of our swing that you do the work with your feet, having your hands free for reading, sewing, playing cards [illegible] for anything from which you can derive more genuine comfort and satisfaction.

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Agents Wanted every place. Send us the names of your leading dealers, and we will make you a special price on a sample to introduce that will pay you well for your trouble.

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In one window in your town hangs THIS KAHN SEAL. Mark the wording—and the form. Engrave it on your Mind.

It represents the fulfilled ideals of a famous company—perhaps the Worthiest Made-to-Measure House in all the World.

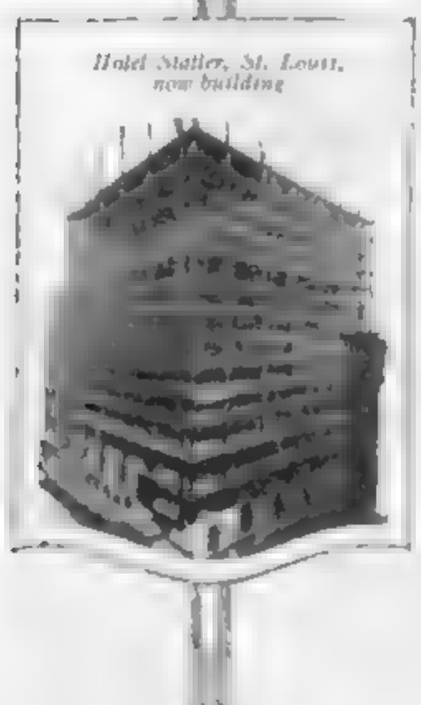
When you see it—enter—and buy with perfect assurance. For as surely as white defines purity—as surely as "sterling" is the hall-mark of silver—so surely does this seal stand for QUALITY in Custom Clothes for Men.

My message is for those who believe that careful dress is a move forward in the Game of Success. To them I say—"SEEK THE KAHN SEAL TODAY!"

THE-JUDGE-ON-THE-BENCH

KAHN TAILORING CO
OF INDIANAPOLIS

On a Foundation of Courtesy



The picture shows the fourth Hotel Statler, now building in St. Louis, as it looked on February 16th.

It isn't too much to say that the house is being built on a foundation of courtesy—for a Hotel Statler is more than a furnished building. And courtesy—a courtesy born of thoughtfulness and real interest in a patron's wants—is the foundation of Statler policy.

Not even the complete equipment of Hotels Statler has contributed as much to their success and growth as has this policy of courtesy, and its further expression in the principle that "the guest is always right."

That policy provides working instructions for every employee—which fact enables us to guarantee your satisfaction in any Hotel Statler—you to be the judge.

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BUFFALO - CLEVELAND - DETROIT

(Now building in St. Louis and New York)

The PENNSYLVANIA, New York, will be Statler operated [illegible] Pennsylvania Station. With its 2200 [illegible]

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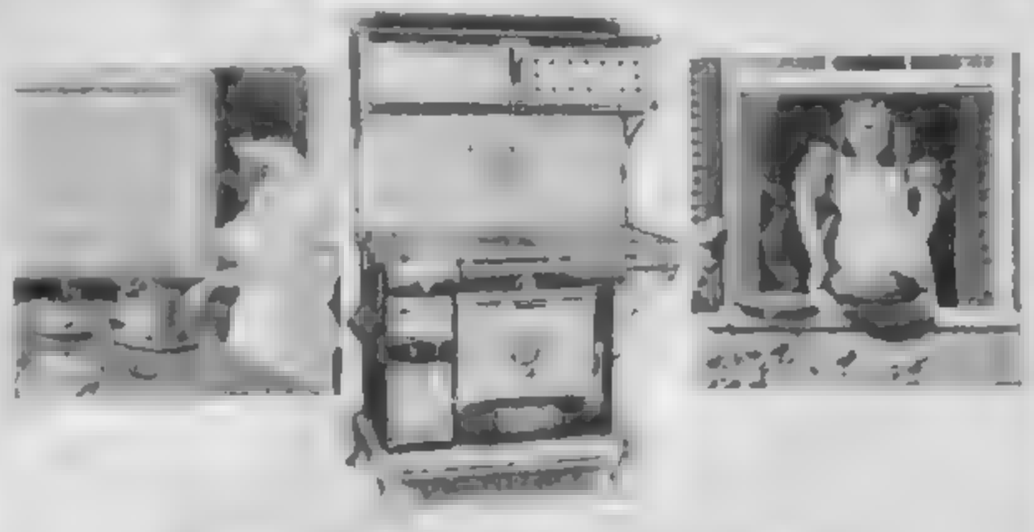

Two Ranges in the Same Stove!

IN the Summer when you want to cook and keep the kitchen cool, use gas or oil; in the Winter when you want to cook and keep the kitchen warm, burn wood or coal—*and do it all in the same range!* The wonderful DUPLEX ALCAZAR is two ranges in one and burns the different fuels singly or in combination.

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THE DUPLEX ALCAZAR
TWO RANGES IN ONE

¶ One of the largest and most progressive stove factories in America is responsible for the DUPLEX ALCAZAR and it is made in sizes, and in a great variety of styles to suit every taste and need.

¶ See it at your dealer's or write for the type most suited to the needs of your section. Or write us for descriptive literature, mentioning whether you are interested in Gas or Oil type.

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372 Cleveland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

wreckage a living machine gun spoke with a frightful clatter, and down upon that thin line, pushing forward in the dusk, the bullets rained. Presently on the remnants of barbed wire were hung remnants of brave men, like scarecrows in a cornfield, and others sank pitifully down on the ground, while others rushed off into the smoke and were never seen again. Three times that line, attacking, wavered; and three times the voice of their captain, somewhere ahead in the fog, urged them up and on. It urged them into the enemy's trench, now emptied, and round to the rear of that machine gun, where the fighting was, for a moment, bloody and horrible.

And then the bolder inhabitants of Pont-à-Cresson, looking out on the streets of the town from behind barred windows, saw that which made them gasp. At this hour—which had always been to them the calmest of a calm day—at this hour of coffee and gossip, and friendly greetings and rest, they saw men fighting for their lives. They saw them stab and club in hatred and fear, heard them curse and groan, watched them die.

Down the main street the battle raged, past the sidewalk cafés, past the *hôtel de ville*, and so out to the fringe of the town, where little bourgeois villas huddled, terrified and human.

The chimes on the *hôtel de ville* were striking seven when Pont-à-Cresson became again a village in France, and men began to throw together, on the east of the town, a rough fortification, behind which they could face the next German line and again take up the slow, tiresome duel of trench warfare. By that hour, in a room in the *hôtel de ville*, which had been hastily transformed into a hospital, Captain Cunninghame lay, with a shattered right arm and two bayonet wounds to show for his evening's work.

At eight o'clock the quiet little French surgeon with the pince-nez left him, and he was ready to dictate, to an English nurse summoned for the purpose, a letter intended for a girl out on Puget Sound.

"Only a few lines, captain," said the woman when she had written the address. "You must talk very little; you know——"

"I know," he answered—"only a few lines. You are very good. Are you quite ready? Please say: 'There was a bit of a mix-up to-night; and, in order that you may not fret about me, I am writing to tell you that I am perfectly fit, though somewhat the worse for wear.'"

The nurse looked up and smiled at the bandaged figure on the bed.

"'The affair passed off splendidly. We took the town that was our object; and only one thing troubles me—I very much fear that it was my last engagement, that I can never fight again. It is my arm, my dear—my right arm. I hasten to tell you this so you may not be haunted by visions of all the horrid possibilities. It might have been a million times worse—— If you could see some of the poor chaps out here who ——'"

He stopped.

"No—that won't do," he said. "Please cut it short after 'It might have been a million times worse.'"

"And sign your name?" suggested the nurse.

"Good heavens—no! Begging your pardon! No—we must go on—please go on: 'During the past hour I have been thinking of you as I saw you last, standing under the lamp in your little hallway, wearing that marvelous gown made by some great artist especially for you. I want you to keep that gown, my dear; I want you to wear it when we start on the great adventure together—when we are married ——'"

"Captain—you must stop now; you really must!"

"I suppose so. And, after all, what more is there to say—except—'I love you—I love you!'"

"There is nothing more to say," wrote the nurse hastily, "except that I love you!"

And then she signed it:

"'Yours respectfully, Captain Cunninghame.'"

She was folding the paper to fit the envelope when the door of the room opened and the brisk little surgeon came in. Close on his heels came a stocky middle-aged man in a dusty frock coat that had once been black.

His hair was rumpled, his hat gone; but he walked in with dignity and with a step like a youth's.

"We'll truce for a moment only," said the surgeon, glancing at the English nurse.

"A moment most brief," cut in the frock-coated one in the voice of authority. "But, ah, Monsieur le Capitaine, I could not sleep until I had spoken with you. There is much talk among your men of your valor ——"

"Yes," said Cunninghame wearily, "I am glad to see you, monsieur."

"Pardon," said the stocky one—"that I have not introduced myself. I am the mayor of Pont-à-Cresson. Ever since the enemy came I have been held as a hostage in my own jail. A week ago the Germans said they had been fired on by francs-tireurs, and I was sentenced to die. I was awaiting death, Monsieur le Capitaine, when your men came to-night and released me."

"I am very happy to see you free," said Cunninghame.

"It is not for my own life I have come to thank you," the mayor continued. "That is of small importance. But in the name of my town, which you have to-night freed from the grip of the enemy, I thank you. And, so far as I may be of some service still to my town and my family, I thank you for my life too."

He turned to go.

"I shall intrude no longer. I came only to tell you how grateful I am. My eldest son, if he were here, would also wish to thank you."

He stopped. Shut off from his own world for many months, he looked with pathetically eager eyes at Cunninghame.

"My son, Monsieur le Capitaine," he said—"I have not heard from him since this war began. I do not know where he is; but, wherever he is, I am certain he does his part for France. It is only a chance, a very small chance—but you have not, perhaps, seen him—in the Army of France?"

"Not likely," said Cunninghame. "What name?"

"The name," answered the mayor of Pont-à-Cresson, "is André Leriche. When last I heard from him he was head designer for the firm of Felice et Cie., New York. Ah—you do not know him! Thank you again, Monsieur le Capitaine—and good night!"

Stone-Age Stuff

YOU can do a-ny-thing that you try to do
If only you try to do it.
You must get a little start,
You must have a little heart,
Then a long, strong pull, and go to it!
Oh, it may take years to worry it through,
And you may break a leg or an arm or two!
But in the by and by you will find it true
That you'll do anything that you try to do—
If only you try to do it!

You can be a-ny-thing that you want to be
If you're sure that you want to be it.
You must keep your little mind
Very constantly inclined
To the far-place long before you see it.
Life may seem a struggle in an angry sea;
But beat along to windward and beware the drift to lee,
And some day you'll be sailing on the blue and free;
For you'll be anything that you want to be—
If only you want to be it!

You can make a-ny mark that you want to make
If only you want to make it.
You must lug your little pack,
You must plug along the track,
You must keep the pace and nevermore forsake it.
Oh, your brain may pain and your muscles ache,
Your soul may sicken and your back may break;
But keep your smile in the game of give-and-take
And you'll make any mark that you want to make—
If only you want to make it!

But, whatever the aim of your make-be-do,
Be sure that you want to reach it.
For the thing is up to you,
Quite too trite and quite too true
For me to try to sing it or to screech it.
All of us are talking, altho' few may teach,
Few of us will practice what we daily preach;
Most of our observance is honored in the breach.
But, in reaching any goal that you want to reach,
Be sure that you want to reach it!

Edmund Vance Cooke.

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KEDS is the name to guide you to grace, beauty and solid comfort in footwear. Keds is the new name of an old-established family of ultra-stylish, serviceable and comfortable rubber-soled shoes with uppers of a specially woven fine grade of canvas.

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There are three grades of Keds. Choose the kind you want. You are sure of wear in every pair. Each grade carries with it the reputation of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

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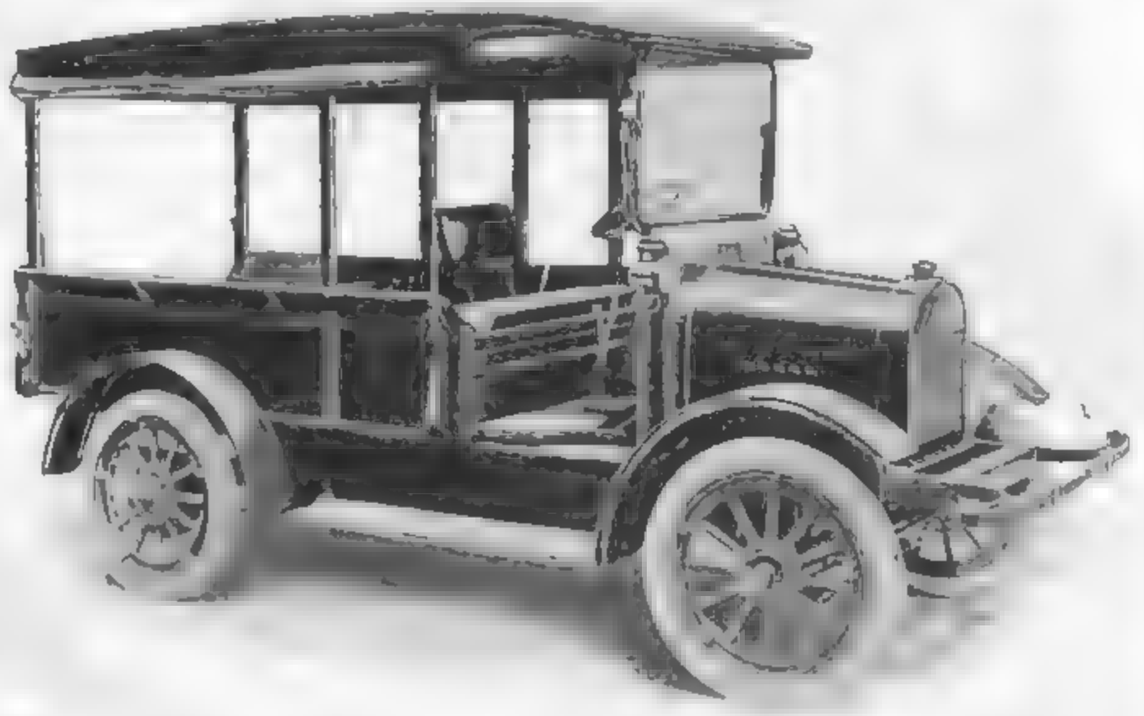

WHEN you pay the cost of anything you ought to think about it!

Every time you buy anything nowadays you pay to have it delivered—even if you carry it home.

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You have to pay part of that loss either in high prices or cheapened quality. The storekeeper cannot pay it and stay in business.

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More than 22,000 merchants have now abandoned horses and wagons and converted pleasure cars and are using the VIM Delivery Car.

The interests of your dealer and yourself are identical. Efficient delivery for him is good service for you. When your storekeeper delivers with a VIM, *you* may expect your goods on time, regardless of weather, distance or conditions of streets and roads. He is sure of a car always on the job twenty-four hours a day if necessary and built to stay out of the repair shop. No man who has used a VIM has ever been heard to say that motor delivery does not pay.

$665 for the most efficient chassis for its work in the world—equipped (as illustrated). Fitted with any one of twelve types of body—handsomely designed and strongly built—suitable for a hundred lines of business. Price complete: Open Express, $715; Closed Panel Body, $745. All prices F. O. B. Philadelphia.

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Will pull a long haul against the huskiest of motor-trucks in half the time and with a fraction of the gasoline consumption:

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Will ride a load of eggs or china as easily as a boat rides.

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22,000 merchants have made VIM Delivery Cars pay for themselves

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TALES FROM A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX

(Continued from Page 26

"Well, what is it you've got to say for yourself?" said one of the New Yorkers.

"I tell you, gentlemen," said Chic, "I'm glad to see you up here. Mighty glad! Because I think this thing is only temporary. I think we can get together."

"Yeh," said the fat man, his voice down in his throat. "I think we can."

"The thing would never have happened, in the first place, if I'd had sufficient capital to go on," said Chic. "All that kept me back was always the need of a little more capital."

"That's what they all say!" said the fat man.

"Well, it's so—this time, anyhow," said Chic, his voice losing its first freshness. "And I tell you what I want you to do for me is to give me two months' more time, and I'll show you. I want you ——"

"That'll be about enough of that," said another voice—the lean man's—"for now."

"Why?" asked Chic's voice, surprised.

"We didn't come here to find out what you wanted us to do; what we are after is what you're going to do for us."

"That's the question," said the other.

"About what?" said Chic.

"About that money you and your relatives have been stealing out of this concern."

"He'll pay it back—that's what he'll do," said the fat man, "or go to jail! He and the brother-in-law."

"Stealing!" said Chic.

"That's what they generally call it," said the lean one.

"There's nothing of the kind," said Chic. "I don't admit anything of the kind."

"You don't have to admit it; we know it. We got it, all right, that time we had that man on your books."

"Fine business!" said the lean man. "Some game! You steal the company's money out and pay it over to the brother-in-law and take over his stock; and he walks off with the company's assets."

"The question is, Mack," said the fat man, "did the brother-in-law ever pay a nickel for it in the first place?"

"And how many times he did it," said the one they called Mack. "Oh, you're good; you're good! But you can't get by with that—not nowadays; not with a million brothers-in-law!"

"The whole family's crooked," said the fat man; "that's what's the matter!"

"Let's hear what he's got to say," said John Snaith.

"Sure!" said the fat man.

"There's nothing to what you say, at all," Chic went on again, then; but his voice was as dead as a ghost's. "I don't admit it. You can go over the books all you want to."

"Maybe you put it back, huh?" said the lean one. "You and the brother-in-law, uh-huh! Well, it's too late; that won't work—not now."

"Put it back, huh?" said the fat man. "The whole five thousand dollars? Not much!"

"Five thousand!" said Chic quickly. "Who says five thousand dollars has gone out of there?"

"I do," said the lean man.

"That's not more than a part of what him and that brother-in-law took out of there between them," said the other man.

"Five thousand dollars," said John Snaith, breaking in again. "That's your claim, is it? You claim you found where he took out five thousand dollars?"

"Yes; and we can prove it in any court."

And then they stopped and apparently looked over some figures.

"Are you sure of your figures?" I heard John Snaith ask them.

"Sure, we are; I give you my word—and a lot worse."

"Five thousand dollars, eh?" repeated John Snaith.

I held my breath, listening. That was a thousand dollars more, of course, than we had put back.

"Let him look at it again," said one voice; and all four were silent.

"He'll admit it," said the fat man then. "Sure, he will!"

"I don't know as I do, either," Chic's voice broke out suddenly. "But if it was true there's nothing crooked about it—nothing! I'm sure of that. But what difference does it make?" he went on, talking higher and higher. "You're going to let me go along two months longer, and by that time we shall settle things and clear the whole thing up—can't we?"

Nobody else spoke.

"I'll admit this much, gentlemen," Chic went on, his voice going still higher and faster: "I may have been careless in my accounts; you are sometimes, in a small private company like mine. But there's not a dollar of dishonesty anywhere. And if you'll let me go on I'll prove it to you. I'll show you," he said—and stopped finally.

"Um!" said the voice of one New Yorker.

"Ah!" said the other.

"What do you say, gentlemen?" asked Chic in that shrill high voice. "Is it a go? What do you say?"

"Did you ever see anything like him, Mack?" asked the fat man's voice.

"He's good!" said Mack. "He ought to be on the circuit."

"What do you say?" asked Chic again.

"We say you're good!" said Mack. "Eh, Ben?"

"Sure, we do," said the fat man with an ugly laugh. "But we say something else besides. We say they've got a place for fellers like you. That's what they've got jails for—for fellers like you, and that brother-in-law you've got in with you, milking this company."

"What we say is," said the one called Mack, "you come across with the whole thing—or we'll put you through!"

"You will, eh? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Chic's voice, changing entirely: "I'll knock two dirty blackguards' heads together if you say that again!"

I could hear him breathe, and his chair fall back on the floor, and somebody else getting up quickly.

"None of that! None of that!" said the fat man, panting.

"Come on! Let him do it!" said the other.

"You'd better get out and let me take this," I heard John Snaith saying.

"I guess I had," said Chic. And I heard him open the door and go out.

"Now then!" said John Snaith's voice. "He's gone. Now let's get down to business. What is it you want? Just what are you after?"

"Just what we told him," said Mack: "All the money back in full, to all the creditors."

"How much is that?"

"Well, it's ten thousand eight hundred dollars now—the way we figure."

"Eleven thousand dollars, in round figures."

"That's right."

"Where's it coming from?"

"From those two, naturally—him and the brother-in-law. Where would it?"

"I see," said John Snaith. "I see. Do you claim he took out all of that? That much money?"

"We don't make no claim about it. Maybe he did; maybe he didn't. That's his business," said the one called Ben. "We can't tell till we go through all the books. All we know is one thing, he did take out—against the law. And whether he put it back or not since don't change it any. It won't make no difference in court."

"I'm not so sure about that," said John Snaith—"provided he took it out in the first place."

"Well, don't you worry about that," said the thin man. "We don't."

"You don't, eh?" asked John Snaith.

"No. If he'd got it all back all right, he wouldn't be talking to us the way he did this afternoon. Or you either, my friend."

"I see," said John Snaith slowly. "So that's the way you look at it?"

"We look at it this way," said the thin man: "Either he and his crooked brother-in-law come across with that eleven thousand dollars entire—or they go through."

"I give you my word," said the fat man, breaking in. "It ain't a big thing. Nothing much to us. Only twenty-three hundred dollars to us personally, in all. It's just a little thing, anyhow. If it wasn't so crooked I wouldn't pay no attention. It's the principle of it we're looking at."

"Oh, cut it out, Ben!" said the lean one, stopping him.

"They've got money. They can take it or they can leave it," he went on to John

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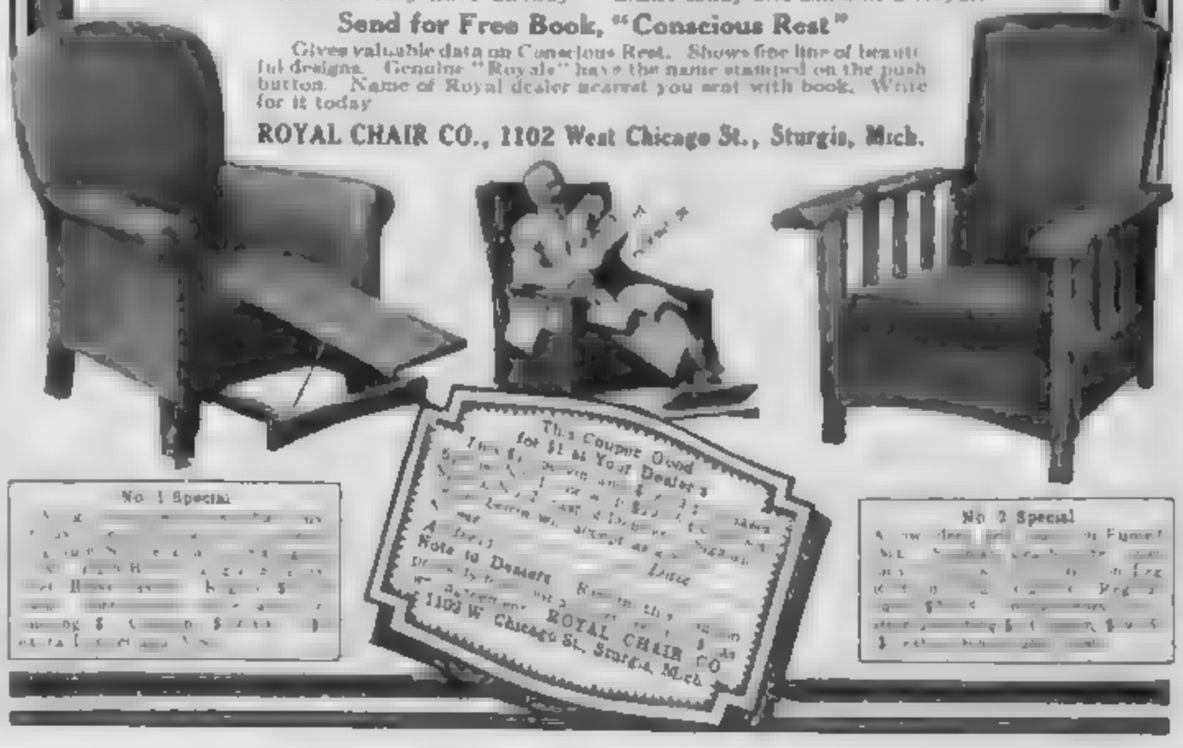
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Snaith. "If they don't take it, all right. It don't cost us anything. We don't pay the bills for the prosecution. That comes out of the district attorney's office."

"For suing criminals!" said the fat man loudly.

"I see," said John Snaith. "Well, I suppose you're sure of your ground. I suppose you've gone over it pretty well."

"Sure, we have!" said Ben.

"They'll come across, all right," said the other one, "rather than take any chance with a jury."

"You know that, do you?"

"All we need to."

"Well then, that's all there is to it," said John Snaith's voice. "I wasn't so sure myself," he said after a little.

"Why?" said the voice of the fat man, breaking out finally. "Why not, wasn't you?"

"Well, there's one thing sure," John Snaith answered: "If they didn't have it they couldn't pay it."

"They've got it," said Mack.

"You know that?"

"I know it enough."

"Let's hear him," said the fat man.

"All I know is what they claim," said John Snaith. "They claim they haven't got it."

"That listens fine to me," said Mack.

"Let's hear him," said the fat man again. "What do they claim they've got?"

"I don't say I know myself, you understand," John Snaith answered; "only just what they claim. But his brother-in-law just went through his affairs with me, and he says that all he's got in the world, and can raise, is twenty-three hundred dollars. I saw his figures. And I guess he's about the only one you could hope to get at."

I could hear the fat man move. But neither of the two spoke. I sat up, staring at the door.

"By the way," asked John Snaith, "what were your own claims—just you two? What did they amount to?"

"Twenty-three hundred dollars," said the fat man suddenly.

"That's funny, ain't it?" said John Snaith. "That was my memory too. I hadn't thought of that before. Funny thing, ain't it? The two just the same!"

"Say—listen!" said the fat man.

I could hear him twist in his chair.

"Wait a minute, Ben," said the lean man.

And then they were silent again.

"I want to ask you another thing," said John Snaith finally. "You don't claim to be preferred creditors anyway, do you?"

"No," said the fat man quickly. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing—only I was kind of curious to see how you'd come out if he paid over what he claims he's got for the creditors as a whole. That would give you about twenty cents on the dollar," he added. "That's about what it would be, wouldn't it?"

And then everything was still again.

"What's the idea?" said the voice of the lean man at last.

And John Snaith didn't answer.

"Yes; what's the proposition?" asked the fat man.

And John Snaith didn't answer immediately.

"Well," he said finally, "I've done quite a lot of talking. Now I guess it's your turn—if there's anything to be said."

But nobody spoke.

"I can't talk much," said John Snaith again, "you can see that, being assignee. But there's no law that I know of against my hearing anything you've got to say—as a friend of the family."

"Excuse us," said the voice of the fat man, "while we have a talk together."

"I'll go out," said John Snaith.

"No; that ain't necessary," they said; and I heard them talking low to each other.

"Is it cash he's got?" asked the fat man's voice once.

"I suppose so," John Snaith answered; and the low talk went on again.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said the fat man then. "If it's cash I think we can fix it up with him, all right."

"I don't know about that, either," said John Snaith.

"Don't know about what?" echoed the lean man quickly. "What do you mean?"

"I am not quite sure yet that you have got anything to say to each other at all—that's all," said John Snaith. "Not yet!"

"Why not, ain't we?" said the fat man.

"You're a committee of all the creditors, ain't you?"

"Sure, we are!"

"Well, how do you fix that?"

"Fix what?" asked Mack. "They'll do what we tell them, won't they?"

"Will they? How do you make that out?" asked John Snaith. "If what you claim is true, what's to prevent them from going ahead and prosecuting, anyhow."

"How are they going to prosecute?" asked Mack.

"Why wouldn't they?"

"On what grounds?" asked Mack again. "What do they know to prosecute about?"

"What they know won't hurt them," remarked the voice of Ben.

"You mean to say the rest of the creditors don't know what you do—about this?"

"Why should they?" asked the lean man. "Would we tell them what we found out—for ourselves?"

"I give you my word," said the fat man earnestly, "nobody knows about it but just us, here in this room. And they will not, either, if we get together here."

"Sure! We'll put that over for them all right," said the lean one.

"I see," said John Snaith. "Well, that simplifies it some. Well, let's get down to brass tacks. What's your proposition?"

And then there was another silence.

"It's this way, as I understand it," said Ben. "We get paid our claim—in full."

"In cash," said Mack.

"And then what—from you to them?"

"We to report O.K.—to go ahead with the settlement—to the other creditors."

"The others won't get much out of it," said John Snaith, "that way."

"They'll get what there is in the business, won't they? That's all that's coming to them."

"Well then, so much for that," said John Snaith. "Now how will my people know that? How will they be sure you carry out your end of the agreement?"

"I give you my word ——" the fat man started.

"Never mind your word," said John Snaith. "Let's talk grown-up talk. Let's get down and talk turkey. How do you guarantee to deliver? How are you going to fix them up on this?

"You might do this: You might make out a statement that, owing to rumors that had gone round, you had looked over the affairs of the creditors and you had found the books to be all O.K.—and sign it up for these people, here. You'd do that, wouldn't you?"

"Why, yes. There ain't no harm in that, that I can see. Is there, Mack?"

"No."

"But yet, that wouldn't do, either," said John Snaith, thinking. "That wouldn't protect them. You could still come along and change your mind. You could find out something new."

"But listen ——" said the fat man, and stopped.

"I tell you what," said the voice of John Snaith finally: "This is it. It's simple enough when you think of it. All they do is give you their check. And you indorse it—and they keep it."

"Indorse it!" said Ben. "What do you take us for?"

"Yes; that's fair," said John Snaith definitely. "You take their money and they have your indorsement."

"Yes," said the fat man's voice; "and suppose then they flash it on us—this check and our indorsement—to the rest of the creditors? And they see we got all the money?"

"Exactly," said John Snaith. "That is just it. That's what these people have got to have."

"He's got that right," said the other one.

"How has he?"

"How would they go about to bring it out against you?" asked John Snaith.

"How would they flash it, he means," explained Mack, "and take the chances of our getting after them and sending them to jail."

"Oh, sure!" said the other voice finally. "Sure!" it said, growing enthusiastic. "That's right too!"

"All right?" asked John Snaith.

And they both finally said yes.

"Well now, excuse me," he said, "while I go out to telephone them. I'll see what I can do for you."

And he went out and came round and got me out from that next room.

"I want your check," said John Snaith, offhand, "for twenty-three hundred dollars."

"But I haven't got that much in the bank," said I. "You know that."

"Never mind about that," said John Snaith. "Give it to me."

(Concluded on Page 45)

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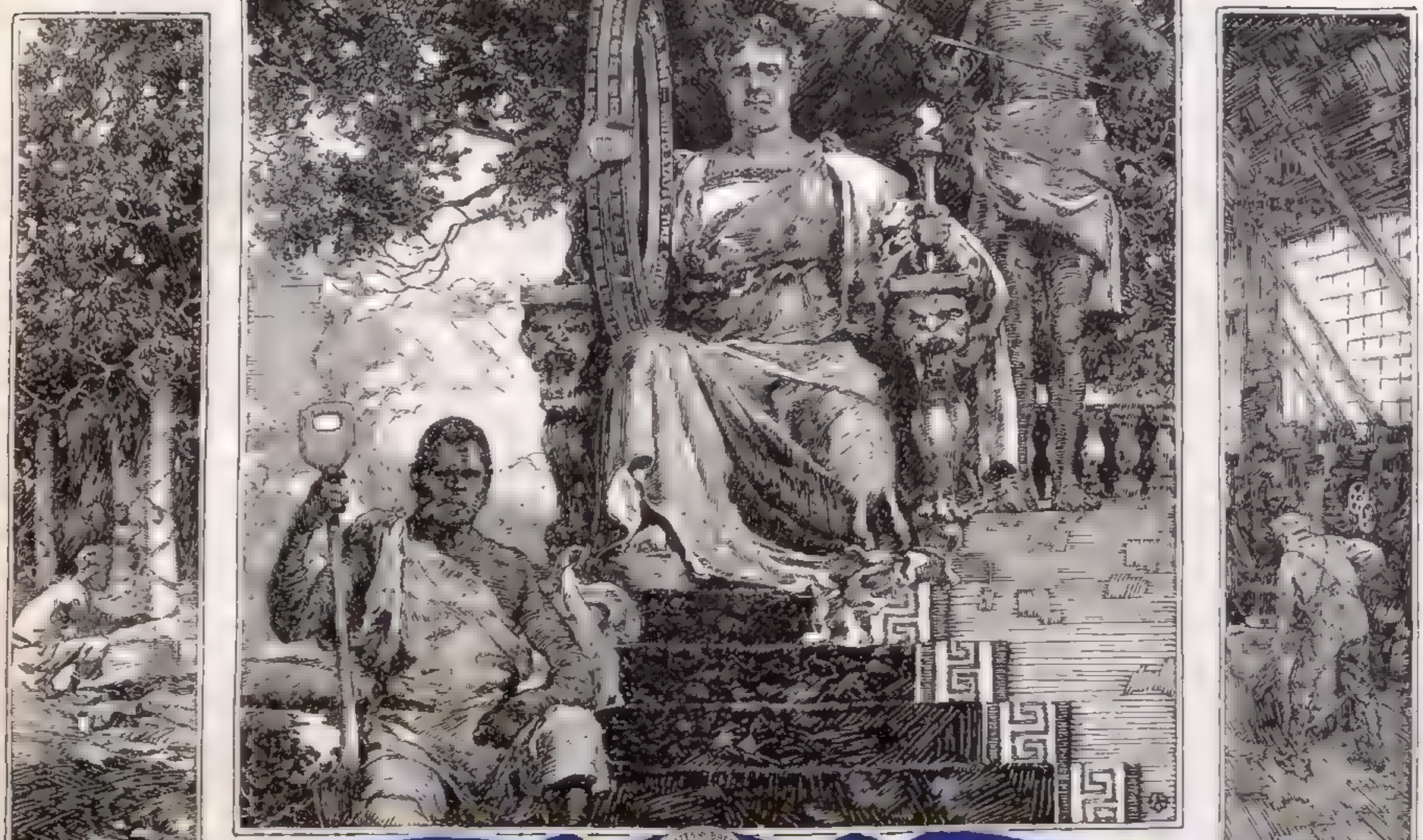

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The same with design, construction, workmanship—everything that goes into the production of *United States Tires* is measured, weighed, proved up, paid for, only on the basis of the autocratic reign of quality.

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The five types

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United States Tires Are Good Tires

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

(Concluded from Page 42)

I made out the check.

"It's all right," I heard him say after he got back into the other room again. "There'll be a boy over with it right away."

"That's good!" said Ben. "That's good!"

You could hear the strain of arguing drop out of their voices.

"You got a fine town here," said Ben conversationally. "I always liked to come up here. They always treated me good. I got no reason to complain; this young feller, even, we've been talking about this morning. I'm glad it's settled between us. I'm glad it is."

"So am I," said John Snaith.

"A good young feller; yeh—he always treated me good."

"When you come right down to it," said John Snaith, "he had no intention of cheating anybody."

"Well, no; I don't suppose he did, either. Just careless, like those young fellers get. I suppose that's it."

"They don't know what they're doing half the time, I believe. This young feller didn't," said John Snaith.

"That's right; he didn't—probably," agreed Ben warmly.

And then the boy came, evidently bringing in my check.

"All right. You indorse here," said John Snaith. I could hear the pen go when the fat man signed it.

"Give it to me," said John Snaith. "I'll send out for your money. You get out of this pretty well yourselves."

"Not so bad!" said the lean man.

"You made a good big thing for several years on that contract too. I ain't with you in this thing," said John Snaith; "but I've got to admit that contract is good—about the slickest thing I ever saw. How did you get it?"

"Oh, we got it!" said Ben.

"A good stroke of business," remarked John Snaith. "And now you get your claim in full, and the other creditors get just about what's left—as the feller said. They'll get the hole in the doughnut."

"Well," said Ben, "in business you look out for yourself, don't you?"

"If you don't," said John Snaith in a hard voice, "who's going to?"

"That's it, just!"

"But you've got it; that's the main thing," said John Snaith; "and the rest didn't."

"You said it!" said Mack.

"But the best part of it all ain't that," went on John Snaith. "You'd never have got it if these people, here, had stood out. Come right down to it, if they'd had the courage to have stood up and gone to court you'd never prove they took any money out of that company, I believe—never in the world! Not criminally, anyhow."

"Oh, I don't know about that, either. We might. We might have made a good case."

"What difference whether we did or not?" asked Mack.

"Now you're talking!" said John Snaith.

"You know well enough," said the fat one, "a family like this wouldn't let criminal suits come to trial for no twenty-three hundred dollars!"

"You're right!"

"Sure, I'm right! Sure! We didn't have to know it—positive," said the fat man.

"That's where you had them," said John Snaith. "I've got to admit it. I don't want to, but I've got to.

"Oh, anyhow," said John Snaith, "there's no doubt about it. We've got to pass you fellers from New York the flowers. We've got to admit it. You're the smoothest articles in the world when it comes to business.

"Here it comes," he went on. "Here's the money."

And I heard the boy come back.

"Let's see—two thousand three hundred. That's right. George, you can go," said John Snaith, counting the money.

And then he stopped. There was a little pause.

"There's only one thing, though, about this plan of yours that I'm kind of in doubt about," he said. "Only one thing I kind of question."

"What's that?" said one of them quickly.

"Well, I'll tell you: It smells a little too much like blackmail!"

"Blackmail!" said one of them.

We could hear them getting up.

"Yes; that's it," said John Snaith.

"What's the idea?" said Mack's voice sharply. "What do you think you're trying to put over on us?"

"Nothing at all," said John Snaith. "Only I'm afraid to go any further, just as a matter of business. I'm afraid somebody else may have got on to us what we're doing.

"Miss Johnson!" he called.

"Yes, sir!" said Miss Johnson briskly.

And then John Snaith unlocked us and let us out.

"You see!" said John Snaith. "It's just as I thought. The trouble is, somebody's been listening to us all the time we've been talking. And one of them has been taking it all down, so as to be sure—just what we said. If you want to hear anything over again Miss Johnson, here, will read it to you'"

The fat man from New York stood with his eyes half out of their sockets.

"You might read that part," said John Snaith, "about shutting out the other creditors—by the committee!"

"You hand over that money!" said the lean man, and snatched at it.

"Oh, no, my friend," said John Snaith, dodging him. "I couldn't do that. These people will probably want that for their exhibit," he said, "when they start to sue for blackmail."

The fat man from New York still remained speechless—without breath.

"Sue for blackmail, eh?" said the lean man. "I'd like to see you try it on. Try it! Start something—that's all! Start something!" he said, louder and louder.

"Start something! No," said John Snaith. "What for? What should we start anything for? It's your move next'"

"Move!" said the fat man, speaking finally in a strangled voice.

"I don't see, myself, just how you're going to do it," said John Snaith, his cigar rolling tranquilly in his mouth. "You see, these fellers have got something you haven't—something definite. That's the trouble with your case. You ain't quite sure what you have got—even if you ever meant to prosecute. Of course, on the other hand, they might not get you for blackmail. We've got to look at it both ways. But then, again, they might.

"I don't see, boys—honestly," said John Snaith to the two men from New York, "but what they've kind of got you!"

"You crook!" the lean man shouted. "You can't do it! You can't put over anything like that on us! We'll get you yet!"

The cigar twitched in John Snaith's mouth.

"That ain't my guess," he said briskly. "My guess is, we're going along and settle up the business debts of the company in the regular way, out of the business itself—without dragging anybody in from the outside to pay for them. And, what's more, I guess we're going to start doing it now.

"So, now," he said to me and Miss Johnson, "I guess we shan't need you any more. These gentlemen and I are going into executive session."

So we went away. I finally sat outside and saw the two men from New York going out of the bank.

"I guess that's all," said John Snaith to me after they'd gone. "I don't look for any more trouble from them. Let's see, how much did you get into that, finally—four thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"You doubled twice, didn't you?"

"Yes," said I; "once from a thousand to two thousand, and then from two thousand to four thousand."

"Well, you're lucky!" said John Snaith, reflecting. "They don't generally stop so soon in these things. They keep right on doubling—once they're started. I've known families—plenty of them—to be wiped out—all they'd got—by these investments inside the family, helping out the sons-in-law and brothers-in-law. You got off easy."

"Maybe I did," I said.

"It can't be done! It can't be done," said John Snaith positively—"this mixing personal affairs and investments. At least, I've never seen it—not yet.

"You got that check?" he asked me then. "Well, take it back inside and put it away in your safe-deposit box. And any time some friend or relative asks you to furnish ready money on an investment, take it out and look at it. It may be a good investment for you yet.

"And then you've got another use for it," said John Snaith with a grin: "You want to keep it for the next time these New York fellers come up to put us all in jail."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr Turner. The fourth will appear in an early issue

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THE FORTUNE MAKER

(Continued from Page 23)

She was back in little more than a minute, wearing a long, austere, black silk coat and gathering her hair into a tighter knot.

"I'll not wear a hat, anyway," she announced.

In the car she held the child in her lap, protecting her with an edge of the black coat when the speed of the machine made a wind. At the Wilder house John carried the child inside, for Lydia couldn't get out of the car in that attire. Then they drove away together.

She was languid and thoughtful, and spoke of children. There came an abrupt outburst:

"Morality makes me sick! There's no right, when any woman can support a child, in robbing her of one. It belongs to her as much as her head or her arms do." She looked round at him with liquid eyes and added bitterly: "I might at least have got that much out of my marriage. Every washerwoman does!"

It was a new phase of her to John—one of many; but the most appealing. Thenceforth the picture of her that came most into his mind was in a long white robe, edged with gold, her lusterless dark hair over her ears and loose at the nape of her white neck, as she bent far over to kiss a little pink foot—a sort of sophisticated, elaborately evolved, Oriental Madonna, with brilliant eyes and vivid red lips; but penetrating, in spite of the sophistication—or, perhaps, because of it.

She kept the little white bed and the doll, with its wardrobe, at her house and had Ruth over there every day or two. Often when she drove about in the open car, instead of a dog beside her, there was the beautiful baby. Eva Wilder was perfectly willing; and Eva's nursery maid was delighted, for it gave her a good many hours to herself when otherwise she would have been in attendance on Tootsie.

Mrs. Wyndham left on the tenth of June to visit about a fortnight and then go to the seashore. John followed early in July. They became engaged at the end of that month, but formal announcement was delayed until September. Mrs. Wyndham had a sentimental reason for that. It would be two years after her divorce.

Before the engagement was announced John had begun picking up real estate on the rolling wooded heights northeast of the city, on the brim of the saucer opposite the Country Club. Mrs. Wyndham often drove along the country roads out there, declaring it to be the most attractive locality round Sarum, with fine possibilities for a costly residence region. He went at it, of course, on the grand scale, taking in a dozen or so associates who were the most eligible because of their wealth and other qualifications. He wanted two thousand acres at least, with two or three hundred acres for his own place.

Directly the engagement was announced, a famous landscape gardener and a couple of architects of high Eastern reputation came out to make plans. They were not stinted. Hillcrest, as the region was named, was to be commensurate in every respect with the scale of expenditure that the most fortunate part of Sarum could now afford, a setting adequate for the display of profits in mounting millions.

The motor company was really wonderful then, responding to John's more conservative hand with a torrent of money. Sales that fall ran to five million dollars a month, with a clean net profit of fifteen per cent. John could calculate that the portion of profit allottable to his common stock represented an income of more than three million dollars a year. He expected it to be five millions the next year, for the business was climbing in a spiral that no flying machine could have followed. No one could pretend to see a culminating point.

And John wanted money now in a way he never had before. It wasn't merely the zest of the game, or the able man's deep satisfaction in demonstrating his ability so indisputably that all must acknowledge it. He wanted money now for power and to spend on the grand scale. Partly by himself, but rather more by the adroit suggestions of Mrs. Wyndham, he had got a new dream.

Until lately he hadn't thought much about general social questions. He had just accepted the game as it was—too busy with playing his own hand to think much about the general terms. Since the Turner Fund was announced he had been a figure in the public eye—quoted, invited to serve on committees, and all that. At first he had quite gone along with the general democratic trend of things—speaking for vocational education, sanitary tenements, arbitration of labor disputes, and the general stock of ideas that successful business men who considered themselves good democrats commonly held. In a general way that had been Mrs. Martindale's idea of him. But Mrs. Wyndham's influence had brought a change.

Now to Callahan, Smiley, Sercombe, and others before whom he spoke freely, he said democracy was a fake; that the world had always been run by an aristocracy of some kind or other, and always would be unless it was going to pot.

"There are eight thousand chaps making automobiles in my plant," he said. "Left to themselves, they couldn't have made a spoke in the wheel of an automobile. Except for somebody to organize and plan and manage and initiate for them, they'd be lined up before a soup kitchen or starving. All of them put together couldn't have made a smokestack of that plant in a thousand years! They couldn't run that single business a month to save their lives; but we go round pretending we think they're competent to run the country!

"Of course we know better. The country isn't run at Washington. If it was it would be broke to-morrow. It's run by the men who manage its business. I could turn every one of those eight thousand fellows into the street to-day by lifting a finger. I can take away the livelihood of any of them, or all of them, at any time I please. What sort of democracy is that? It's just a fake!

"The trouble is, the men who've got to run the country's business have lost their nerve! This democracy scarecrow has frightened them—or else they've been taken in by it. They're giving up to it, trying to flatter it and piddling away their money—which means their command over business—in all sorts of idle things. They're afraid to do what the newspapers call flaunting their wealth in the faces of the poor.

"Well, I'm president of the Sarum Motor Company. I don't go round apologizing for it, and trying to conceal it, and asking people please to consider me only a mechanic. I print it out in big, bold letters, so there can be no mistake about it. I'll print what that implies in big, bold letters, too, and stand by it. I'm the boss! I run a big business. I control the labor and livelihood of eight thousand men directly, and as many more indirectly. What nonsense to say there is any equality between me and them! I'm perfectly willing to say there isn't in the way I live."

He proposed to be a Grand Seignior—even to found a seigniorial house! He wanted money for power, and to make all the material accessories of his life as rich and sensuously appealing as possible. He had already begun to buy some pictures. The art gallery was to be the finest room in the new house at Hillcrest.

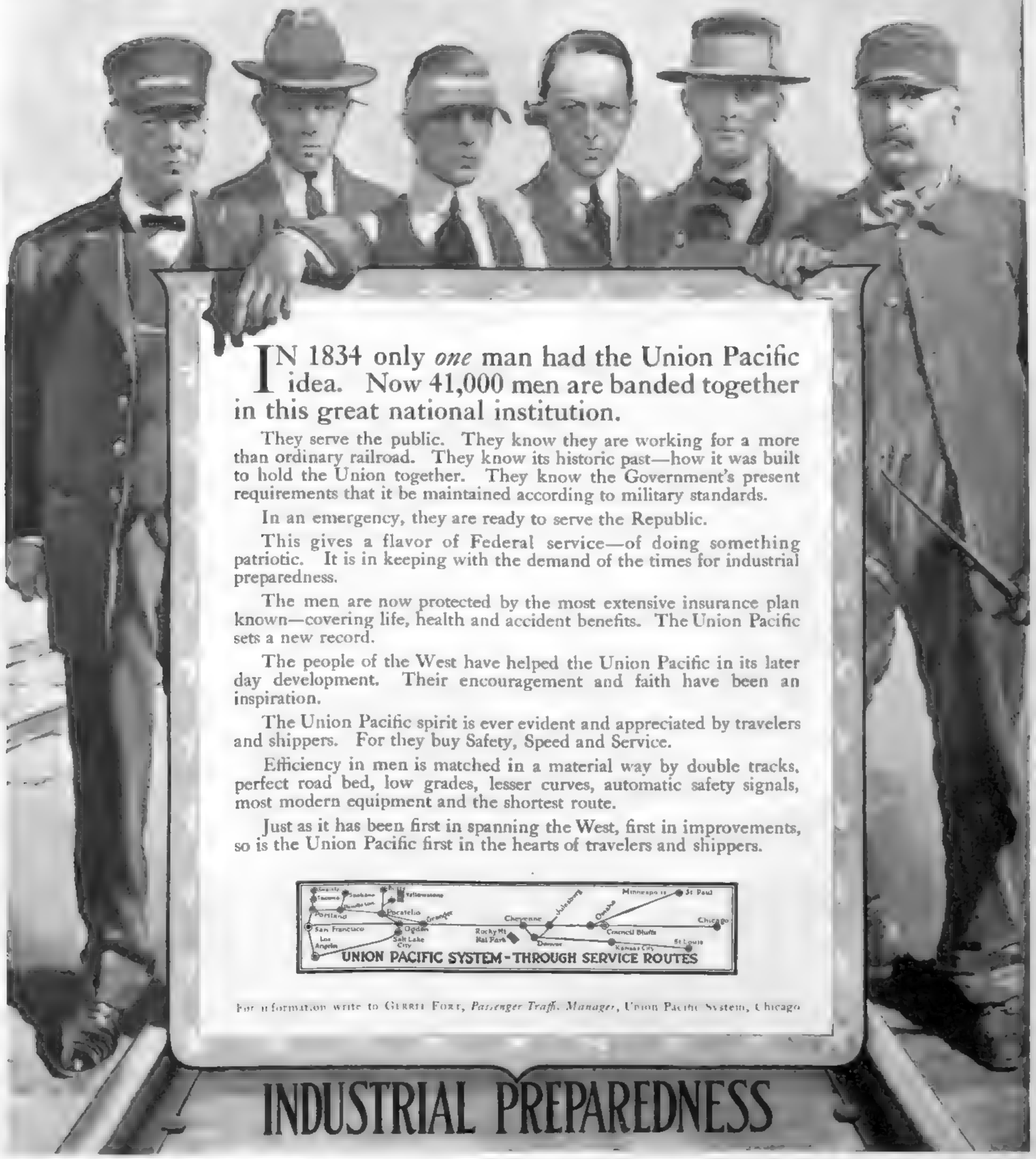
And now something happened that had a tragic result. For some years John had been cock o' the walk in Sarum. The town had grown to a hundred and fifty thousand, taking on certain characteristics of nearly all boom towns, whether it is a Western mining camp where gold has been struck, or an Eastern industrial community where a great and rapid accretion of wealth occurs. A great many people had made money out of Sarum's amazing expansion—were still making it. Everybody regarded John as the inventor of the city's new and dazzling fortunes. In a general way whatever he or the new industries wanted was granted as a matter of course.

Probably booms and great, swift accretions of wealth are never conducive to spiritual grace; in fact, the city government—and the county government, which was nearly identical with it—was decidedly free and easy. Its policy was very liberal. There was a good deal of gambling. Saloons ran about as they pleased. Vicious resorts multiplied.

But the industrial population had been growing tremendously. Workmen, many of them foreign-born or of foreign extraction, had swarmed in. As Fate would have it, the Socialists decided to make a great effort at that fall's local election to capture political power.

(Continued on Page 49)

UNION PACIFIC



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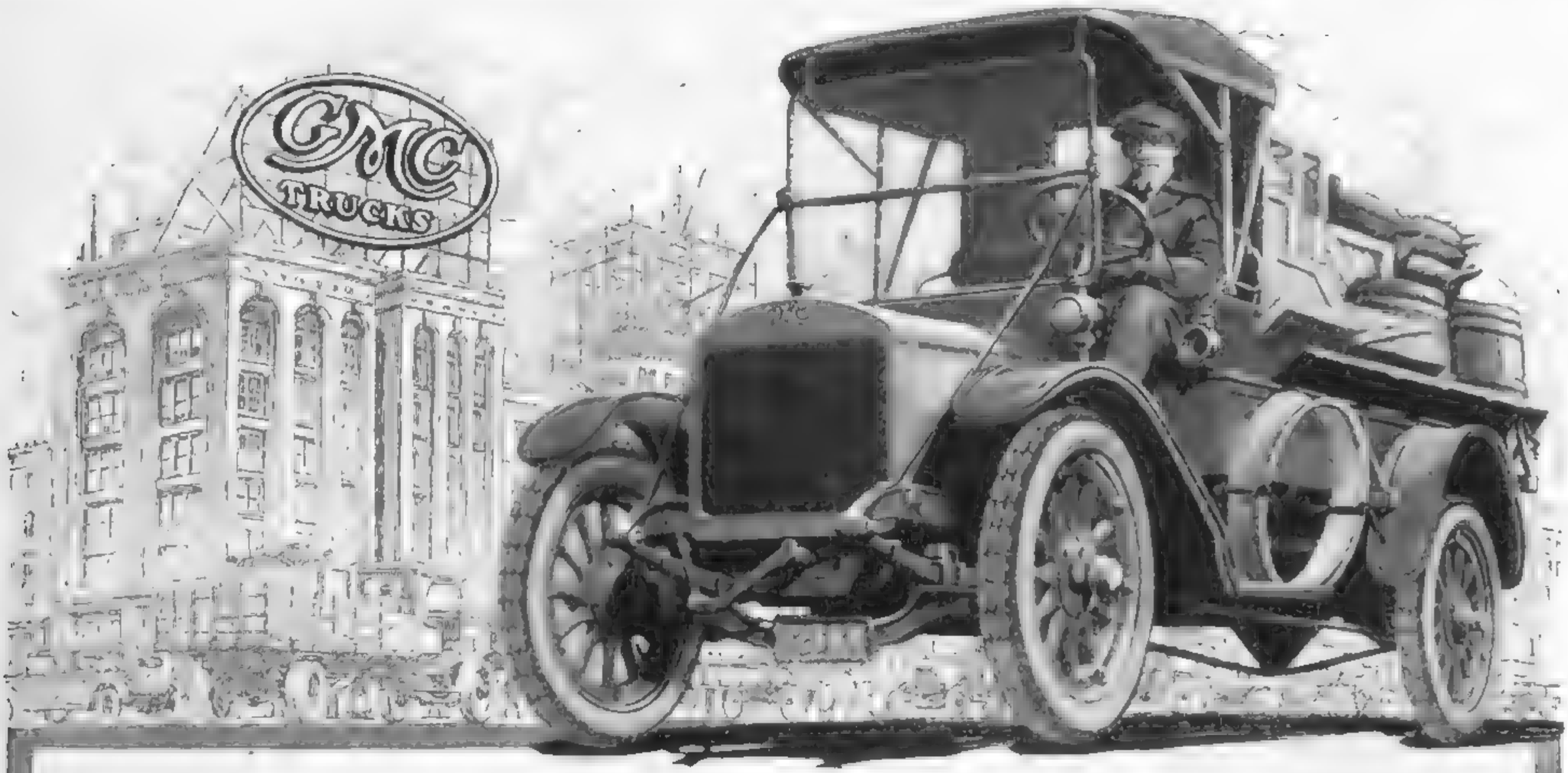

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(Continued from Page 46

The chief figure in this effort was Hiram Dent, who had been born on a poor farm, near Two Rivers, and had gone to school in the village as a lad. He had drifted away and taken up the occupation of law and social agitation. He had helped to foment and lead strikes in various parts of the country. He had defended labor men charged with various crimes, from trespass to murder. He had been deported from two or three places and locked up in two or three others. In general he had led a sort of wildcat existence, scratching and clawing, and getting many clouts over the head.

Finally he had come to Sarum, living there rather quietly, so far as outward demonstration went, but tirelessly busy under the surface, agitating and organizing. He had taken Sarum, near his old home, as a perfect product of the capitalistic regime. He proposed making a great attempt to capture the local government, and had himself nominated by petition for county attorney on what he called the People's Ticket—avoiding the word "Socialist" for strategical reasons.

Dent was round forty then—about John's own age—a big, rough, clumsy figure, with an ugly face. His forehead was low and broad, jutting out over his deep-set eyes. The eyes were wide apart and there was hardly any nose between them—only a sort of ground swell that became a pug nubbin of a nose lower down. His mouth was big; and when he grinned, which was often, it looked like a caricature. His stiff dark hair was generally tousled; his clothes baggy and shabby. His voice, in absurd contrast with his bearlike appearance, was thin and shrill. He laughed in a high, grating cackle.

Nominally he had been living in Sarum two years, though he was often out of town; and nobody of the sort who considered themselves as really counting had paid much attention to him. He had a law office, consisting of three dingy rooms, over a grocery on Roscommon Street, which was not where a lawyer who expected profitable clients would locate. He'd had a few cases in the local courts; but lawyers who expected profitable clients, or had them, hardly reckoned him in their profession. Generally citizens of the sort who considered themselves as really counting merely smiled when they heard Hiram Dent was going to run for county attorney.

They didn't in the least dream what was coming. Dent and his associates had prepared carefully. They had managed to get control of the Call, a little-considered, starveling evening newspaper. They opened the campaign with an eruption in that. It remained in a state of chronic and most amazing eruption throughout. There was hardly an hour of the afternoon or evening when Dent or some of his men were not speaking somewhere in town or in the country districts. Almost immediately, in fact, they had the community boiling.

It was palpably absurd to charge John Turner with responsibility for the wide-open city government, or even to intimate that it was wide open by his will. He simply had paid no attention to it. Yet Dent from the first made that charge. He focused his campaign on John as the incarnation of what he called the local plutocratic system. Referring to Sarum as "Turnerville" was one of his habits.

Perhaps this was shrewd enough political tactics. Not only is human nature prone to envy but there seems to be a principle in it that seeks a balance. If a man has been phenomenally fortunate there is apt to be a general undercurrent of opinion that a decided setback wouldn't hurt him any. Speaking to a mere acquaintance almost any business man would have said that Sarum's gratitude was due to John Turner. Among intimates the same business man might chuckle when Hiram Dent figuratively showered the benefactor with decayed vegetables.

There was no limit to Dent's audacity. He attacked with a sweeping recklessness that amazed and yet perhaps secretly rather fascinated all except the particular objects of attack. He could speak very effectively, generally in a sort of cold, grating irony that really bit and stung when he had a good point.

There were plenty of good points for him in the ill-regulated saloons, the gambling, and so on. When he pictured a drunken girl slipping unsteadily into the back room of a saloon where half a dozen other girls sat drinking and laughed at her condition, he got even the most conservative citizens into a very sober frame of mind. He had names and places and dates for many pictures in that category; and also for clerks and workingmen who had come out of gambling joints with empty pockets on the evening of pay day. He proved pretty conclusively that the police took graft from vicious resorts.

The campaign was hardly a week old before even the Journal, for all its impeccably respectable conservatism, had to take these things up extensively. If there had been any intention in respectable circles of treating Dent's campaign with silent contempt it was soon surrendered.

Probably Dent himself cared little enough about these personal vices, easy tolerance of which by the local authorities he attacked. By attacking them he immediately got a big audience, which was what he wanted. He showed that the Sarum Motor Company, the Arcum Company and some others had been given a pretty free hand in occupying public streets and alleys, and had been treated leniently in the matter of taxes. He contrasted John's proposed house at Hillcrest with the poorest he could find in the workingmen's quarters.

All this may have been legitimate campaigning, to which John would have paid no great attention; but Dent was savagely personal. He called John the "Gasoline Duke," and the "Pneumatic Nabob, blown big with the life-breath of eight thousand workmen." The ruby in his stickpin, he said, was a drop of blood. He declared that the trick by which John got his fortune was as old and simple as highway robbery, consisting merely in penning thousands of empty-handed men in shops where they were obliged to work for bread and butter, and then taking the product of their labor away from them. John not only robbed them of what their own hands produced, Dent declared, but made them pay his expenses for him.

In that connection he got the tax receipts for several workmen's cottages and, by way of contrast with them, showed that John's personal assessment was only fifty thousand dollars. Of course that comparison was unfair enough, but some of the crowd swallowed it.

He had a blackguardly genius for sarcasm and turned it on John's social activities. John was often careless in his speech. Dent got hold of several letters, which he had dictated and signed in a hurry, containing sentences that were grammatically faulty. Dent read the unfortunate sentences all over town and then pictured their author as anxiously consulting with his valet as to whether he had better wear a certain kind of shirt stud that evening. He pretended that the only suit of evening clothes John had seen before coming to Sarum was on a dummy in a shop window.

He seemed to know instinctively how to insult John most effectually, and he stopped at nothing. He someway got hold of the story about that proposed consolidation and how the directors of the company had vetoed it. He told it, with untruthful elaborations, in his high, shrill, sarcastic voice, grinning and cackling. So he painted John not only as a dull boor and silly booby in other matters, but even as incompetent in business. Behind his sarcastic grins and cackles, Dent was really possessed by a tremendous rage against the system that John represented and the sort of success he typified. He had picked John out quite deliberately as an object on which he could glut this rage. It was a savagely comprehensive performance.

To John it was an utterly novel, undreamed-of experience. He had never in his life been publicly spoken of except with respect and admiration. This sudden outburst of vituperation really confounded him. It was a good deal as though a stranger had suddenly plumped himself down in the same car seat and begun throwing dirty water in his face. Dent insisted with the utmost assurance that the workpeople and all the common citizens of Sarum knew well enough that John was as he painted him.

When he strutted through the plant, Dent said, and thought the workmen were admiring him, they were really saying, behind his back: "Look at the conceited stiff! He gets three million dollars a year, with no more brains than I've got; and my wife can't get the children new shoes!" John pretended to laugh at it; but in his heart he couldn't. In spite of himself, he couldn't help imagining that poisoned air of contemptuous detraction round him. Of course he burned with wrath against Dent.

(Continued on Page 51)

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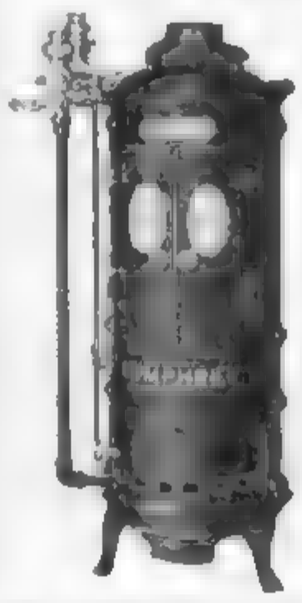

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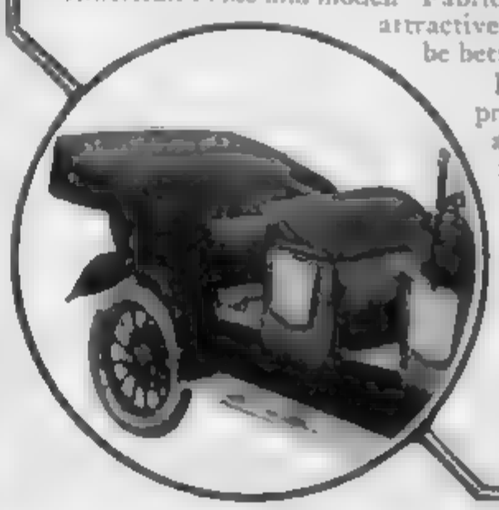

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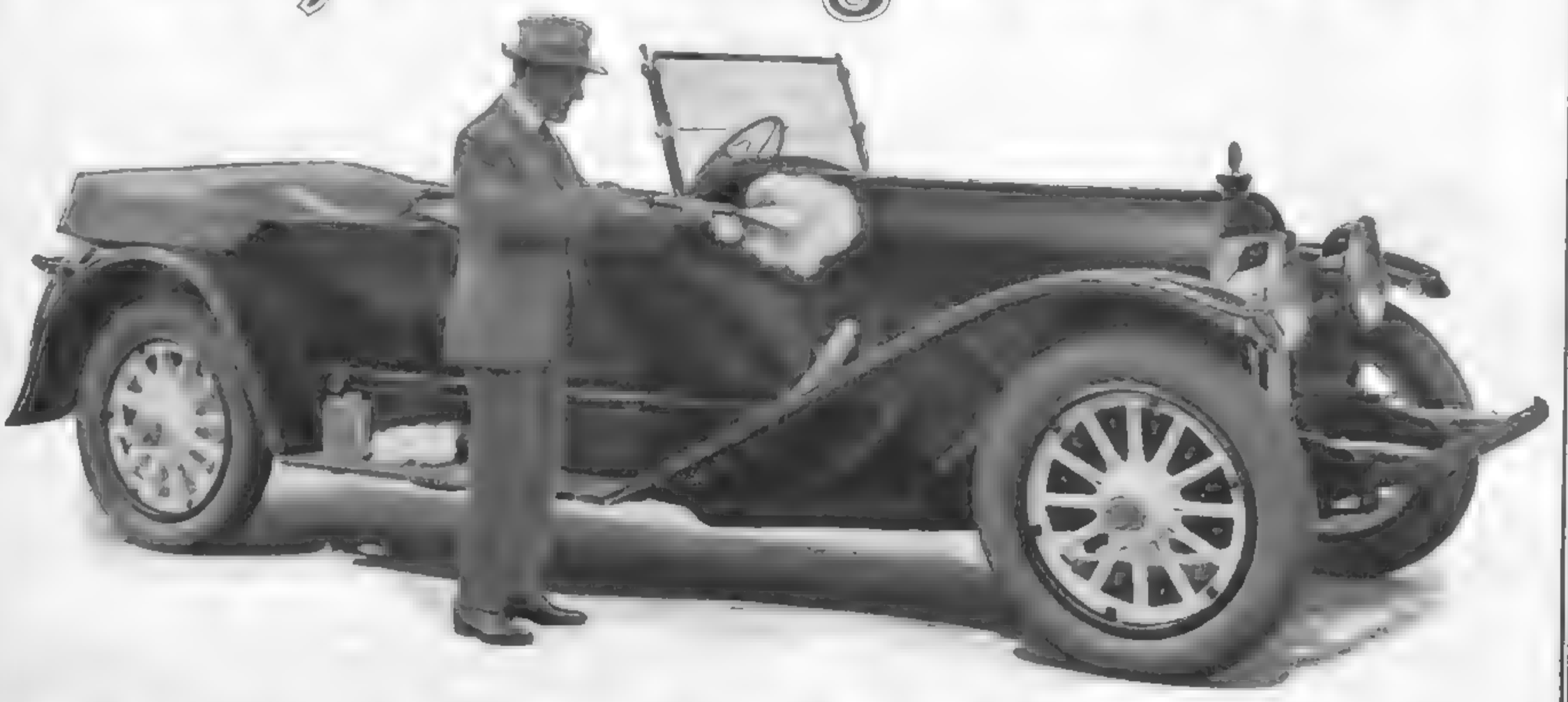

Clean and Polish Your Car With

WONDER-MIST

Water washing ruins car finish—takes the life out of it in less than a season. There is a new way—The Wonder-Mist Way—better for owner—better for car—that gets rid of the dirty, disagreeable work of washing and saves the finish—

Spray It On—Rub It Dry—That's All

You spray Wonder-Mist right over dust, mud, grease. It penetrates and loosens all accumulations—acts as a lubricant between dirt and finish so that all dirt can be wiped off without the slightest danger of scratching. The Wonder-Mist way reduces the hard, dirty, car-washing job of hours, to minutes. **It contains no acid, alkali, gum or wax—leaves no cloud or streak, and will not harm the finest finish.**

Cleans—Polishes in One Operation

Wonder-Mist does more than clean the dirty car. It polishes the clean car as well—and all in one operation. It feeds, protects and maintains the finish, which means hundreds of dollars to car appearance and resale value. Prevents mud spotting and rain streaking, and should be used on every new car before it is put in service.

Economical as well as easy to use—6 cents' worth of Wonder-Mist will clean the average car in 15 minutes.

Wonder-Mist Is Excellent in the Home

Wonder-Mist cleans and polishes furniture, woodwork and hardwood floors perfectly in one operation—with little effort—little rubbing. Apply with sprayer or soft cloth—rub dry. It removes all dust and cloud—keeps the finish bright, lustrous and looking like new. Sprayed on cheese-cloth it makes a wonderful, dustless dust-cloth.

Get a Can From Your Dealer Today

Gallon with sprayer $3.00—Half-gallon with sprayer $2.00—Quart with sprayer $1.25. Write for "The Wonder-Mister."

THE WONDER-MIST CO.,

NEW YORK 261 Franklin St., BOSTON, MASS. CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 49)

Well, it came on toward election, with Dent growing more outrageous every day and conservative citizens deeply agitated over the outlook. There was no doubt the muckraking campaign had stirred people up. How many votes it would get was problematical. If it had been the usual sort of contest, between a Republican on one side and a Democrat on the other, the weightier men of affairs would have paid little attention to it.

This was something quite different, however; something absolutely new in Sarum's experience at that time. The weightier men of affairs regarded it as an assault by a band of outlaws—a sort of miniature French Revolution breaking loose among them.

Undoubtedly John felt that way about it more strongly than any of the rest, and he had more daring than any of the rest. He counseled much with Callahan, who had long known the town's ward politics pretty intimately and who regarded scruples of any kind with candid disdain.

The forenoon of the day before election John sent downstairs for Walter Hayes. When Walter stepped into the president's office big, red-faced Callahan was going out, and passed him with a nod. John sat behind his desk as usual. It was the first time the two men had met squarely face to face in a week, and it struck Walter at once that a somber sort of fire smoldered in John's heavy-lidded brown eyes.

John barely moved his head in response to Walter's subdued "Good morning." The rest of his body moved not at all. He looked Walter in the eye and said coolly:

"Go downtown and get me forty thousand dollars in twenty-dollar bills and ten thousand in fives. Charge it to the president's account."

This "president's account" was one to which various expenditures that might be broadly included under the head of company advertising were contingently charged—expenditures, for example, such as sending a company of prize public-school pupils out to the Exposition at San Francisco. Every quarter John checked the account over and decided what items or parts of items were finally to be borne by the company and what by himself personally. No one thought of questioning his decisions.

Well, it was a positive order, proper enough on its face for John, as president of the company, to give, and for Walter Hayes, as treasurer, to obey. Of course the oddity of the order immediately struck Walter with misgiving. In their old relationship he would have sat down and talked it over. Now he could not. Perhaps he only fancied there had been a frosty little edge of contempt in John's tone. At any rate, it did not invite discussion. Walter hesitated only a moment and then said:

"I'll send the voucher up for you to sign."

John nodded and Walter went out.

Walter Hayes knew well enough how John felt about the election; knew he was counseling with Callahan. Fifty thousand dollars in twenty-dollar and five-dollar bills was a most extraordinary request, indicating a most extraordinary purpose. He went down to his own office with bitter misgiving and, after considering it a moment, judged it prudent to draw the money from two banks, instead of all from one.

So he made out a check for forty thousand and one for ten, and a voucher for the fifty thousand. The voucher he put in an envelope and sent upstairs, where in due course it would be carried to the president's desk, signed by John sometime during the day, and sent down. Then he ordered his car brought to the door, took the brown bag that was used for fetching up money for the pay roll and drove downtown.

It wasn't usual for him personally to draw cash for the pay roll or any other company purposes. For years one of his assistants had done that. But he didn't want any assistant mixing in this affair. The teller at the First National Bank procured the required ten thousand dollars in five-dollar bills and handed them over very promptly; but at the Merchants' National there was a delay. The teller looked over his stock of money, went back to the vault, and returned to his cage.

"Would you mind waiting a few minutes, Mr. Hayes?" he said. "I haven't got that many twenties without scraping up all the old rags in the place. I'll get them in five minutes."

Walter sat down on a window sill to wait, sick of his task and sick of himself. He hadn't much doubt as to what those bills were to be used for, and he felt degraded—especially, odd as that may seem, by this having to wait for them.

Presently the teller left the cage again and came back with a little armful of bright, clean bills, done up in neat packages. With a swift twist of his fingers he counted off forty thousand dollars, then opened the wicket and pushed the pretty stack of spotless, unwrinkled money out to Walter.

Driving back to the plant the treasurer's sickness of his situation and of himself increased. He shut himself up in his office and pondered glumly enough for a good half hour, during which a considerable part of his life since manhood drifted in ghostly fashion across his mind. Then he took up a sheet of office paper and wrote a statement on it. He thought John had used him contemptuously for a dirty piece of business. For some heavy minutes more he stared down at the statement. Then he sent upstairs to inquire whether the president could see him at once.

An affirmative reply came down; so Walter put his statement in the brown bag, along with the money, and went up to John's office. Callahan was there, standing over by the window, with his broad back to the room. Walter hadn't mentioned a private interview, yet Callahan's presence cut him—and disappointed him.

He took the money out of the bag silently and stacked it up on John's desk. Then he laid the statement in front of the president. It was his resignation as director and vice president and treasurer. He had made up his mind to it firmly, yet he had hoped to have just a little intimate talk at the end He couldn't see Callahan as he stood at the desk facing John, but he was well aware of his broad back. And then he felt that talking was of no use. It had got beyond that.

"I'm terribly sorry, John," he said under his breath; "but I'm sure that's best for both of us."

John looked down at the resignation without touching it. There was just a little brush of surprise, a bit of a flutter of the eyelids; but he looked up coolly and said:

"Probably that's best."

The voice was quiet, but Walter Hayes imagined a shade of contempt in it, as he'd long been imagining it in John's voice when addressed to him.

"I'll clean up the office to-day," said Walter. "Stimson can carry it on all right until you choose a successor." He'd hardly meant to be that abrupt; but now he wanted to get it over.

John made no comment on that; but as Walter was turning away he remarked:

"I suppose you'll go into the Arcum?"

Again there was a shade of contempt, as though he might be implying that Walter had carefully provided a new berth before leaving the old one. He had learned, in fact, that Walter Hayes and Sandy McGregor had been buying up Arcum stock for some time.

"Probably I shall," Walter replied, with a helpless feeling that he'd somehow been detected in a new treachery, though he had really done nothing which he had not a full right to do.

So he went away, with Callahan's broad back still turned to the room. Apparently he hadn't moved since Walter stepped in. There, formally, ended Walter Hayes' lifelong association with John Turner. He went down to his office, thoroughly miserable, and set to work cleaning it up, so he could leave immediately. In that occupation and in the deep preoccupation of his final break with John he forgot all about the voucher for the fifty thousand dollars.

The election came on and Dent won by a narrow margin. That was the day's big news; but along with it, in clubs and bank parlors, men discussed the report that Walter Hayes and Sandy McGregor had left the motor company and were taking over the management of the Arcum Company. Dent had said that if he was elected he would make the Arcum Company tear down part of its plant, which was built over an alley, and pay a lot of back taxes; but nobody paid much attention to that.

This taking over the management of the Arcum Company was not very pleasing to John Turner. He was a minor stockholder in the concern and he didn't like having his old subordinates supreme there. Still, that was a rather small matter. He went to New York in the middle of November and stayed a month. Dent took possession of his office on the first of January. Then at once came the explosion and the last act.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Pianist in the Next Room

Wonderful music is coming from the adjoining room. Who can be playing? Surely it is not one of the children, for the technic is perfect. Nor can it be an expert pianist, for even a Levitzki could not play with ten fingers such orchestral music as this. And yet it cannot be an automatic player because no mechanical instrument, though using hand-played rolls, could put such individuality, such subtle, personal shadings of expression into every note.

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The Player-Piano that is All but Human
The Instrument You Were Born to Play

The Manualo gives you instantly a technic that controls the piano keys faultlessly and without limitation. It gets out of any music roll all the expression that is cut into the roll. **But in addition, and far more important, it is sensitive to and responds to every instinctive change of accent, rhythm and strength in the pedaling, the place where every performer naturally gives expression to his musical feeling and where he tries to control the instrument as his musical feeling desires.**

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We have an attractive proposition for a live man who is capable of handling a territory and going after the business. The Truckford sells at a price within the reach of every prospect. Write for proposition and territory.

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Oakland Sensible Six

The Practical Car for You

Up any hills—over any roads—the *Oakland Sensible Six*—$875—will take you with ease, comfort and economy.

It's a big car, though it weighs but 2150 pounds, and its long, semi-elliptic springs—51 inches in rear—over-size tires (32x4), long wheelbase (112 inches), all give the *Sensible Six* that easy riding quality which wins the enthusiastic praise of owners everywhere.

The valve-in-head motor develops 41 h. p. at 2500 r. p. m.—one horse power for every 53 pounds of car weight. On the hills or in bad going the *Sensible Six* has more actual power and more proportionate power than any other car of its weight.

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Oakland Eight—$1585—is built for those who need a big, luxurious 7-passenger eight cylinder car of maximum pull and speed.

Our new book "How to Buy Your Car Intelligently" will prove helpful to you, no matter what car you buy. Write for it to-day—it's free. (53)

OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY, Pontiac, Mich.

"Sturdy as the Oak"

MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 20)

answer me. Don't put it into your pocket now and forget it!"

He did not put it into his pocket. He did not forget it. Once safe out of sight and he was reading:

"*My dear J. I.:* You know I am romantic; I always was; I always shall be, I suppose. And so it makes me feel appallingly grown-up to have to say it, but what you ask is really quite too rash—yes, it's too romantic even for romantic me. As a writer, I simply adore the idea; it's delicious! But as a flesh-and-blood woman of twenty-eight, living on West Seventy-second Street, New York City, in the year 1915—well, the plan won't quite stand up straight, exactly; it tumbles over in my mind.

"And then, it isn't quite fair—is it, J. I.? You say you have seen me; but I have never seen you. To be sure, mentally, even spiritually, I do feel that I know you rather better than most women know their husbands—at least better than I do mine; and yet, as you say, you are not a phantom. You are a man. There's no doubt about that after your wonderful book! An actual face-to-face meeting—well, it does have, you must admit, possibilities for surprise: as great possibilities as a first letter from a man you've known all your life!

"And it takes so little to destroy an illusion! Not that I'm afraid—I'm not a bit afraid; but still I hope you won't insist on an unconditional surrender in advance. I respect you; I admire you beyond words—but whether I love you or not I can't say until I see you; and if I could, I wouldn't. There! if you do love me as you say, trust me. Let's just see what will happen when the curtain rises on you and PAULINE."

But already those roses, those old, faded roses, had reassured him, warmed him toward her. Slight evidence, perhaps, of her sincerity; but it gave him a welcome excuse for believing her letter. He was sure, at least, that she was not merely tufthunting. And if he had not succeeded in winning her acknowledged love—the thing was impossible; he saw that, now—he had at least, as John Irons, reëstablished the old relation of mental equality and camaraderie. That much, then, he would accept as his victory. And so now, to have the mystery over, he would explode his bomb and blow the romance to bits.

He wired her merely: "How? When? Where?" Her answer came posthaste the same afternoon:

"*My dear J. I.:* Oh, I knew that if you really loved me you would be magnanimous. And the only way to prove that I appreciate your self-denial is to acknowledge now what I never dared to express before. I wrote you once that you had fascinated me; but what I didn't write was that, long before our correspondence was cut short, I knew quite well that I was dangerously near falling in love with you. Indeed, I ended it all only because I was afraid—it was too dangerous.

"Didn't you understand? I simply couldn't bear the deceit—I felt too ashamed and guilty. That was why I forbade you to write any more—it seemed impossible to risk the consequences of letting myself go; but you will never know what a struggle with myself that decision cost me. Then I tried to forget you; but I didn't—I couldn't. I felt perfectly lost without your letters. And now your book has prevented my ever being able to forget you. It has affected me so that it is more dangerous than ever for us to meet—but meet you I shall! I have to! I must know who you are!"

There was, in postscript, an address where he might meet her; he recognized it as Helen Ramsay's apartment, and remembered that Helen was away. The next evening at nine!

Now he was in for it. And now, at last, he was all John Irons, rejoicing in his success. Lester Hope could wait. As John Irons he would win; and then ——

That night Lester dined alone, not knowing what he ate, and went to a theater, not knowing what he saw. He left home next morning without having seen Pauline. Little work was done that day at the office of Lester Hope, Attorney at Law.

VII

IN SOMEWHAT the mood of one who, with ticket ready and trunks strapped, sits waiting, with a little useless time on his hands, before the carriage calls to take him to the train, Lester Hope was attempting rather unsuccessfully to read the evening paper in the library. It was his own thoughts rather than the gathering dusk that prevented him.

Pauline was not at home when he had come in; but he had since heard her enter and go upstairs. He did not call to her, but waited patiently—or impatiently—for dinner to be announced. It promised to be rather interesting, he thought—that dinner with a wife on the eve of her clandestine meeting with a lover. It would be an occasion not many husbands had the opportunity and fewer still the desire of anticipating.

A quick click of the curtain rings roused him from his reverie.

"Are you there, Lester?"

Pauline, entering, switched on the electric light. The tall library clock was just then striking seven. Lester dropped his paper and watched her. What feminine casuistry would she use to explain her absence tonight? he wondered. Or, indeed, would she vouchsafe to explain it at all?

"I'm going to dine out with—that is, I've got a little dinner to-night."

That was all; except that she showed some curiosity as to whether or not he was to be at home this evening.

No; this evening Lester was thinking of going out, himself.

For a while she stood absorbed in her thoughts. Her gloves seemed to require considerable buttoning. Then she took up a tulip from a bowl. To most persons the odor of a tulip is far from fragrant; but by the way Pauline smelt of this one it might have been a lily of the valley.

"Will you be home early?" she asked finally.

Lester couldn't say. Would Pauline?

The tulip was thrown aside; she stood silently while the clock ticked six or seven seconds. Then, gazing down at the open fire, she replied quietly:

"Would you care very much if I never came home, Lester!" And then, dropping into a chair, she turned to him to watch the effect of her words.

"What d'you mean?" He knew, of course, just what she meant, but her unexpected candor had surprised him. Somehow he hadn't counted on her compunction. "My dear Pauline," he said, "if you have anything to tell me I think I shall be able to stand it. You needn't think you have to break it to me gently, you know."

There was a long, long pause while she sat, her chin in her gloved hand, looking at him steadfastly.

"Lester," she began, "you know we once promised each other that if either of us ever changed toward the other—oh, Lester, you know what I mean, don't you?—that we'd be honest; and that we'd each tell the other?"

He helped her out only with a nod.

"It isn't so much that I've changed toward you, dear, as that I've changed all over. I'm not the girl you married, any more, Lester. I'm not Pauline Forr; I'm Pauline Hope now; and I've gone on—I'm different. You can't create and not—well, I don't know; something changes you. It's a different world—the artist's. Oh, I can't explain it, Lester—you wouldn't understand."

Her egoism was so beautifully blind that he missed the sting in her reproach. It had only a grim humor. Consolingly the words of Alice in Wonderland came to him, and he thought: "The less there is of mine, the more there is of yours, John Irons!"

"And, Lester, there's something else I've got to tell you. It's extraordinary; it's wild and rash, I suppose—but I can't help it." With pity, she hesitated before she dealt the blow. "I've—oh, it's sickening to have to tell you, but—I've fallen in love, Lester—at least I think I have—I'm afraid I have—with somebody else. I don't know—I can't explain it even to myself; but I—well, you'll be awfully surprised, Lester—it's John Irons!"

"John Irons!" Lester repeated stupidly.

"Yes; John Irons. And the impossible part, the mad part of it is that I've never even seen him—at least to my knowledge."

Now what would a surprised and jealous husband naturally do, Lester wondered uneasily, to express his emotion? Rage and rail? Break down and weep? Slay her with withering contempt? And yet, how could he feign such a part when he was so distracted by that baffling Siamese-twin feeling of combined victory and defeat?

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Engrossed by it, he almost forgot to speak. The occasion certainly called for some display of feeling; but all he could do was to nod like a mandarin, gravely, and remark:

"Oh, yes; I do recall his having written you a letter once."

How flat it fell! But it was the best he could do.

It didn't matter. Pauline was too excited by her own confession to listen; and though Lester wondered why he didn't confess, himself, and end it all, he was held entranced by the grotesqueness of the situation and the nervousness with which she was pouring out:

"He's written me many letters. I never told you, because—well, because I was in love with him, I suppose. His letters got me, just as his book got the public. Oh, I suppose it sounds strange; but letters do reveal so much! They tell things, sometimes, that are always hidden when people meet face to face. One can know a person for years sometimes and never find out what one letter will betray. Oh, you know how I used to be thrilled by your letters, Lester; more thrilled, often, than when I was with you. I was a young girl then; I don't know how they'd be now—you never write me letters like that any more.

"Oh, Lester"—the tears had come into her eyes—"I know you won't believe it, and I can't explain; but really I love you, dear, just as much as ever! Really I do, Lester! That's the inexplicable part of it all—it doesn't seem to take away anything of my feeling for you. Don't think I ever can forget those wonderful days we've had together, dear—only I'm afraid I care for him more, somehow; at least in a different way. I mean—he's just like another you, somehow; only more so—like you in evening dress, or a romantic costume; or you in another incarnation."

She was getting a bit hysterical; Lester's very impassivity seemed to drive her on.

"When I saw that I was getting too interested in him I tried to stop it, Lester; in fact, I did stop it. I didn't hear from him for months and months. And then—oh, if he hadn't written that wonderful, terrible book! I couldn't bear it! It just talked to me—it took hold of me—it dragged me; dragged me! It's no use, my trying to resist him, I can't! I can't!"

She looked up at him desperately.

"Lester, I'm going to see him to-night. I feel as if I know him, through his letters and his book, as well as I know you—better, even; and yet I can't be absolutely sure whether I really love him or not until I have actually seen him. But I couldn't go on without telling you, Lester; it didn't seem fair, because, Lester, if he is what I think he is—well, it will be like touching a match to gunpowder, I suppose—I don't know what may happen. It may mean ——"

She stood looking at him for a moment, her eyes wet. Then, as he tried vainly to make up his mind to tell her before it was too late, she was kneeling beside him, and she was clasping his hands, and she was pleading:

"Won't you kiss me, Lester? Just one kiss for—for what we have been to each other?"

He kissed her somehow; somehow she left him. Through the dull-blue portières he saw her go. . . . Then, and not until then, did the inhibition of his will for a moment relax. Up he jumped and followed her, reaching the hall just as the front door closed. But open it and call her he could not. . . . He walked back to the library.

What now? What should he do? The clock struck half past seven.

Too late he saw the dilemma he was in. How could he meet her at nine o'clock? Go to that rendezvous as her lover, only for her to find—her husband? And she was expecting a match to her gunpowder! Never! Could she, could any woman, bear such a banal anticlimax at the very crisis of her secret long-nourished romance? Put the picturesque, chivalrous ideal, the "wonderful" John Irons she had created—with what wealth of fervent fancy he could well imagine—into the plodding shoes of a commonplace lawyer—the blue worsted coat and pantaloons of a man she saw every day, talked with, ate with? No!

Pacing the floor back and forth, back and forth, pacing, he argued it. But if he did not go—what then? No excuse whatever for John Irons' absence to-night was adequate; even if it were, wouldn't it only postpone the difficulty? No; more and more he felt it impossible to tell her the truth. And yet—Pauline waiting for a lover who never came! How could he so humiliate her, end it all so miserably? Was there no other way?

So Lester Hope sought desperately for some means of avoiding the issue. So, all the while, he knew that he would not, could not, ever confess. The clock struck eight . . . half past. Still irresolute, he struggled with his predicament, until he woke from his absorption with a start. The clock was striking nine! His very indecision had decided it for him; it was too late!

Decided it for him, yes; but what about poor Pauline, a mile away, waiting? Something must be done, and be done immediately, to spare her further mortification. No more time for thought now; the affair must be settled irrevocably. Thank God! one resource was left—that modern magic ever at hand to protect the shame of the coward.

In an instant he was at the telephone; he called up Helen Ramsay's apartment. A moment of distressing suspense; then Pauline's frightened, anxious "Hello!"

No need to disguise his voice; his emotion did that for him.

"Is this Mrs. Hope?" Surely she would never recognize that strange husky tone. "Pauline? . . . It's John Irons. . . . Yes; John Irons! I can't come. . . . No; I can't meet you at all. I can't even explain. I can never come—never! . . . Good-by!"

The phone clicked. Their romance was over. Whether he had killed or wounded he didn't know; but he felt exactly as if he had shot somebody. Well, John Irons, at least, was dead. No one ever would know who he was now, or what had become of him.

Tick, tick, tick, tick—the library clock ticked on while, unlocking a lower drawer of his desk, Lester Hope looked in, as into a new-made grave. There—never again!—there they were—her letters. That was all he had of her now—all he ever would have to solace his loneliness. . . . One envelope he took out abstractedly and opened. It was the letter about his book. . . . Tick, tick, tick, tick—the clock ticked on as he sat there reading—dreaming. . . . "Women still love to be mastered." . . . "At least I do, anyway!" . . . "That's the surest way to be happy, as I know full well!" . . .

Suddenly startled, he threw the letters back into the drawer—just in time. He jumped up; and, as he stood there as if dreading a ghost, she was before him—Pauline, in a gap of the portières.

Which of the two was the whiter, the more haggard? A sense of intolerable guilt unnerved him; he trembled. He was the conscience-stricken sportsman; she the bird with a broken wing.

"Well, I've come back, Lester," she said simply. "That is, if"—wearily she dropped upon the couch—"that is, if you'll let me." . . . She sat apathetic, her eyes on the floor. . . . "He didn't come."

Lester's eyes, too, were on the floor. If he could only have put his arm about her, kissed her, assured her of his devotion, made up in some way for her disappointment—but he was numb, dazed. He tried to think of something to comfort her—nothing came. For a while there was no sound in the room but the ticking of the clock. . . . Tick—tick—tick. . . .

More wretched now from the pain he had caused her than he had ever been from his own suffering, he waited in silence, feeling shamefully inadequate to the situation. The sportsman can kill his wounded bird outright and put it out of its misery; but Lester Hope dared not act. Nervously, to brace his courage, he kept saying to himself: "No; she must never learn the truth. It is ghastly; but she will recover in time." Whatever happened, he would at least let her keep the memory of her romance inviolate, a poetic mystery to the end.

After a while she roused herself and said languidly: "Lester, would you mind getting me a glass of milk? I feel faint. I haven't had any dinner. I couldn't eat."

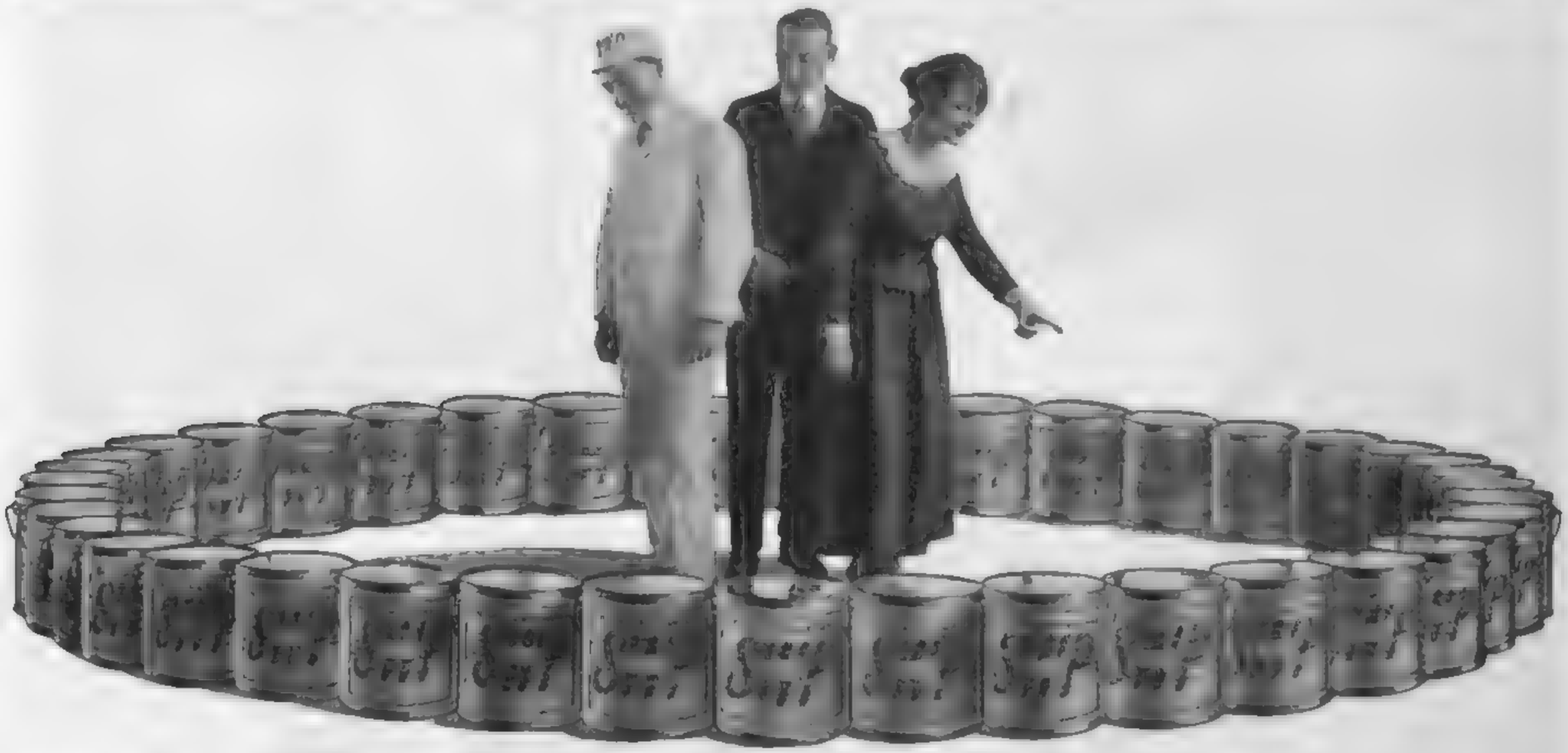
Glad of any excuse for action, he left her, her eyes still fixed on the floor.

A few minutes later—in the doorway: Lester Hope had stopped suddenly, transfixed. The glass had fallen from his fingers with a crash.

"Where did you get this?" Pauline was demanding.

She was standing by his desk; in her hand was a pale-blue envelope—one of her own letters to John Irons. It had dropped upon the floor, undoubtedly, when he had thrown the others into the drawer.

(Concluded on Page 57)



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President

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The Winning Name for which was paid $12,000.00

THE prize-winning word in our contest for a better name than "flashlight," is DAYLO. Keenly realizing our responsibility to the public the judges have spent four months' time, in giving the most painstaking consideration to the 530,000 names submitted.

In our announcement of this contest last Fall, we stated that "if two or more contestants submit the word selected, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each."

We have made our selection without regard to the number of duplications. The word DAYLO was submitted by the four following contestants, to each of whom we are paying $3,000.00:

Mrs. F. C. Grow, 1219 Second Street, N. E., Watertown, S. D.
Katherine W. Hand, 1501 Mulvane Street, Topeka, Kansas.
Miss J. M. Schulz, 239 Second Street, Union Hill, N. J.
Bertha A. Wilson, 413 Park Avenue, Medina, N. Y.

The decision of the judges was unanimous. They were agreed that the word DAYLO fulfills in a masterly way the requirements specified, viz.: A coined word that we can register as a trade-mark, a name easy to remember and entirely simple to pronounce, yet a word that suggests the nature or use of an Eveready without being legally descriptive.

DAYLO is indeed easy to remember and pronounce. In fact, it cannot be mispronounced, and its elements do suggest the nature and use of Eveready. "DAY" suggests perfect light, and "LO" means "Behold!"—"See!".

We had hoped perhaps to obtain a word that would satisfactorily combine in a suggestive way both what Eveready is, (powerful, portable electric light) and the variety of service it renders. We are now convinced that *no* usable, protectable word could cover so broad a field. The true significance, the living ideal of the reliability and service characteristic of our product must and will find its expression in the new name, "Eveready DAYLO".

I wish I might personally thank each of the half million contestants, and the millions of Eveready friends and users who have contributed so earnestly and helpfully to the success of our search for a new name.

Sincerely,

Conrad Hubert

Vice-President,
AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City, N. Y.

The Product that has outgrown its name—"FLASHLIGHT"

(Concluded from Page 54)

"Did John Irons give you this letter?"

No answer.

"Do you know John Irons?"

No answer. But in his countenance was something that made her stare and stare at him. And her face, too, like his, was changing, changing; and her eyes were as if she were watching the crumbling of a year's illusions. Then suddenly they fired, as she made the desperate jump at an unthinkable conclusion:

"You are John Irons!"

He started to speak; hesitated. But there was little need to confess; corroboration was in his face.

"Did you write those letters to me, Lester Hope? Did you? Did you? Tell me!"

As he tried to put his arm about her, she avoided him, crouching away as if he were something dreadful, and made her way to the door. One bewildered, incredulous look, and she was gone. Up the stairs he heard her stumbling; then, above, a door slammed.

Below, Lester Hope stood, his eyes fixed on the letter; then gradually he woke, his mind insurgent. It was all so stupid, so unreal, so unnecessary! After all, why were they both suffering so? A violent revulsion of feeling swept over him—indignant revolt—an imperious mandate of common sense. Lawyer or novelist, invisible or in blue worsted suit; still, he was John Irons! Husband or ghost, wasn't he her lover? He had won her, hadn't he? Why the devil didn't he take her? Why fear a bugaboo anticlimax? He had kissed her with passion before this; why should she shrink from him now? There she was, right upstairs; what was he doing down here? Fool!

"Women still love to be mastered—at least I do, anyway." Why, wasn't it in that very letter he had just been reading? "That's the surest way to be happy!" Take her at her word, fool—be happy! The morbid fantasy he had built from his diseased pride fell to pieces. An abnormal mental tension was miraculously freed in his brain; his spirits soared, soared, skylarking ——

But already he was running upstairs, two steps at a time; and now his hand was on the knob of her door. Locked!

"Pauline," he cried, "let me in!"

There was no reply.

"Pauline!" This time it was a command, in virile vermilion.

Pauline, half-dressed, clutching a white kimono about her, opened the door and looked out at him with frightened eyes. It was long since she had heard that compelling tone. In strode Lester Hope, confident and jubilant, and smiled as for long he had not smiled at his wife.

The achievement of success is like climbing a hill. Once at the top, and lo! a new mental prospect shines beyond. Mrs. Hope's Husband had reached at last the summit of his endeavor; and there, meeting him over the ridge, he found—himself. Oh, positive enough now was Lester Hope! He was so sure of himself that he could play with the situation, play with Pauline; yes, and play comedy. In his voice was the laughter of victory.

"Mrs. Lester Hope," he announced, "I've decided to appeal your case. I have won you once, and lost you. I have won you twice, and lost you. But now, by the Winged Victory of Samothrace, I'm going to win you the third time. I intend to take your case up to the Supreme Court!"

He seized that darling defendant in his arms and held her close.

"And I am now going to show you," he informed her, "what I know about the Supreme Courtship!"

But Pauline was pushing him away. "Wait! Wait a minute," she was crying; and then, with her two hands on his shoulders, she gazed long, long into his eyes.

"John Irons!" It was scarcely audible. And then: "You wrote those letters! You—wrote—that—book!"

And as she looked, looked, over her rapt face there passed admiration, contrition, anger, amusement, disappointment, delight—a rainbow of emotions refracted from the white light of revelation.

She sighed. "Well, in the last ten minutes I've thought out ten whole months," she went on, "and I want to tell you, Lester—Irons"—and now there was no mood on her face but joy—"that I haven't changed my mind one bit about that self-satisfied little chit of a heroine of yours. I hate her—just hate her! And I still insist that if I had been your hero I would have jolly well boxed her ears! Is it too late now, Les?"

It was Pauline-of-the-Violets who was speaking to him; it was Pauline-of-the-Violets who was smiling at him so mischievously.

But, temptingly though she leaned to him, he did not box those ears. Instead ——

The case of Irons versus Hope was not a long contest, the two parties to the suit—the blue worsted suit—soon arriving at a happy arrangement. After the Agreement was duly signed and sealed—some time after—Pauline smiled whimsically up into his eyes.

"I suppose I am a very bad woman," she said. "After being married to the nicest and cleverest man in the world, I have had two lovers. But it isn't every bad woman who can say—can she, Lester?—that she has been in love three times, and each time with her own husband!"

It was Mrs. Woodling's lifelong regret that John Irons refused to disclose his identity until his second book had been published. "And a second book," she confided, "is usually such a drop after an initial success!"

Considerable satisfaction it was to this professional hostess, nevertheless, to sustain her reputation as a lion hunter by being the first, the very first, to present the latest popular author to the public in flesh and blood and swallowtail.

He had insisted—genius is always eccentric, Mrs. Woodling well knew—and how she loved it!—that he be presented still as "John Irons"; and, standing beside his proud, smiling wife, he was so introduced to flattering fools who had once ignored him as "Mrs. Hope's Husband." To the unillumined his real name was whispered behind Mrs. Woodling's bediamonded fingers; at which her prize exhibit felt even queerer than he had when, coming home one evening, he had found the Irish night watchman sitting on his front steps reading the Book of Pride.

Yielding to Pauline's insistent fond demand, he endured it, however, for this one ridiculous evening only; and did his best to enjoy the comedy, accepting with ironic grace the exaggerated reward paid in such salons as this to literary achievement. Over bare shoulders, past heads tousled and heads bald, through the brilliant shifting whirl of wealth and talent, style and beauty gayly chattering, his eyes roved meantime toward the dim outer regions, limbos of hall and library, and the smoky refuge of the billiard room, questing a familiar expression on the faces of bored husbands. One or two such countenances assuaged his own ordeal.

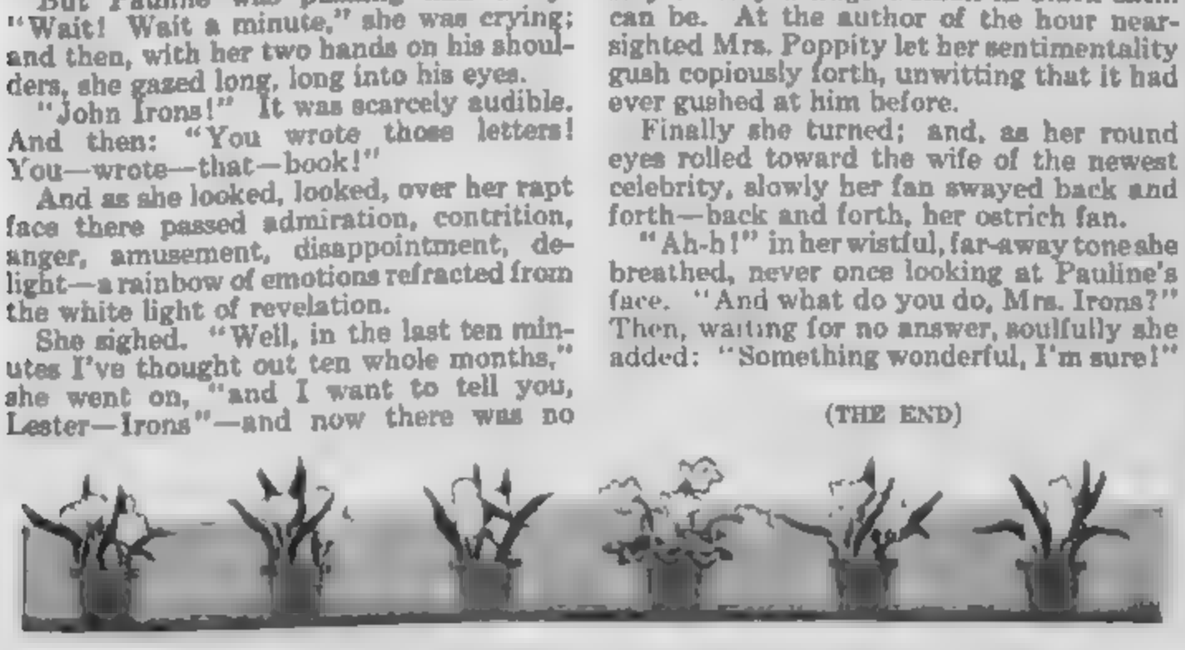
To Pauline, on the contrary, the affair, with its lights and laughter, was all solemn earnest. She glowed at the "fascinatings!" and "charmings!" and other adulatory adjectives bestowed upon his novel by sweet young things, low-necked, even as a mother listens to the praise of an only child. Eyes burning, unconscious even of her own pearls, she looked up at him, so handsome and distinguished, as every woman with a third lover looks at him, caring not who may witness her infatuation.

Toward the end of the evening a last, late-arriving lady was presented to "Mr. John Irons." She was a round-eyed matron in black satin. She was as soft and silly as only a huge woman in black satin can be. At the author of the hour near-sighted Mrs. Poppity let her sentimentality gush copiously forth, unwitting that it had ever gushed at him before.

Finally she turned; and, as her round eyes rolled toward the wife of the newest celebrity, slowly her fan swayed back and forth—back and forth, her ostrich fan.

"Ah-h!" in her wistful, far-away tone she breathed, never once looking at Pauline's face. "And what do you do, Mrs. Irons?" Then, waiting for no answer, soulfully she added: "Something wonderful, I'm sure!"

(THE END)



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For Men, Women and Children.

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Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

THE CASE AGAINST THE FARMER

(Continued from Page 27)

raise the price by one to three cents a package. Doubtless that decision will settle the whole matter. It may influence the number of packages consumed, but it will assure the net income to the manufacturer upon those which are consumed. This form of protection the farmer cannot have. His relief is in a totally different direction, with an entirely different effect upon the consuming public.

I have said, in effect, that the term American farmer is only a composite expression, covering thousands of families of all sorts and degrees of wealth, ability, industry and forehandedness. They represent a fair draft of humanity, ranging from the moderately wealthy to the very poor, with all possible gradations between; from those intellectually able to be presidents and governors to those who are in every sense dependents; from bankers and manufacturers who are also farmers to those who, anywhere else than upon poor land—the only land they are able to own—would be helpless paupers.

This great unassorted mass of citizens are farmers with one of two objects in view: "to make money"; or simply "to make a living." The banker-farmer owns and operates land as an investment, independent of temporary conditions. His purpose is to make money. The "hill billy" is content to raise enough to last until the next harvest. Between the two stand the millions who compose the mass of producers who by outside conditions wholly uncontrollable may be elevated into the money-making group or depressed into the primitive self-sufficing system, with little surplus after the family has fed itself! How easily the farmer, even of good intellect and moderate means, can be forced into the self-sufficing system will appear in good time. To the family this is purely an individual matter; but when thousands of families and farms are involved the lessened production becomes a public question.

There is little use in talking about the "average farmer"; for, again, there is no such thing in any significant sense of the term; but there are thousands upon thousands of farms ranging from eighty to one hundred and sixty acres, and hundreds of others at from two hundred and forty to three hundred and twenty acres. It is upon farms such as these that the great free surplus of food is produced.

The Desertion of Labor

Now the typical family of five cannot work one of these typical farms—at least, in such a manner as to secure a high yield to the acre! It has, therefore, been customary to hire one, two, three or more men, according to the size of the farm. But this army of farm labor is rapidly deserting to other industries, leaving the farmer with an impossible situation upon his hands. In saying this I am not alluding to the reasons for the exodus; I am simply stating the facts as they exist in order to press the question: What is the individual farmer going to do?—reminding the reader that if they all instinctively or of necessity seek a solution which reduces production the effect will be to create a public situation even more sharply defined than is possible with strikes and lockouts.

This desertion of labor from the farms has been a gradual process, whose effect has been largely counterbalanced up to the present by improved machinery and heavier horses. This compensation has now about reached its limit. The reaper has even been fitted with a gasoline engine to reënforce the team.

Some additional relief will come through the light tractor. The farmer has reached his limit in substituting horses and machinery for men; not only that, but as machinery has grown more abundant and complicated, and as animals have grown more costly, the grade of labor needed on the farm has steadily risen.

In many localities, such as those near great manufacturing centers and just where food is in most demand, it is now absolutely impossible to secure sufficient labor, even by the use of the best machinery, to cultivate and harvest the usual acreage. The little that is available is prohibitive in cost, and much of it is too transient and too incompetent to be trusted with the expensive animals and machinery needed for the best results.

Farmers have experimented with this new situation for some seasons now. They have tried to keep up production at increased expense for the sake of possible profits; but after the irritation of losses in animals and machinery, and after seeing all the profits, and more, pass out in the form of expenses, they say what any other business men would say, to quote the exact language: "Never again! I worked like a slave all summer and the hired help got it all. Next year I'll just put out what the boy and I can tend and let it go at that. We'll not make so many dollars, but they'll all be ours. In any case we'll make a living." The writer does not need to elucidate the effect of this general decision upon the totality of production, and especially upon the salable portion, which is excess above "making a living."

Nor is this a fancy picture. The writer knows of many acres that were plowed up last season only because labor could not be had; and he knows of many more acres that suffered in yield because "me and the boy couldn't get round with the work," so closely did harvesting press upon cultivation with an unaccustomed acreage. Such farmers—and their number is large and growing—are gradually being forced back upon the self-sufficing system. It is not of their choosing, nor would it be of their choice; but all these families have their economic problems, which must be solved. Like most other people, they live largely from hand to mouth; but, being at the source of supply, they solve their problem in a different way.

A Disastrous Venture

Of course the war and the automobile may be charged with the responsibility; and they are responsible. All they have done, however, is to make acute just now conditions that have been slowly forming for more than a decade, are already chronic, and which, instead of mending themselves, will become still more acute, as the reader will conclude if he has the patience to proceed a little farther into the analysis of conditions.

When the manufacturer is unable to get labor he closes his shop; when the farmer is unable to get labor he reduces his business. He can raise with his own labor something more than his own food supply, but he cannot make the acres yield abundantly. Farmers are, therefore, the last and the least to suffer under conditions that are bound to force production down and prices up.

Nothing illustrates like concrete examples. The following is an extreme case, and yet it perfectly illustrates in little the situation that is developing in the large: A certain Middle Western State is beginning to produce the sugar beet. A certain company succeeded in drawing contracts last season with a considerable number of farmers engaged in general farming—that is, in the production of wheat, corn, oats, hay, meat and milk.

These contracts specified that the farmer should receive five dollars a ton for his beets, delivered at the track, with a differential based on the estimated sugar content. Beet growing requires a vast amount of hand labor, and this the company undertook to supply at the farmers' expense. Whoever signed this contract found himself under obligation to cultivate thoroughly and fertilize heavily five, ten, fifteen acres of ground, and to pay out for hand labor some eighteen dollars an acre, with no guaranty as to ultimate income, either in beets or in dollars.

When the time for thinning came—a laborious process that brooks of no delay—the company shipped in a carload of laborers. Some of them had never seen a beet field; and, after thinning a rod or two of beets and contracting a first-class case of the backache, these laborers evaporated like mist before the morning sun. In a week all were gone from the community. A second and a third shipment followed the example of the first, and the farmers were left with the rapidly growing beets upon

(Concluded on Page 61)

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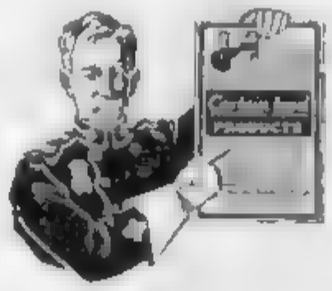

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WE MANUFACTURE NO READY-MADE CLOTHING

The largest tailors in the world of GOOD Made-to-Order clothes

(Concluded from Page 58)

their hands, with nobody obtainable to save the crops. The company divested itself of further responsibility under the contract and left the farmers with the situation on their hands, as such companies have often done in similar situations, even though the price of sugar was "bumping the skies," as the farmers well know.

What now should these farmers do under the circumstances? In this whole community there was just one day laborer who could be had in the beet fields, and he was able to earn under the conditions from six to ten dollars a day. The corn crop was in pressing need of cultivation; haying and harvest were coming on. The beet problem concerned only five to fifteen acres out of a total acreage of from one hundred and sixty to three hundred and twenty acres. The great part of the farm lay outside this problem. Again I ask: What could the individual farmer do? This was the question every one of them asked himself. Some did one thing; some another. Some plowed the crop under and put out the land in beans, which, as we know, resulted in nothing, for the bean crop was a failure. Others went into the field with wife and children, attempting to save at least a part of the crop.

Now these farmers were not ignorant peasants; they were college people. Whether they plowed down their fields or whether they attempted to save the crop, the ultimate result was the same—loss of money; for the company, despite the high price of sugar and despite its own forfeiture of contract, held the farmers rigidly to the original terms of five dollars a ton; delivered.

What now was the psychological effect upon this community? Are they holding mass meetings to stimulate enthusiasm in beet growing? Nay, verily; but the company has suddenly seen a light, as it is desperately endeavoring to renew contracts for the coming season, and it is offering to raise the price a dollar a ton, and not only to base a differential upon sugar content but also one upon the price of sugar in the open market during October, November and December next! And still the farmers shy at the proposition. What strange people these farmers are!

Cattle Raisers' Troubles

If this were a single instance it would have no effect; but when it is typical, what effect will it have upon the price of sugar?

The total result of this effort to grow an intensive crop was, upon the community, a distinct money loss; and from the standpoint of the public not only was it a failure to add perceptibly to sugar production but it resulted in an actual decrease in the output of staple crops.

To illustrate in another field: Sundry more or less public-spirited parties are attempting to turn the farmers' attention more extensively to meat production, arguing that the present high prices ought to be a stimulus; some even going so far as to launch campaigns for education among the farmers to teach them how to produce meat—as if they were not already past masters of this art! It would seem that the production of meat is exactly what the American farmer could undertake to best advantage—especially in view of the reduced labor supply.

Now this idea has occurred to the farmer himself—not once, but many times; and he has tried it repeatedly. He has learned, however, that upon a large scale it is a hazardous business.

For example, it will take a farmer three years from the time he determines to go into the meat business to put a steer upon the market, unless he short-circuits the operation by buying feeding stock away from his neighbors. Yet no one knows and no one will guarantee what prices will be. Even after the farmer has filled his feed lot, expecting to market a bunch in ninety days, he knows it is all a "gamble" as to market conditions.

Indeed, he has found by experience that, even after his steers are loaded on the cars and on their way to market, the bottom may drop out of prices, and not only his profits but a portion of his capital will disappear; and for no other reason than the fact that the yards were full of cattle on that particular day, a fact that no amount of prudence could possibly foresee. At one time or another I suppose this has been the experience of every man who ever undertook to put meat upon the market.

The discouraging feature of the market situation is not the year-by-year or even the month-by-month fluctuations, but rather those sudden and erratic drops of a few hours, due to a glutting of the market upon a particular day. There is no standard market quotation in meat, as there is in wheat. Each bunch of cattle must be separately sold, and when the buyers have filled their orders for that day they are reluctant to take any more livestock, except at ruinous prices. The farmer is at a disadvantage. His stock is quartered in the yards and is being kept at a ruinous charge for feed and yardage; and he has no recourse but to sell at the buyer's price.

Now he knows perfectly well this farmer—that his particular bunch of cattle was worth as much for consumption as they would have been the day before or the day after. He knows, too, that the consumer gets no advantage from his loss, or if he does that it is an unfair advantage; and in either case his enthusiasm is cooled. There is no retail merchant in any city but appreciates the disadvantage of sending out of the store a good customer disgruntled; but I ask the reader these questions: In what frame of mind is this farmer when he goes home after putting his entire farm crops into a bunch of steers? What is his probable inclination, to engage still more extensively in meat production or to discuss with some promoter the possibilities of putting his money into pure-bred cattle?

Production on Contract

He has learned by experience that this is a "bloody game," which he cannot afford to play beyond his ability to stand sudden and heavy losses against which he has no protection. Again, as in the case of crop production, he is forced to resort to his only protection—reduced production—running such cattle as he can upon his rougher land and feeding with his rougher feed. In this way he protects himself; but the public is less well fed. Any other course would drive the farmer into bankruptcy.

It may be said that this situation is inevitable. Perhaps so. If such be the case, however, it may as well be generally understood that American lands will not produce meat to their best advantage. The sugar-beet company represented at the outset that it was unable to afford any differential based on prices; but after the experience of the last year it seems to have changed its mind. There is one way by which the meat production in this country could be instantly and tremendously increased: If the buyers would contract in advance to pay the farmers—say, a year from next April—a certain minimum price, and then in addition at the end of the month estimate a differential based on the average price for the month, the farmers would know what to count on, at least within a reasonable limit, and meat would be forthcoming in unexpected amounts.

The writer is aware it will be answered that such a thing as a contract price for meat is impossible; that the farmer has always taken all the chances, and must continue to do so. This may all be true. I am not arguing that point at all. I am only stating the consequences that affect the public even more than the farmer. However, I do not hesitate to predict that the time will come when the farmer, like other people, will produce on contract; but in this matter the public and not the farmer will make the first advances.

In almost any other business than food production an enterprise can be based upon estimates and contracts, and the man who is to expend his money may know in advance what his building is to cost, the expense of grading the railroad or of building the bridge. Not so with the farmer. He not only assumes all the risk for what might be called the general level of prices, but in a few cases, as in meat production, he assumes the additional risk of minimum and erratic daily drops.

As has been pointed out, the farmer cannot strike; but he can reduce the scale of production indefinitely. If he cannot secure labor at all, or if he cannot secure it at a reasonable price, he works his acres less intensively. He protects his income as well as he can. Both he and the public suffer, but the farmer the least of all; for he is always in a position to feed himself.

This is all he can do; and he cannot be enticed out of it by Federal loans of money that he does not need, or by any scheme which is dangerous or impossible of development.

If the promoters of a rural-credit system had known as much about farming as they knew, or were supposed to know, about finance, they would have known that the productive farmer who owns his land is not suffering from want of credit, and that the only need for a Federal system of land credit is to enable landless young men to buy homes on long-term contracts and at moderate rates of interest.

A few paragraphs back it was intimated that the conditions tending to shortage of labor are not temporary, but almost certain to continue.

There is a final chapter to the story. Until recently the country children have had little education. They have gone to school in the winter, "when there was nothing else to do"; but they have begun to go to high school, and many of them to college. On many a good farm the farmer is unable to keep even one boy with him. He can no longer say: "Me and the boy." He is left the alternatives of working over his acres still less effectively, of hiring impossible labor at impossible prices, or of renting his farm to another, knowing perfectly well that that renter will be unable to bestow as much labor as the acres ought to have for a maximum or even for a reasonable production.

In the simplest language, and reduced to lowest terms, it all boils down to this: Labor cannot desert the farm forever; nor can wages be hammered up and hours of labor hammered down indefinitely without the whole situation "coming home to roost," as the farmer says, in the form of increased cost of food. And since this sentence was written a special effort has been begun to induce enlistment among farm boys.

Ideal Farming Not Practicable

It is not claimed in all this that farmers are doing as good farming as they ought. There are poor farmers just as there are poor merchants; but many of our most progressive farmers are unable to do as well as they would like. For example, the writer knows perfectly well that oats should be treated for smut; but on his own farm what would he do, under present conditions at seedingtime? The land is prepared for sowing; labor has been short; the season has been late; rains threaten; the corn ground is waiting to be prepared; and haying is not far distant. This afternoon may be the only time in which the oats can be sown at all.

I would, therefore, do as others do—"take the chance." I may lose much by sowing untreated oats. On the other hand, I would either lose the crop by not sowing them, or else I would delay the whole season's work—and perhaps both.

Or, again, it is time to sow wheat: The ground ought to be better prepared, and would have been better prepared had more labor been available. It is getting late. Rain threatens. Shall the farmer run the risk of a week's rain in the hope of better preparing his ground? Or shall he sow today, when he can, knowing that he must sacrifice something in yield because of ground that should have been better prepared?

Such are the questions constantly put before the farmer. Sometimes he decides one way, sometimes the other; but, whatever his decision, production is reduced, because it is impossible to prepare the ground properly and at the proper season with the available labor on the farm.

It is in ways like these that thousands of farmers are finding themselves unable to do as good farming as they hoped to do when they should become "more forehanded." The remedy is not through spectacular campaigns of education, nor yet through appeals to industry and patriotism. What the farmer wants and must have is not money or patronage, but more labor and safer markets. Until these come he will and must protect himself by the only available methods, which necessarily mean reduced production.

The above was written from the standpoint of present conditions. In time of dire distress, such as attends exhausting warfare, it would be entirely possible, by taking the children from the schools and the wives from the home, more than to double the intelligent labor available for food production, because both the children and the wives are entirely competent to operate the most expensive machinery. But that such a move will never be undertaken in time of peace goes without saying.

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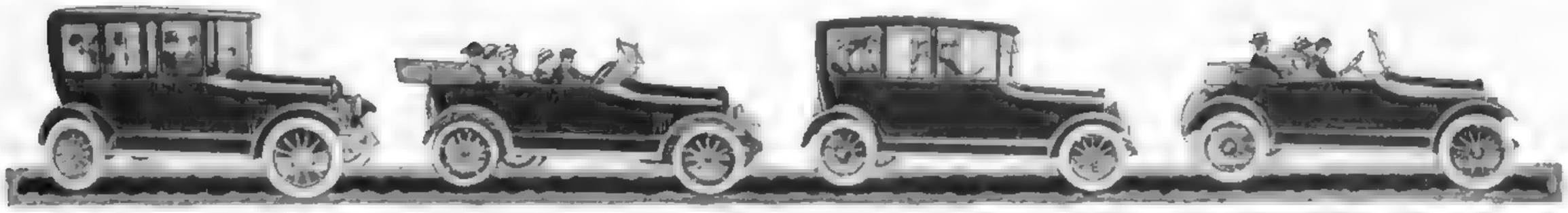

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WAYS THAT ARE DARK

(Continued from Page 4)

Small-arms ammunition is also running very low, unless the government has recently received an alleged shipment of twenty-five million rounds from Japan. For months the Carrancistas have been making frantic efforts to obtain any and all sorts of ammunition from the United States.

It was announced with a flourish in February that an outfit for the manufacture of small-arms ammunition had been received from Japan which will have a capacity of 500,000 a day. Japanese experts were reported to have accompanied this shipment in order to install the machinery; but it is well to take this news with a grain of salt.

The machinery they now have in the government arsenals can turn out only one hundred and forty thousand rounds a day. Granted they have acquired a new outfit, possibly three hundred thousand rounds a day might be counted on, after making due allowance for inefficiency and stoppages for repairs.

Right next to Carranza geographically, and jostling elbows with him, is Emiliano Zapata, who controls the entire state of Morelos and portions of the country districts of Puebla, Hidalgo, Guerrero, Tlaxcala, Vera Cruz, and the state of Mexico. He is credited with twenty thousand men. On occasion he has raised twice that number. But they are inadequately equipped and lack ammunition.

His artillery is of no consequence, consisting of twenty guns in bad shape. Zapata manufactures ammunition for his own use; but it is of very low grade, and his followers depend largely on capture and purchase from the Carrancistas.

This fellow Zapata is the one unwhipped rebel of them all. Much inferior in ability and military prowess to Villa, he has, nevertheless, contrived to escape the disasters that have repeatedly overtaken Pancho. This is partly attributable to the character of his followers and the nature of the country in which they operate, and partly to his methods and shrewdness in never risking a serious engagement, except in overpowering strength. His specialties are ambush and the robbing of trains.

Zapata and Villa

He got his start in the last days of Porfirio Diaz, but made little headway until the Madero régime. His strength grew prodigiously then, and when Victoriana Huerta climbed to the president's chair over the bodies of Madero and Suarez, Zapata dominated large areas in the south. Indeed, the hard-headed old dictator couldn't take an automobile ride in the outskirts of his capital without seeing the camp fires of the Zapatistas in the hills. The threat of Zapata hung over Mexico City day and night. Mothers quieted naughty children with it.

Zapata is a fox in cunning and a perfect monster of cruelty. He has good organizing ability, but not the quality of leadership that draws men. Yet so great has been his success that it looked as though he and Pancho Villa would divide Mexico between them three years ago, Villa taking the north and Zapata the south. And then they flivvered! What a day for the two bandits when their forces held Mexico City and they conferred in the throne room of the national palace!

A jefe who holds a fine fist of trumps is Manuel Pelaez. He comes from a family of landowners that was almost beggared by the various revolutions. Manuel perceived a chance to recoup their fortunes by the same means that had wiped them out, and accordingly took the field. It was comparatively easy to secure a following, and now he is credited with sixty-five hundred men. They are probably the best-paid troops in Mexico, too, for Pelaez takes toll from the oil interests.

His men are fairly well equipped and are said to have reached a high state of efficiency.

Pelaez seems to be affiliated with Felix Diaz; the regions under his control include Ozuluama, Tuxpan, Tantoyuca, and Tamiahua in the state of Vera Cruz, to the limits of the Panuco River and Tampico.

We come next to the Cedilla brothers, who are strong in San Luis Potosi and the major part of Tamaulipas, and have operated as far as the states of Coahuila and Nuevo Leon. The Cedillas have about six thousand men, but they are poorly equipped and without artillery.

Over on the southwestern coast is Felix Diaz, nephew to the great Porfirio. He represents the Cientifico element, and this is his third or fourth try at insurrection. Huerta contemptuously ignored him. He is vacillating and lacking in boldness; José Robles is the brains and directing power behind the Diaz campaign.

The two have seven thousand troops in Oaxaca and nearly three thousand in Chiapas. Their equipment is good. The Felicistas also operate in the states of Puebla and Vera Cruz. Recently they have been very short of ammunition and money.

If there be a sinecure in Mexico, Cantu certainly has it in Lower California. Ostensibly lined up with Carranza, he is independent in reality, and acts that way.

No other jefe has an army that can compare with his in point of equipment and training. Numerically it is small—in the neighborhood of two thousand five hundred men. But his strategic position makes Cantu of paramount importance in any plan of aggression against the United States.

Pedro Gonzales, in Nuevo Leon; Zaragoza, in Coahuila—there are scores of petty chieftains infesting the country, with commands ranging from half a dozen to three hundred bravos. They are simply bandits and move about from town to town, pillaging whatever they can find. It is estimated that their aggregate strength will total twelve or thirteen thousand. Since they act on the principle of opposition to all authority, these forces can be classed as anti-Carranza; but they would have to be reckoned with by Uncle Sam in guerrilla warfare.

Lastly, there is Villa. He appears to have suffered a slump, but it would be well to distrust his seeming apathy. None of the late Villista operations have shown the punch that usually marks his campaigns, from which some argue that Pancho is not directing them personally, but is off somewhere in the mountains recovering from the Guerrero wound and other troubles.

The theory is given color by the spiritless doings of his forces under command of José Ynez Salazar. Despite brilliant successes by Pancho in capturing Chihuahua City and Torreon, the Villistas have broken up into small bands and are employing almost the same tactics as in the early part of 1916, when their leader was off in hiding. This has resulted in his army melting away; so that it is doubtful whether he has more than ten thousand men directly under his command at the present time. But any definite, active campaign he might inaugurate would see a tremendous accession to his ranks.

His difficulty would be to equip them. Not more than six thousand of his present force are adequately equipped and he is desperately short of ammunition. Villa has thirty guns; but they are in execrable shape, and he lacks artillery ammunition. The Villista stamping grounds are the states of Chihuahua and Durango. He has also a considerable following in Sonora.

The Hand of Germany

From the foregoing one may perceive the tremendous obstacles in the way of concerted action by the Mexicans against the United States. Of course their hatred of the gringo might swing all factions into line to repel invasion. But it is impossible to imagine Uncle Sam in that rôle, and the conflict of interests is too acute to make possible a close union of these independent jefes for attack.

Imagine Villa taking orders from President Carranza! Colonel Roosevelt serving under Bryan involves no wilder flight! Or try to conceive of Zapata keeping faith! The man who could draw all factions of Mexico under him to make head against us is not in sight.

Therefore, unless we invade Mexico, the worst we have probably to fear is an isolated raid or two, seizure of American properties throughout the republic, and responsibility thrust upon us for injury to foreign interests. We are used to all these, and the prospect seems to hold nothing to grow excited over.

Now for the mischief the Germans might work south of the Rio Grande.

They might win Carranza to shutting off the Tampico oil supply to the British fleet or pay some rebel chief to raid and destroy the fields. The incalculable future loss of revenue to his country would never occur to such a man, or, if it did, would not deter him. Of course the British have long foreseen this possibility and have quietly taken steps to prevent it.

The most valuable help Germany could render would be financial, through the big German bank in Mexico City. That they have been preparing for this is indicated by the action of the Deutsche Bank in calling in heavy reserves from South America.

The Kaiser's government has also promised protection to Mexican harbors with submarines. To what degree they could furnish it is another matter; but it is fairly well established that they are already in possession of bases on both coasts of Mexico for their undersea boats.

Probably the most successful German effort would be directed against American properties in Mexico. Ever since the break between Carranza and Villa the Germans have been scheming to take over abandoned American mines and other enterprises. Back of many confiscations and threats of confiscation has been the adroit hand of German plotters.

Whether the Germans who have been successful in grabbing American enterprises will be able to make their title stick when order is restored in the country is open to question. But meantime it is possible for them to make fat profits by working the properties. Nobody knows how much ore has gone into their possession in the last two years.

German Officers in Mexico

Just how many Germans could be counted upon for military service in Mexico it would be difficult to estimate. The total Teutonic population in the republic was variously estimated between ten and thirty thousand before this scare, which figures include men, women and children. Numbers of reservists have doubtless embarked for Mexico from American ports recently, and some have slipped across the line; but the total of them cannot be five per cent of the figures I have seen given in some newspapers.

Yet German officers are in every Mexican force. Carranza has them to direct his military purchasing department; they occupy high rank in the artillery, and are to be found on the staff of every important Carrancista commander.

They are with every faction. Every jefe with a following and some territory under his control has been approached. Since 1914 they have been the only foreigners whose property has been respected by all factions, and who have been permitted to travel about the country with safety, to come and go at will. The Germans have consistently played both ends against the middle; we are the middle.

They have intrigued with Villa. To what extent he has let them use him is hard to determine, but it is altogether probable that the United States has yet to feel his worst stroke. He has been quiet a long time and even his friends seem unable to locate him. It is in periods of quiescence that Villa is most dangerous. Invariably he is busy then in organizing for a fresh effort.

His sentiments toward the United States may be gauged by what he told the citizens of Parral just before moving his forces out, toward the end of January. He summoned all the male population before him and announced that he required a loan from each man to help fight the gringos. Any who refused to contribute, or professed inability to do so, would be forced to give military service, he said. Of course they all chipped in—anywhere from fifty cents to a hundred pesos.

There have been persistent reports that he was endeavoring to form an alliance with Manuel Pelaez, with a view to shutting off the oil fields to the British; and with Cantu, who rules in Lower California. As Cantu controls many excellent harbors and likely points for submarine bases, he would be a valuable asset to any such alliance as Herr Zimmermann projected.

The extravagant character of some of the plots is enough to stir the risibilities. Zimmermann was for an alliance with Mexico by which the two countries should make war together against the United States and together make peace. "We shall give general financial support, and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer the lost

(Concluded on Page 66)

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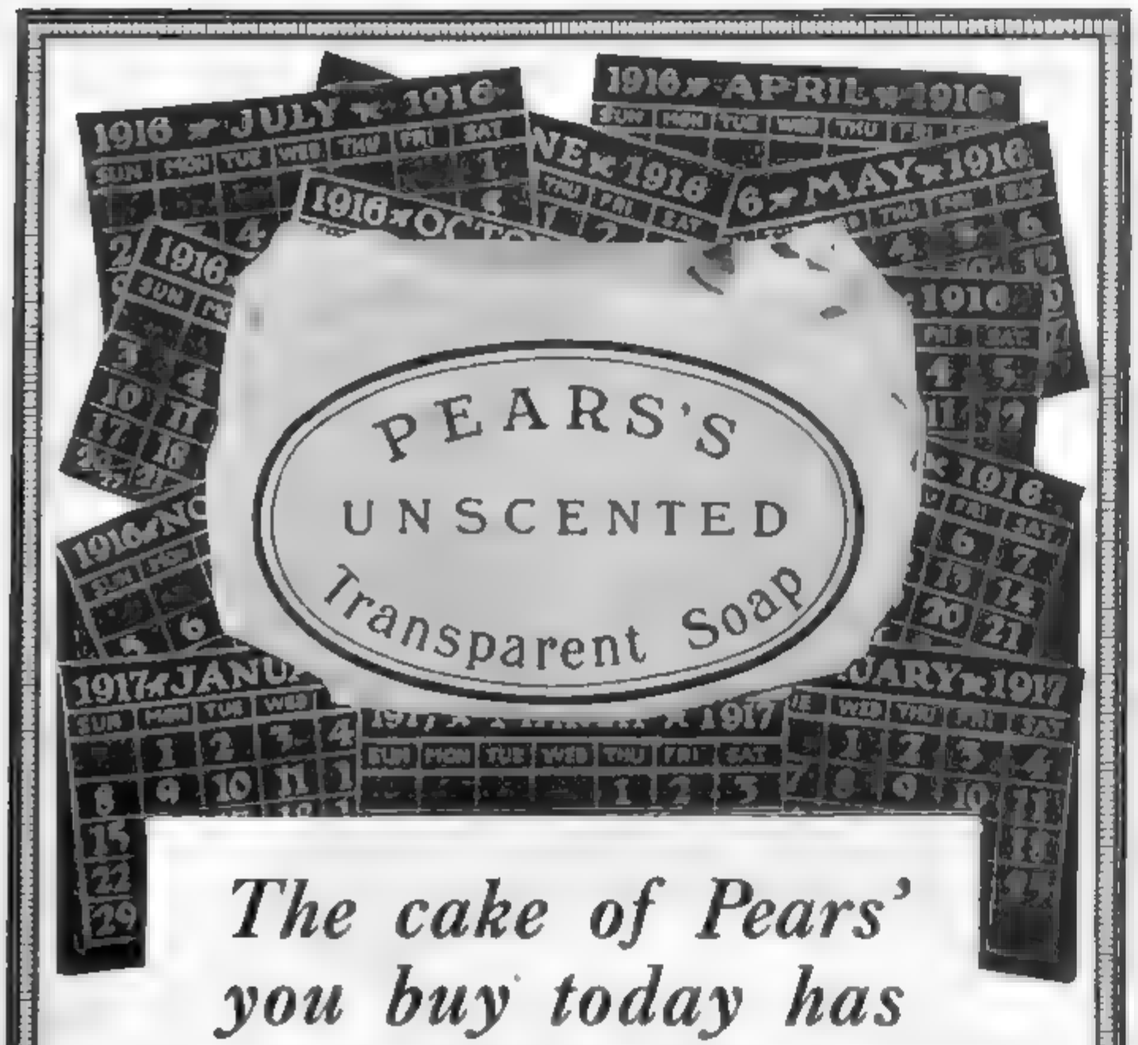

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(Concluded from Page 63)

territory in New Mexico, Texas and Arizona." The "details" of this achievement he leaves to Mexico to settle! It's enough to make even Carranza grin.

It is curious that the mere fact of a plan's being fantastic and silly never seems to deter a German or a Mexican. Take the case of the German Legion which it was proposed to form to help fight the gringos:

A force of three thousand men was to be raised from the Germans resident in Mexico and whatever reservists could be obtained from the United States. This German Legion was to hold itself in readiness to coöperate with the Mexican Army when war broke. The Mexicans would entice the American forces across the Border and then the German Legion would cut in behind, placing the Americans between two fires and capturing El Paso. It would surprise you to learn the number of Mexicans who took the scheme seriously.

For conspiracies are their forte. It is as natural for a Mexican to intrigue as for a fish to swim. The heathen Chinee has nothing on him for ways that are dark.

"If normal conditions could be restored in Mexico ——" began a traveling man on the train from Laredo to San Antonio; and then an American resident of Monterey cut in.

"Normal conditions?" he repeated. "Why, man, these are normal conditions for Mexico! It is abnormal for her to be at peace. Except under the Diaz régime, there have been constant conspiracies and revolutions and fighting for a hundred and seven years."

This is literally true. It all began back in 1810, when Don Miguel Hidalgo, a priest, headed a revolt against the power of Spain. He was beaten and paid for it with his life; but another priest, Morelos, took up the cause.

Augustin de Iturbide led an insurrection in 1821 and threw off the foreign yoke, becoming regent and then emperor, by the help of his army and the mob. This order of things did not endure long. Santa Anna proclaimed a republic on December 2, 1822, and three months later Iturbide abdicated. Juan Felix Fernande Victoria became president, with a constitution for the new confederation similar to that of the United States.

But they were at it again within six years, when Pedraza was elected to the presidency, and Guerrero, the defeated candidate, took up arms. That habit seems to be ingrained in Mexicans: If you are beaten at the polls, start a revolution.

Revolts and Revolutions

Guerrero drove his opponent out. The same year Spain made an attempt to regain her lost empire and landed a force of four thousand men; but they were obliged to capitulate.

To keep things moving, Vice President Bustamente next rebelled and deposed Guerrero, seizing power for himself. But disturbances continued throughout the country. Bustamente was succeeded by Pedraza, who was deposed in turn by Santa Anna in 1833. Revolts now became so numerous that the constitution was abrogated in 1835 and the conversion of the confederated states into a consolidated republic took place, with Santa Anna in the president's chair. He was virtually dictator.

Texas, with its American colonists, did not acquiesce in this last revolution and the subsequent arrangement. They rebelled. Santa Anna proceeded against them with the flower of his forces, but was wiped out at San Jacinto on April 21, 1836. The dictator himself was among the prisoners.

The defeat threw Mexico again into confusion. Bustamente forged to the front and assumed the presidency. But Santa Anna was returned by the United States, and a long period of confusion followed, with the constitution suspended and dictator after dictator ruling the country.

Then Santa Anna became president again only to be deposed by another revolution. He was banished and Canalizo succeeded him; but he, too, succumbed to a revolt three months later. Herrera, the next president, was likewise driven out.

Paredes followed. During his administration Mexico entered on war with the United States, which resulted in triumphs for the American forces. Santa Anna, returned from exile, secured the presidency and led an army against the invaders, but was completely overthrown. By the terms of settlement, Mexico ceded Texas, California and New Mexico to the United States.

Conditions About Normal

Once more Santa Anna became an exile, but was recalled in 1853 and elevated to the presidency for the fifth time. About two years later, however, he was deposed by an insurrection headed by Alvarez. The latter soon resigned in favor of Comonfort and there followed a series of revolts. Zuloaga then took the reins from Comonfort; but Benito Juarez, chief justice of the supreme court, opposed him. More fighting ensued; Juarez established himself at Vera Cruz as constitutional president. The next year Zuloaga was constrained to abdicate in favor of Miramon and the latter inaugurated a campaign against Juarez, who gave him a bad drubbing and entered the capital in triumph in 1861. Recognition by the United States of his claims to the presidency proved a powerful factor in the success of Juarez.

He now proceeded to reorganize the country. But in his confiscation of church properties he stirred up trouble for himself. Spain, France and England presented claims for reparation of injuries and losses sustained by their subjects in Mexico, and, receiving no satisfaction from Juarez, started in to collect for themselves. They landed expeditions at Vera Cruz, but later the Spanish and English were pacified, and withdrew their forces. The French remained, and on April 16, 1862, war was declared.

The French managed to occupy the capital the following year, Juarez and his ministry having retired to San Luis Potosi. A regency was formed; and an assembly of notables, convened for the purpose, voted to establish a hereditary monarchical government under a Roman Catholic emperor. The crown was tendered to Archduke Maximilian of Austria, and was accepted.

He arrived in Mexico City on June 12, 1864. But Juarez was busy in the north, organizing for a campaign. He launched it from El Paso in 1866. Victory followed victory, and a year later the French troops were withdrawn from the country. Left to his own resources, Maximilian struck northward with five thousand men, but was beaten and captured at Querétaro. They tried him by court-martial; he was condemned and shot.

Juarez reëntered Mexico City in triumph and was elevated to the presidency again the following October. Some trouble was caused by Santa Anna, who made an attempt to seize certain gulf ports and promote a conspiracy; but Juarez defeated and captured him.

Still other insurrections occurred, but Juarez managed to be reelected in 1871, the opposing candidates being Porfirio Diaz and Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada. Juarez died in 1872.

Everybody knows the career of Porfirio Diaz from its stormy beginnings to its tragic end, as an exile. During his iron rule Mexico enjoyed the only surcease from strife it has known since 1810.

This bit of history is inflicted upon you merely to show that conditions are really about normal south of the Rio Grande.

RUSSIA AND RASPUTIN

(Continued from Page 9)

aristocratic type, he had been accustomed to say that Russia could not be great if she departed from her three basic principles—autocracy, state religion, national pride. Evidently an insult offered to such a man as this would be resented by the very class upon which the government leaned for support.

Yet this was one of the ministers whom Rasputin not only insulted but dismissed. The quarrel arose out of a ludicrous incident, the kind of incident which could not happen anywhere but in Russia. The Bishop of Tobolsk was an ignorant, superstitious, pushing prelate, who had been in his early years of manhood a gardener and a friend of Rasputin. He addressed to the Holy Synod a letter declaring that in a dream John of Tobolsk, a character half historical, half legendary, had appeared to him. John complained that the Russian people in their hour of need could not pray to him for his assistance as they might if he were to be declared a saint. Varnahvé, the bishop, therefore asked the Holy Synod to canonize John of Tobolsk. The Holy Synod said "We will see about it after the war." This was a polite way of turning Bishop Varnahvé down. But he was not easy to turn down. He started an agitation, appealed to Rasputin. This brought the matter into the region of what the Russian newspapers comically call "spheres," or, as we might say, the highest spheres. The result was that the bishop was encouraged to canonize John himself. For this astonishing performance the synod called him to account. He obeyed their summons, but declined to explain further than by assuring them that he had the highest authority for what he had done. The synod condemned him to be expelled from his bishopric. Varnahvé again appealed to Rasputin. The result again satisfied him. He remained in his holy office. It was the Procurator of the Holy Synod who lost his job.

Such scandalous episodes as this disgusted all decent people. The Czar was not blamed. People knew that he was deceived by sycophants and dishonest officials. It was easy for them to approach him and they made it exceedingly difficult for men of a better stamp to do so. When the President of the Duma, Mr. Rodzianko, who lately played a leading part in the overthrow of the government, was charged to lay before the Czar an account of the Duma's activities, he was not received. When six men of high character, including the Mayor of Moscow and Prince Lvoff, the head of the County Councils' Red Cross organization, which has done magnificent work during the war and won the gratitude of the army, were nominated to convey to his majesty the resolutions of the most important public bodies in the country, they were not received. The argument used by the Dark Forces was always the same. They whispered to the emperor "Revolutions." They told him that all who wish for change are dangerous. They urged him to be firm if he wished to hand down to his son the autocracy as he received it from his father, Alexander the Third.

Tongue-Tied Bureaucrats

There was no one who had both the opportunity and the courage to warn the Czar that systems which do not change come always to unfortunate and usually to violent ends. Russian statesmen were afraid of the system. They were afraid of each other. There was a conspiracy of silence to prevent anything like open discussion. The difference between a country which governs itself through elected representatives and a country which is governed by a bureaucracy—that is to say, by officials who form a caste, who are responsible only to the sovereign and to their official superiors—is this: The former country belongs to the people, the latter belongs to the bureaucrats. In Russia it was the custom of officials to speak of themselves as we, and to refer to all the nonofficial population as you.

For example, "It is our part to give orders, and your part to obey them."

Now in countries where this great gulf is fixed between officials and the people, it always happens that the officials make it one of their first endeavors to suppress free speech. Free speech had been so long and so vigorously suppressed in Russia that ministers, who had mostly been bred in bureaucratic traditions and who were, therefore, mostly officials without independence of character or intellect, shrank instinctively from the thought of saying anything which might startle or offend the royal ear.

The ministers who were dismissed for being too progressive in their opinions might have done their country and all its allies a valuable service, if they had only been bold enough to speak out. If Mr. Sazonoff, Mr. Krivosheen and General Polivanoff had told the world why they were relieved of their offices, the effect must have been good. If all the ministers who knew Goremeekin to be useless and who believed Sturmer to be a scoundrel had in a body declined to serve under these nominees to the Camarilla, the Czar's eyes must have been opened then. But, instead of protesting, they accepted their dismissals meekly, said nothing in public and helped to perpetrate the end which had overthrown them.

It was Goremeekin, by the way, who from the outset declined, as President of the Council of Ministers, to concern himself with the war. It was the business of the military, he said. A mummy of a man, so thickly cased in officialism that he could not conceive of any but strictly official methods being employed even in war time.

The Fate of Rasputin's Enemies

It was Sturmer whom Mr. Miliukoff and others in the Duma accused, upon the evidence of his own private secretary, of taking bribes. The secretary was caught in the act of blackmailing. He declared that he was only carrying out the intentions of his employer, the prime minister, and that the money was to be shared with him. After being detained for some months and examined by an investigating magistrate and passed on to a higher court, this secretary was suddenly set free by order, not of the Minister for Justice, but by some higher authority.

Never in the history of Russian judicial procedure had the course of the law been thus impudently interfered with. The Minister for Justice, Makaroff, resigned. He refused to shield Sturmer and his tool, just as Samarin had refused to be browbeaten by Rasputin. Yet neither denounced the infamous proceedings of the Camarilla, which had brought them to the ground.

Truly, there was small encouragement to anyone to speak out his mind. General Junekoffski was Assistant Minister of the Interior in 1915. It was reported to him that Rasputin had been behaving noisily and disreputably with two loose women in a Moscow restaurant, the famous Yar's. This was how Rasputin frequently did behave. Junekoffski, although he was said to owe his position to the dissolute friar, felt that it was time to show him up. He sent word of this public orgy to the Czar's private secretary, Count Orloff, who brought it to the notice of the Czar. Both Junekoffski and Orloff were dismissed.

One minister there was who defied Rasputin, ordered him out of his room, refused to hold any conference with him. He in due course disappeared. It took time in some cases for the vengeance of Rasputin to operate, but I don't know of any case in which it failed. Another minister, Alexei N. Kvostoff, tried another plan. He did not openly defy the court favorite. He set on foot a conspiracy to kill him. Unfortunately the plot was discovered. Mr. Kvostoff, of course, had to go, though he made a fierce attempt to keep his position by throwing the blame upon his assistant minister and ordering him to take up a provincial governorship in Siberia. The assistant minister was a man of some spirit. He declared he would not leave Petrograd until he had dragged Kvostoff down. He kept his word.

A strange bewildering system under which cabinet ministers hatched murder conspiracies, the law taking no notice! Everyone knew and talked about this curious episode. No one was surprised at the absence of legal inquiry. Actions which would have brought the name of Rasputin into notice were never allowed to come to trial. Efforts were systematically made to keep his name out of the newspapers. In Russia such efforts seldom completely succeeded.

(Concluded on Page 71)

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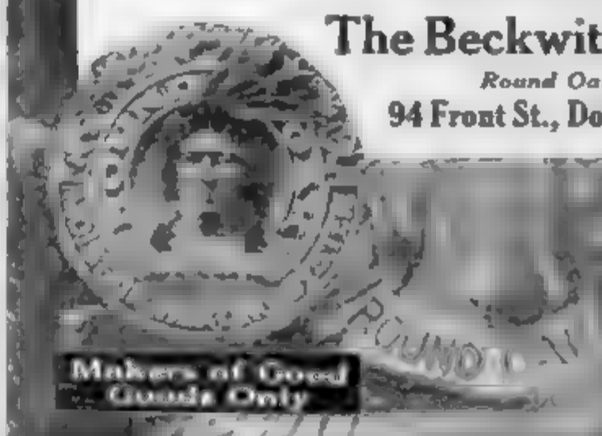

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Always will it yield waterproof quality, unchallenged and unsurpassed.

Always will it offer changeless Goodyear quality—always the same no matter what grade of shoe you buy.

And remember this:—Neōlin soles are for you, your wife, your child.

They look as good as they wear or feel, either upon new shoes or as new soles on old shoes.

Ask for Neōlin at retailers' or shoe-repairers', who have it or can get it.

It comes in black, tan and white, all marked Neōlin. And to avoid the imitations, mark that mark—stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

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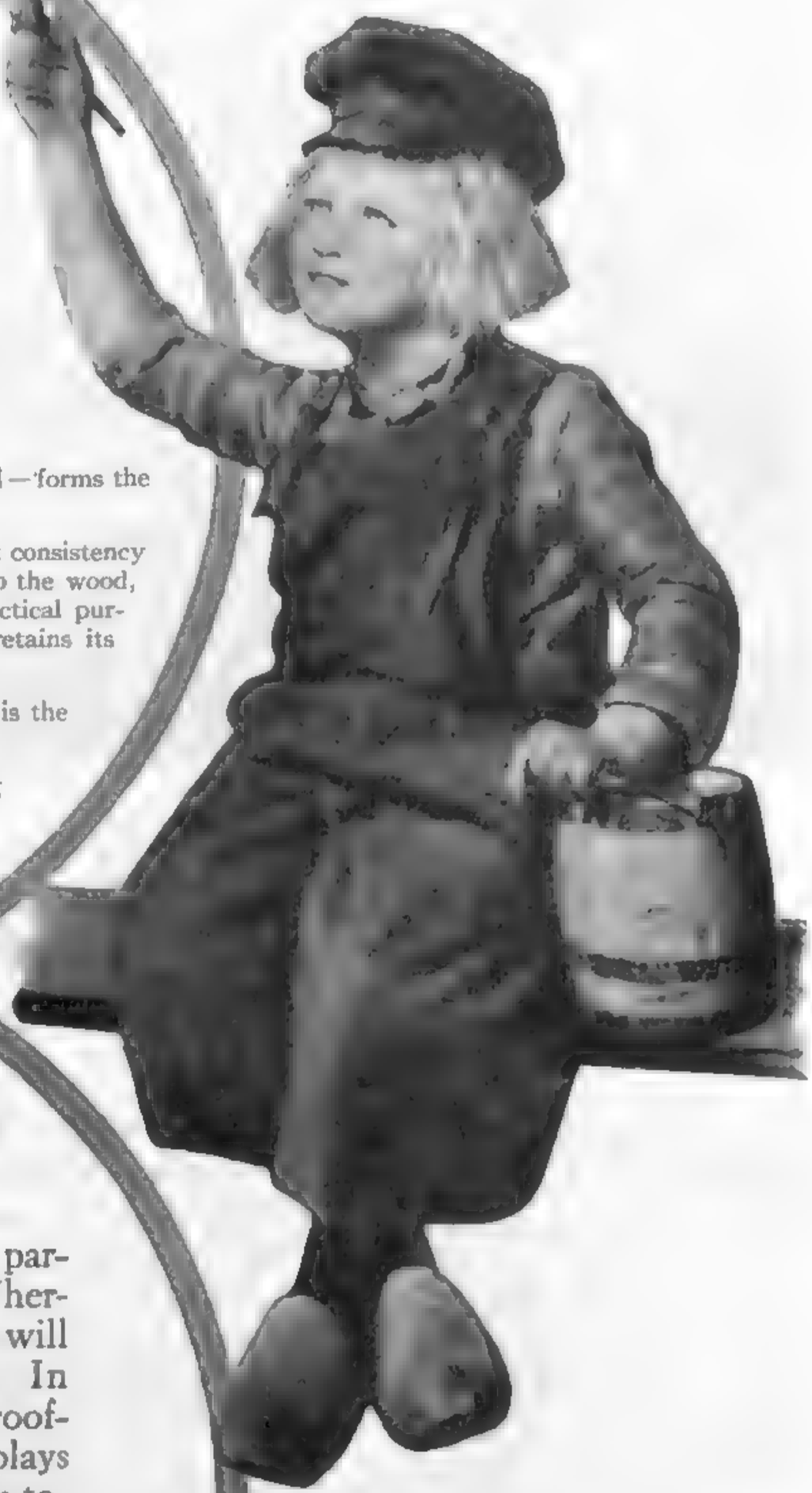
Lead is practically indispensable to our civilization. One realizes this and thinks of plumbing, telephone cables and factory uses. But lead bears an equally vital part in beautifying our world. It gives us the best paint. Without paint, our homes would be unattractive and decay would be rapid.

Lead is tough, plastic and immune to moisture. White-lead—corroded lead—forms the basis of most paints. The more white-lead, the better the paint.

Dutch Boy White-Lead is pure white-lead—nothing else. Thinned to paint consistency with linseed oil, it is durable, tough and waterproof. It penetrates into the wood, clinging firmly with innumerable tiny tentacles, thus becoming, for practical purposes, part of the wood itself. It does not crack, chip or peel. It retains its beauty. It wears.

In the same way, Dutch Boy Red-Lead is the paint for metal. It is the deadliest enemy of rust.

Ask for Paint Facts No. 143. We will send information telling how to paint economically and well.



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Dutch Boy Solders are standard the country over. From the very fine No. 111 to No. 888 wiping grade, each excels in its particular field, and each *always runs true to formula*. Uniformity in solders is vital.

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Dutch Boy Products

(Concluded from Page 67)

There were too many authorities, each independent of the other, for any general decision to be taken and acted upon.

One day the Bourse Gazette, a leading Petrograd newspaper, astonished its readers—and that day they were legion—by printing the opening chapter of a life of Rasputin. A second installment appeared, then a third. After that no more! How they were permitted to appear no one could guess, but few doubted that the dismissals of the Minister of the Interior—Prince Scherbatoff—and of the Military Governor of Petrograd, which followed very shortly after, represented Rasputin's revenge.

Scherbatoff, a weak but well-intentioned man, was marked already for destruction as an advocate of general concessions toward constitutional government.

"The system, the whole system and nothing but the system," was the Camarilla's slogan. They blindly urged the Czar to tread the same pathway as the Bourbons and Charles the First.

How soon, asked all good Russians anxiously, would he see them as they were and change the governmental attitude of fear and suspicion into an attitude of coöperation and trust?

You may say that "all good citizens" must be overstating the majority in favor of a change from the system which made Rasputin possible. Yet I think that anyone who has been for any length of time in Russia during the war, and who has talked with all kinds of people, would agree that only those were in favor of this system who had something to gain by its continuance. All the newspapers were against it, with the exception of the small sheets supported by the home office, or by some other secret service fund, and these are very little seen. All the public men of any prominence were against it. No voice was raised publicly in its defense outside the Duma, and in the Duma the spokesman of the very small reactionary group was the butt of the house. Mr. Markoff's speeches were of immense length, but there was very little reasoning in them. He followed the line indicated shrewdly on the barrister's brief, in the anecdote: "No case. Abuse plaintiff's attorney!" He was scarcely taken seriously even by his own side, and when finally he was suspended for using abominable language to the president of the Duma, as a reprisal for what had been said in the chamber about "the highest personages," several members of his party left it in disgust. Out of four hundred and twenty-two deputies in the lower house, scarcely a hundred supported the Camarilla; many of these were priests, many retired officers or officials. There was not one man of front-rank position among them, either in politics or in any other walk of life.

The leader of the extreme conservatives before the war was Mr. Purishkévitch, a little man of fiery vigor who brings to every task he takes in hand an energy which I can only compare with that of a steam saw. When he was a supporter of the system, he attacked everyone opposed to it, and especially he attacked the Jews in the most savage and violent terms. Now he turns upon his former friends with the same fierceness. He has been during the whole war working with the Red Cross organization at the Front. He has seen for himself the consequences of the Camarilla. He related some of them in the Duma. He asked, for instance, how it was that, when railways were so badly needed for the transportation of troops and munitions, a certain General Voiyékoff, who was commandant of the palace, was able to get a line made for the sole purpose of putting more easily on the market a mineral water that he owns. He told also how he saw on a railway which professed to have no wagons to spare for supplying the hungry populations of the cities with food a train of seventy wagons laden with a private consignment of phosphates for the lands of a cabinet minister.

"I am still the most conservative of you all," said Mr. Purishkévitch, "but I cannot keep silence when I see such scandals permitted." He, like so many other conservatives, went over to the side of the progressives simply because he was convinced that the Camarilla would lead the country to disaster.

Do not imagine that the internal conflict in Russia is a political conflict. The Russian people are not political idealists. They will be satisfied, I am convinced, with any system which does the work of government well. They revolted because the old system did it badly, because the railways were ill managed, because favoritism and bribery were rife.

When I went to Russia late in 1914 every one was saying "There will be changes after the war." Dr. Shingaroff, a very able and noted worker in the cause of better government, declared at a county council campaign "Every war has left Russia stronger. After the Crimean War the corruption among the officials began to be put down. After the war against Japan we had the beginnings of a constitution. After this war Russia will be free." But there grew up a strong feeling that after the war would be too late.

There was a fear that unless changes were made immediately the war which is being won by France and England in the West might be lost upon the Eastern front. If that had happened, the army would have felt that it had been betrayed. For all reasons, therefore, it was feared that delays in making the changes demanded by the representatives of the nation would have tragically dangerous ends.

It was fear of the effect of Rasputin upon the fortunes of the imperial family which led directly to his removal. All talked indignantly about him; all felt shame that such a man should exercise power. His loathsome character was notorious. The aged honorable Archbishop Vladimir of Petrograd had a recommendation from Rasputin brought to him by a lady who desired some favor of the church. He tore up the letter and earnestly counseled her to have nothing to do with that base fellow. Rasputin in course of time had Vladimir shifted to Kieff and put in his place an ally of his own.

Though all his basenesses were not published, sufficient was known to win him universal hatred and contempt.

Yet the Russian temperament is lethargic. There was general agreement that Rasputin ought, in the interest of the country, to be exterminated. There was general regret that the attempt on his life, made by a woman just before the war, had not succeeded. But the talk and the discussion led to no act, until the patriotism of the grand dukes, stimulated by fear for their position and their revenues, drove them to undertake what almost everybody wanted and what nobody else dared.

Three grand dukes took part in the plot, and they found an energetic leader in a young prince who is married to a grand duchess. This young man was at Oxford for a few terms, and was considered there both daring and eccentric. He certainly showed courage when he offered to lend his palace, on one of the Petrograd canals, as the final scene of the Rasputin tragic farce.

Secrets are never kept in Russia. For several days before the murder it was whispered in the capital that the sands of the favorite's life were running out. He heard the rumor himself. It was carried to him no doubt by some lickspittle or by one of the many suppliants who waited every day in the corridor and antechamber of his apartments, to beg the aid of the power behind the throne. On the fatal day he received the invitation to sup with the four young men, as he had supped often before and in his drunkenness blabbed of the hidden doings of the Camarilla. He at first refused it. It is unlikely that he suspected them of intending to kill him. He was, however, disturbed by rumor and inclined to stay at home.

His unwillingness was overcome by a woman employed to entrap him. In these stories there is usually a woman, playing the Delilah part. He shook off his uneasiness, went to supper, drank, jested, fondled his Delilah, and forgot that he had been warned of danger. At two o'clock in the morning he was suddenly and grimly reminded of his fears. The conspirators stood up. One of them drew a revolver and put it in Rasputin's hand.

"We have determined," he said, "that you must die, Rasputin. Be a man! Take this and kill yourself!"

Rasputin snatched the revolver and fired it in anger against his executioners. It exploded harmlessly, only broke a window. For an instant after the noise of the shot and the tinkling fall of glass there was silence. Then the conspirators flung themselves upon the condemned man. The women, terrified, huddled together in a corner. The execution was soon over. Of course shots were heard outside. Policemen from a station just across the way came to make inquiries. They were told "A dog has been killed. It became dangerous." They went away satisfied. Was not the owner of the house both noble and rich?

A little while afterward the women were sent away, driven out of the palace by the servants, protesting, resisting. For what reason? God knows! Perhaps they had some affection for the wretched creature who now lay twisted into the grotesque parody of a man, his head pierced by bullets, his beard and hair matted with blood and brains.

The rest of the story is known well enough. A motor car was driven up to the palace, the body was brought out and pushed into it. It drove off at a speed too great for the police, who were now alarmed, to be able to follow. Next morning workpeople, passing across a bridge near the mouth of the Neva, saw in the gray light a fur overcoat and a pair of goloshes in the ice.

The police were informed. The overcoat and goloshes were identified. Clearly the body of Rasputin was not far off.

The police knew already who had been killed in the palace by the Moika Canal. Soon after the motor car drove off, a member of the Duma, who took part in the removal, informed them that Rasputin had "died suddenly" and told them to draw up a report upon the events of the night. But the best report which could be framed had been already worded: "A dog became dangerous. He has been killed."

The Mate of the Susie Oakes

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

"I NEVER hear talk of a family fuss without I think of Abner Broad," the Skipper began; and when he speaks in this wise I have learned to guard my tongue, and even scratch my matches gently, lest the train be broken.

He puffed at his pipe and looked at me through the smoke in an inquiring fashion; and I nodded indifferently, as if his thoughts interested me not at all. This always piqued him, and loosened his tongue; and he plunged forthwith into the tale.

He mixed in a family squall—said the Skipper—and what come of it was a-plenty. Abner was mate of the Susie Oakes, and nobody was more glad when he was made so than Fannie Brackett. Abner was maybe twenty-eight at the time; and Fannie had been eighteen before his last cruise, and was close to twenty-two when he started on the Susie for the next.

Abner wanted one thing, and so did Fannie. But the fat boy was in the way of it; and Fannie put it to Abner so. The fat boy was her brother, Mark Brackett; and she and Mark were alone. Old Cap'n Brackett had lowered for a skinny old bull on the Solander Grounds, and the flukes caught him in the side and left Fannie and Mark with no one alive to call them kin.

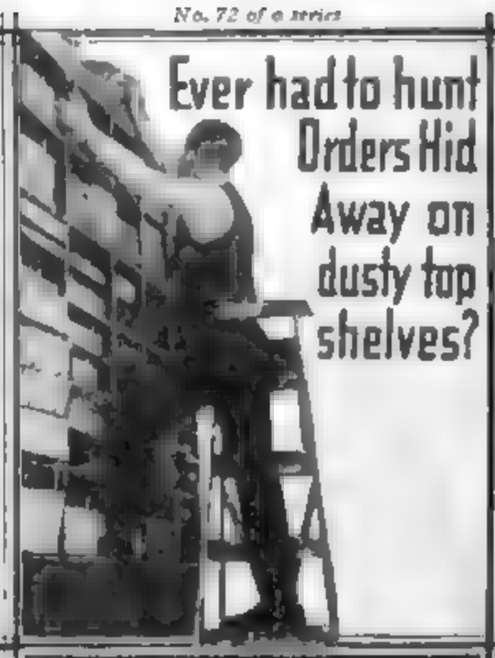
Two days before the Susie Oakes was to sail, Fannie and Mark Brackett came to Abner. He was stowing the stores; but he left off at sight of Fannie, and the three of them walked out to the end of the dock together.

Mark Brackett was nineteen then—a fat, lazy, hulking boy that had never turned a hand to anything. He'd not the spine for man-sized evildoing; but he knew all the mischief a boy knows, and tried it. And Fannie, looking up at big Abner with her eyes as blue as the sky above them, and the wind off the water

(Continued on Page 75)

No. 72 of a series

Ever had to hunt Orders Hid Away on dusty top shelves?



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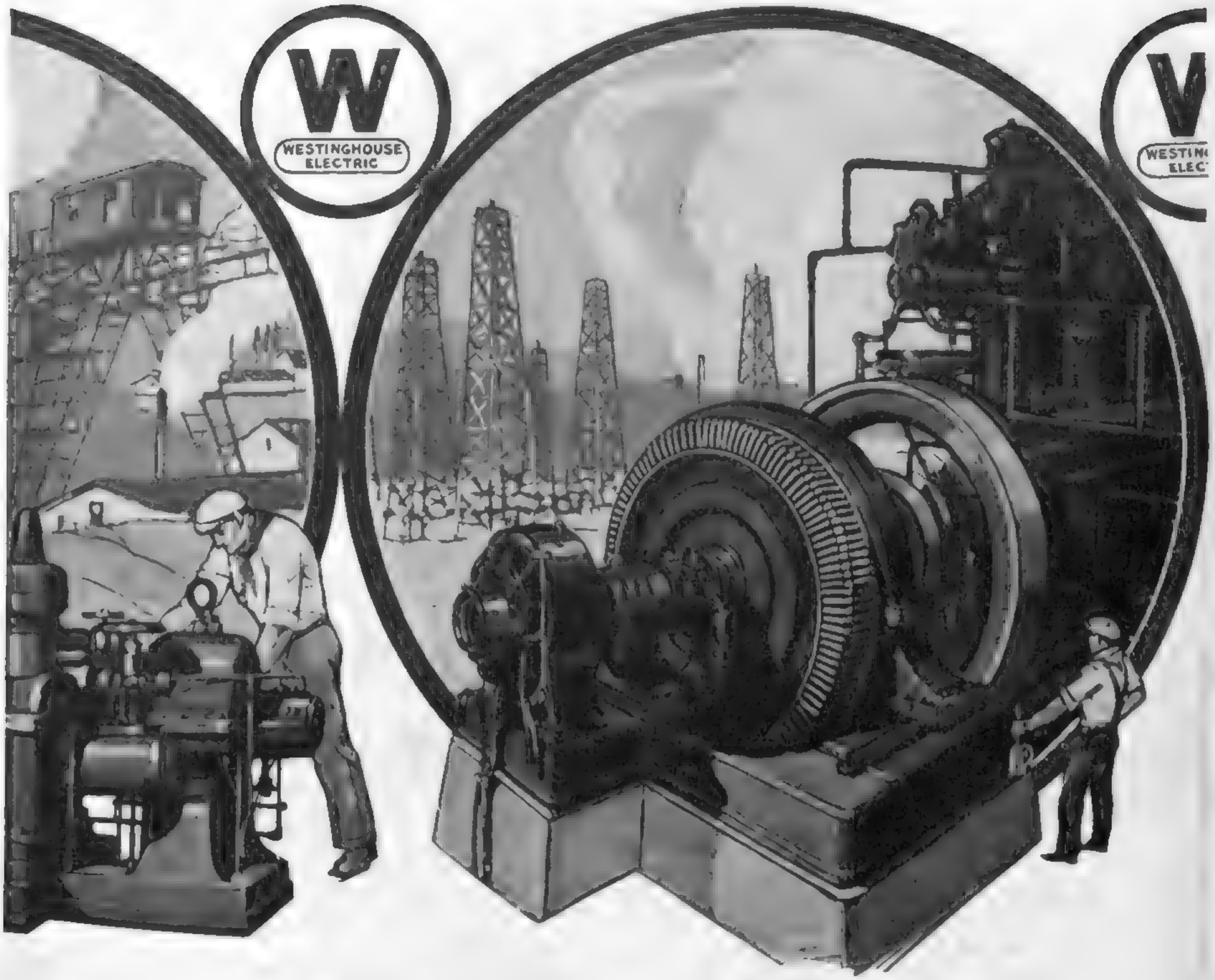
Westinghouse water-turbine generators were the first to turn the power of Niagara to man's advantage.

Westinghouse stokers under thousands of boilers save labor, improve combustion of coal and therefore reduce the cost of steam.

Westinghouse

PRIME MOVERS AND GENERATORS



The Regeneration of Power

Westinghouse turbo-generators in Central Stations and power plants utilize steam more economically and turn it into the alternating form of current which, largely through the development of Westinghouse apparatus for transformation and conversion, has made possible a wider distribution of light, heat and power.

Where gas or oil is more economical, there again you find Westinghouse generators translating engine-power into the invisible current that does more work at less expense.

Whatever your individual power problem—whether of generation or application, Westinghouse engineers can help you arrive at the most economical and efficient type of apparatus, and Westinghouse manufacturing facilities cover everything needed for complete equipment of any power plant, large or small.

Westinghouse Electric engineering and designing are equally prominent in the domain of current-using apparatus of every type, from electric locomotives and steel-mill motors to fans and electric ware for the home.

Westinghouse Electric equipment for power plants includes among other items—stokers, condensers, turbo-generator units, generators, transformers, rotary converters, motors, switchboards, meters, etc.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

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PRIME MOVERS AND GENERATORS

Stewart PRODUCTS — PRESTIGE QUALITY SERVICE SATISFACTION — USA

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Stewart

"Let Experience Be Your Guide"

—is an old adage. You know it is a wise one.

It is foolish to go against experience—to disregard your own judgment. Actual experience has taught you what is best.

Then, why not let that experience be your guide?

Take for example, automobiles. You found in your last car, that certain parts gave excellent service—the ignition system was right—the carburetor proved economical—tires gave good mileage—the bearings never gave trouble—the speedometer served you well and the vacuum system was perfect.

When you know from experience that certain parts of a car are best, why take chances with something unknown to you?

In considering a new car don't experiment. Look for the parts you know. See that the car has these parts. Why let a salesman try to convince you against your own judgment? Why take a step backward and buy something you can't be sure of?

Experience is your best guide.

Actual experience has taught you that there is only one speedometer worthy of the name—"the Stewart."

You are one of the two million motorists whose vote is cast for the Stewart Speedometer. Your judgment guides the car manufacturer in the selection of the speedometer for the car he builds.

That is why over 95 percent of the car manufacturers will furnish nothing but a Stewart Speedometer—because they know you will not be satisfied with anything but the Best.

Be just as careful about the other accessories for your car.

It is better to play safe and buy the Stewart equipped car—then you are not liable to go wrong.

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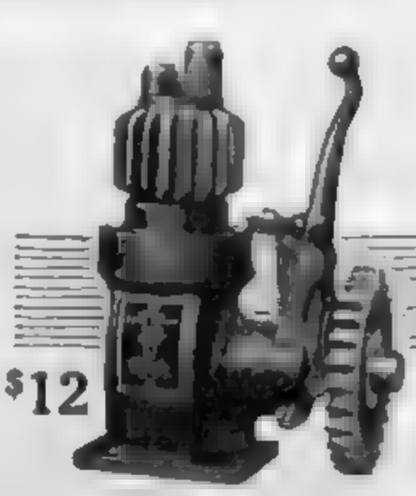
The Stewart Tire Pump will eliminate that dirty, back-breaking job of hand pumping your tires. It is standard equipment on many of the better cars.

An efficient warning signal is a very necessary part of your car's equipment. You need a Stewart Warning Signal. An increasing number of car manufacturers furnish the Stewart Warning Signal as regular equipment.

The Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug with its four sparking Points gives that intense Violet flame which results in more power, economy and greater motor flexibility. A set of Stewart V-Ray Spark Plugs in your motor insures maximum efficiency.

"It will pay you to see that your car is Stewart equipped."

Stewart Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago, U. S. A.



$12

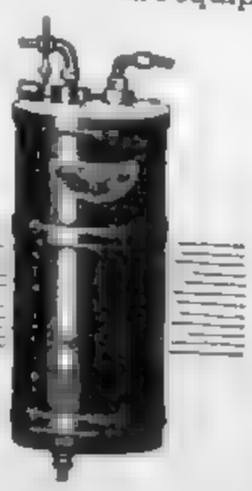
Stewart Tire Pump

$6

Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal (Hand Operated Type $3.50)

$1

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug



$10

Stewart Vacuum System

(Continued from Page 71)

rippling her skirts about her and fluffing her pretty brown hair—Fannie said to Abner:

"Abner, take Mark on the cruise."

Abner looked at Mark; and the boy was sulky and mad.

"Do you want to go, Mark?" he asked quietly.

Mark shook his head and grinned.

"Sis says I've got to," he said.

Fannie laid her hand on Abner's arm.

"Mark is a good boy," she whispered. "Take him, and take care of him for me. He's all I've got, Abner. He'll come back a man—and ——"

Abner took her two hands in his.

"You've given me no word, Fannie," he told her gently.

She flushed, as if the sun were burning her warm cheeks to crimson.

"I cannot while Mark is still a boy, Abner," she said. "Teach him to stand on his own feet—and then I can come to you."

Abner turned to the fat boy.

"Go aboard," he said. "I'll sign you when I come."

Mark grinned; and he turned and climbed over the rail of the Susie Oakes and began to watch the men stowing the stores below. . . . And it was not until the Susie was a hundred miles at sea that Abner and Mark had a private word together.

You understand, on a whaler there is not so much difference between men and officers as on a merchant ship. For they are penned together for two—three years at a time; and shipmates at sea were apt to be neighbors ashore in those days too. But on one point there is a rule that is never broken—the rule of discipline. The men must jump at the word; and if they fail or hold back it may mean their own lives, and the lives of others as well; for when you are fast to a fish there is little time for politeness if you wished for it.

So Abner called Mark to him when they were well at sea and he had had a chance to watch the fat boy now and then; and he said:

"Mark, your sister put you in my charge."

The fat boy grinned.

"If you don't take good care of me, Abner, she'll be displeased with you," he sneered.

Abner shook his head slowly.

"She is ashore now," he said. "You are at sea. I am mate and you are one of my men. I shall see you come to no harm, Mark; but you must see to't that you do your part."

Mark looked up at Abner angrily.

"If you try to work off a grudge on me she'll not forget it," he threatened.

The mate made no sign of heat.

"You are here to do a man's work, Mark," he said slowly. "And in all matters you will be no better and no worse than the other men."

"Oh, don't preach!" Mark drawled. "I do my share, don't I?"

"You will," said Abner quietly. "Go forward, now." And he turned away and left the fat boy to obey.

Mark was in the larboard watch, the mate's; and so Abner kept him under his eye. And when it came to choosing boats' crews Abner put Mark at the after oar in his boat where the fat boy was within reach of his arm at any time. And Mark fared no better than the other men in the fo'c's'le—and no worse. He was not seasick, and so escaped one of the evils of the greeny; and he was not a coward, and so learned the rigging without the tortures that beset some men when first they go aloft and see the whole world swinging back and forth on a string below them. But he was fat and he was lazy; and when the boat drills began Abner drove him, and drove him hard, till he learned to put his weight into his oar.

Mark did not stand this work so well. He was a fat and lazy boy, as I have said; and being much alone ashore with Fannie, he had taken his own way for many years. It was not easy for him to learn to follow the path another laid down for him. Abner was overly patient with him, persuading where he might have punished, gentle where he should have been harsh.

Nevertheless, Mark sulked under the drive. He began to talk in the fo'c's'le that Abner was bullying and abusing him; and the men there, who hated him because he was lazy, hated him the more because he whined. Benjamin Slack, who pulled tub oar in Abner's boat, was one of them. Slack was a little wiry man, with a wicked twist to his tongue, and a way of lashing out with a word that could flick a tender skin till it turned red and raw. Slack, in the fo'c's'le, took Mark in hand; and Mark's life was not a pleasant one. And Mark whined to the fo'c's'le about Abner; and then whined to Abner about Slack.

He did this but once, for Abner looked down at him coldly.

"You say Slack abuses you?" he inquired.

"He's a devil!" Mark snarled. "I'll kill him!"

Abner turned and bellowed to a knot of men at the knightheads:

"Slack—come aft."

Slack winked at the men with him and went blithely aft; and Abner took Mark's arm and came forward, so that they met in the waist.

"Slack," said Abner, "Mark complains of you."

Slack grinned a little and touched his cap politely.

"Why should he run to you, sir?" he asked. "He's as big a man as me."

It was true. Mark overtopped Slack half a head, and outweighed him thirty pounds. Abner nodded gravely.

"That was my thought," he agreed; and turned to Mark: "Thrash the man, Mark," he said. "Fight your own fights."

And he turned and went aft without a word. Mark ran clumsily after him.

"Abner," he cried frantically, "aren't you going to do ——"

Abner whirled on him, his eyes as hard as steel.

"My name is Mister Broad, Brackett," he said. "I am mate. And I told you to fight your own fights."

Mark was sure of his own position.

"Don't put on airs, Abner," he grinned, "or I'll report you to the boss. Now ——"

Abner slapped him with his open hand across the cheek, and Mark tumbled against the try works, and slid in a heap on the deck and howled. Abner had gone aft without a further word; and Slack came to where Mark lay and nudged him with a foot.

"Orders was that you was to lick me, greeny," he said, pretending deference. "At your service, kind sir."

Mark was no coward.

"Shut up, you sneak!" he snapped; and Slack grabbed him by the collar to drag him to his feet.

Mark came with a clumsy rush and struck out; but the little man dodged him, and they fought. In three minutes Mark was bleeding and bruised, and Slack was grinning merrily; and at the end of that time Slack dropped Mark with a whisking stroke to the chin; and Mark swayed dizzily and fell.

But the bloodletting did him no good, and as the weeks dragged by and we worked slowly southward his bile against Abner festered into a working sore that polluted the whole ship. Abner went steadily on his way, doing his work, keeping his men on the jump, treating Mark like the rest when Mark would let him. But Mark would not let him. The fat boy was full of the certainty that Abner chose him for particular abuse, and more than once he threatened in the fo'c's'le that he would even the score when the time should come.

It was when we were working out of the Mozambique Channel that the climax came to Mark's discomforts.

It had been brewing for a long time; for, though outwardly Mark did his work and learned to do his share in the boats and at the cutting-in, he shirked whenever there was a chance to do so, and grumbled constantly.

His great grievance from the beginning had been the food. The fo'c's'le rations were not toothsome, but they were sound and hearty; for the Susie Oakes was a decent ship for her day. But Mark had been used to gentler victuals; and the salt junk and stony biscuits disgusted him. Furthermore, he could not forget that Abner, in the cabin, had more tempting viands; and the thing weighed on him and soured him. He persuaded himself that only Abner's particular grudge kept him eating the long-lick and scouse of the fo'c's'le; and from that idea it was only a step to stealing.

Now on a whaler, where your stores must last you three years, with what you can pick up at the islands where you touch, it is a high crime to steal food, and especially food meant for the cabin table. The Susie Oakes was a decent ship; and the Old Man, Cap'n Houlton, meant well by his men, but he was a martinet. He had had his eye on Mark, and only Abner had held him from serious punishment more than once. But when the cook caught Mark in his stores the Old Man took a hand.

Two harpooners went forward and dragged Mark out of his bunk—he had fled when he was caught at his stealing. Abner quietly did his best to save the fat boy, but it was not enough. He only managed that his harpooner, a Cape Verder called Louey, should handle the rope's end.

"All right!" the Old Man agreed grimly. "But if he don't lay it on proper I'll take a hand myself."

Abner, to ease things as much as he could for the boy, himself handled Mark when the harpooners took him aft. With bits of fishing line about Mark's thumbs he triced the boy to the rigging; and the harpooners hauled the lines till Mark was standing on tiptoe, his boots barely touching the deck, and already howling and cursing.

Then Louey, at a word from Abner, brought the rope's end across Mark's shoulders, striving to make the blow look harder than it was.

He need not have feared the Old Man's interference; for Mark screamed like a baby. And after half a dozen lashes Cap'n Houlton roared:

"Let go, there! That'll hold him. He'll drive us stone-deaf with his yells." And he strode aft and left Abner to loosen Mark.

Mark had taken no harm, no real hurt, from it all; and it might have opened his eyes. But he only saw that Abner had tied him up; and Abner's harpooner had lashed him; and when he was loosed, with his face red with tears and fury, he turned to Abner and sobbed:

"You'll never marry Fannie after this, you slave driver! Mind what I say?"

Every man on the Susie Oakes knew Mark and knew Fannie, and they knew Fannie would listen long to the boy and little to Abner, and Abner knew, and we all knew, Mark's threat meant that he had lost the girl. But Abner—except that his jaw clamped and his skin turned white under the brown—made no sign. Mark, still slobbering his threats, stumbled forward; and little Slack met him, with a grin, at the fo'c's'le scuttle.

"Did they tame ye?" he sneered.

Mark glared at him furiously.

"I'll kill Abner Broad with my own hands when we're ashore!" he swore.

Slack's eyes flamed at the fat boy.

"Wake up, greeny!" he advised. "The mate saved you worse to-day, and he's saved you before. You're a crazy hound. Wake up!"

He might have saved the word. Mark learned only one thing from the punishment, and that was to hide his bile. He went round with a slinking, devilish grin, which he turned on Abner at every chance; but he moved carefully thereafter and came afoul of the Old Man no more.

It was in the Indian Ocean that the end came. From the Seychelles we took a straight course for the Andamans; and one day we raised a lone bull. It was in the late afternoon and there was a threat of wind in the clouds; but the Old Man ordered the boats away and we went after the fish—all four boats, the mate's in the lead. It was his place to be first; and he was. The whale was not far from the ship and he lay peacefully till Louey was right atop of him. Louey got home one iron with a dart that sent it to the hitches in the black blubber; and then the whale came to life with a smashing leap.

There was no time for a second iron, but Louey threw the loose line overboard and turned to change ends with Abner; and as he did so the whale struck out sidewise. As he took up the slack the boat was jerked round on a pivot, and Louey lost his balance and went overboard. Next instant the boat had gone behind the whale and Louey was left in the water for the other boats to pick up.

There were five men left in the mate's boat; and Abner told Joseph Bullard to take the steering oar while he went forward to watch for a chance to lance before night caught us. Abner was never a hand to give up a whale once he was fast; and this old bull seemed to know he had a hard man behind him, for he struck straight southward, away from the ship and the other boats, and plowed the sea in great forward leaps that made the boat jump clear of the water at every wave, just slicing the tops from the rollers.

Mark, as the after oarsman, was supposed to keep the line snubbed about the loggerhead; and that is a task which must

(Continued on Page 79)

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Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
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The name WILSON takes on a new leadership now. It adds its value to every line of sporting and athletic goods already entrenched in favor under the name "Ashland." It means better golf, better baseball, better tennis—better games of all kinds, because of the better, bigger value in the goods used.

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Goods Sign, it tells you that there is a store conducted by men whom we know to be intelligent, expert, and experienced, who can advise and assist you—not only to choose the right sporting and athletic equipment, but in its use.

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There isn't a better equipped sport clothing tailoring plant than ours. We make to order and to measure baseball uniforms, golf and sport suits for men and women — and all other kinds of athletic wear.

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(Continued from Page 75)

not be sighted. But the fat boy this day was sulking more than customary, and he let the line slip from him. He was lucky that was not the end of him; for it leaped from the post and through the length of the boat like a snake and a loop of it flew up and fastened round the boy's arm below the elbow.

Instantly he was jerked forward through the boat, knocking the other men about. Abner alone saw the danger in time and snatched the hatchet to cut the line. But before he could do so the loop jerked loose from Mark and the boy was clear, though he was screaming with the pain of it. The rope had torn away his sleeve and ounces of skin and flesh from his forearm.

Slack, tub oarsman, got another loop round the loggerhead and we were safe again; but Mark was bleeding like a pig, and Abner left the bow and whipped a tourniquet round Mark's arm and bandaged the wound like a woman. Mark screamed through it all and cursed Abner for touching him; but Abner held him as if he had been a child. When the job was done Mark's blood was everywhere; but we were still fast and the whale was still going, and in the dusk the ship was far behind.

Abner took a look round, looked at his compass, and decided to hang on. The whale seemed to be tiring. He was plowing ahead more slowly than before, and we began to pull in the line, inch by inch, to get up on him. It was slow work with Mark out of it, but we managed; and before the Susie Oakes was clear out of sight, behind us, we were almost on his flukes.

Mark was in the stern, sobbing and writhing with the pain, and knocking things about there. Abner never turned his head and the rest of us were too busy to notice him. The whale seemed to know we were right on him; for he took a new burst and snaked us after him harder than ever. The Susie Oakes was clean out of sight, behind us, when he began to tire; and then he sounded.

Now the average whale when he is struck will either sound at once or not at all; but this old bull was a law to himself. He went down like a rock; and Abner, at the bow, hatchet ready, watched the line slide out and kept as much pull on the whale as was safe; and once he looked up quickly at the wind, which was coming fast. The line in the big tub got low and Slack bent on the line in the small tub; and in thirty seconds it was going too. With not ten fathoms of it left, the squall struck us.

Slack had bent a drag to the line already; and now Abner gave up.

"Give him all of it!" he growled; and the last of the line went overboard, with the drag at the end.

And then, in a flurry and smother of wind and water, night clamped down upon us. In three minutes we could not see three ship's lengths from the boat; and in ten minutes it was dark.

Abner climbed coolly to his place in the stern and shoved Mark out of his way. We got up a patch of sail and headed into the wind, and hove to; but, even so, we were making sternway fast. Abner stowed Mark at his feet in the boat, where the boy whined and sobbed the night through; and the rest of us were kept busy bailing by turns to rid the boat of the water that came in with every wave crest.

You know, when a boat is fighting a whale the steersman uses a long oar to handle her; but when she is under sail he uses the rudder. The tiller is removed and stowed away when the rudder is not in use; and Mark, in the foolish blindness of his torment, had thrown this tiller overside. When Abner discovered the loss he uttered no reproach; but he took the short bow oar and whittled the handle to fit into the slot of the rudder, and then cut the oar off short. It was a tough job, for the wood was seasoned and hard; but he managed it. And at dawn—there was scarce light enough through the storm of rain to tell us that day had come—we were all secure and easy.

The wind was not high, but it was steady; and there was too much sea for us to do anything but ride the waves and wait for better times. That first day there was little grumbling, for everyone was looking out for the ship, which was sure to find us. But the rain held steady, and the wind as well; and we nibbled a few biscuits from the lantern keg and waited.

The boat might have been a dozen miles from the Susie Oakes when we lost the whale; but when the second night settled down, and smothered us with dark and rain, no one knew where she was. She might be anywhere.

Abner had not slept the night before, but he had dozed during the day; and Mark, at his feet, had groaned all day long. Slack had spelled Abner at the tiller, but at dark Abner took it again, and we rode through the second night as we had the first. Toward morning the rain stopped and the sun came up hot and burning from the sea. When day had fully come Abner stood erect and perched with a foot on the loggerhead, and looked all about us.

It was an empty sea. There was no sign of the Susie Oakes; and we were just a speck for her to find.

Abner counted the biscuits. There were forty-eight of them, all sound and dry; and the fresh-water keg was full, for we had caught water during the rain. With five of us in the boat, forty-eight biscuits would go no great ways. Abner passed one to each of us and kept one himself.

"Three biscuits apiece to-day," he said. "We'll work northward and meet the Susie."

Bullard grumbled.

"Three biscuits won't do me any good!" he growled. "What's the worry? We'll see the Susie by noon."

Abner stared at the man steadily.

"Stow it!" he said quietly. "The first word I hear, I'll crack your head."

Bullard's eyes dropped, and he mumbled something and retreated to the bow. There was a fresh wind, and we beat northward all that day, taking turns at the lookout in the bow and watching for the Susie.

Three biscuits was scant fare. Not one of us but was hungry at night, and Mark was feverish and half delirious with the pain of his torn arm.

Abner dozed at the tiller that day, but he woke quickly enough at any movement in the boat. The rest of us kept quiet, watching.

Night -and nothing sighted. Dawn—and nothing in sight.

"Thirty-three biscuits left," Abner told us that morning. "But we ought to strike the Susie to-day."

He passed one biscuit to each of us; and another at noon; and another at night.

The sun was hot that day, but Abner began to stint us on the water. The stores were all stowed under the cuddyboards in the stern; and he was sitting on the cuddyboards and never left them. Mark was whimpering and whispering at his feet.

There were eighteen biscuits left next morning; and we were famishing, and thirsty too. The sun came up out of the sea like a furnace and scorched us; and the wind fell till we were barely moving. Abner frowned at that and considered for a space. And when he finally handed a biscuit to each of us he said:

"Two apiece to-day; another to-night."

Bullard and Slack whispered together in the bow; and Abner called:

"Stow that! If you've any complaint make it to me."

The two men looked at him, and Slack looked from Abner to Mark, whining in the bottom. Mark was sick. His arm was festering and sore, and hurt him. Abner had tended it as well as he could; but it needed better medicine than we had aboard. Bullard and Slack stared at him as you've seen things in a cage stare at passing children. But they said nothing. Abner's hand gripped the oar butt he had made into a tiller till the knuckles were white.

Two-thirds of the water was gone. He served it out to us that day by thimblefuls, pouring it into the butts of the irons we wrenched from the poles; the hot iron scorched our lips as we drank and the water was warm before we could get it to our mouths.

The wind was gone. The sun blistered us. The seams of the boat were sweating. The sea was oily with scum; and we could smell it, like a dead thing.

There was a breath of breeze that night; but at dawn it died again. Abner looked all round the horizon; and when he found no sign of the Susie Oakes his face set in hard lines.

"She was here or hereabouts," he said. "We've missed her."

There were eight biscuits left. We all knew it, and we counted them in his hands when he opened the lantern keg.

There was never a whip of wind. Abner looked all round again.

"Take your oars," he said.

"A man can't row with his belly caved in!" Bullard growled.

"What if his head is caved in?" asked Abner quietly; and Bullard tried to face the mate's eye, but gave over. "No good waiting here for the Susie," continued Abner. "We can make the islands to the north'ard in forty hours, even rowing. Spring hard, men."

Mark moaned feebly in the bottom of the boat at his feet. The fat boy was burning with fever; and Abner had been giving Mark half his own allowance of water. Only I saw this; but I saw it.

All save Mark began to row. Abner took a paddle in the stern and did as much as anyone. The rudder slatted idly, the tiller banging Abner's hip. He did not touch it. I wondered why.

He gave us each half a biscuit when the sun was three hours high, and sips of water now and then; and a little biscuit again as the sun plunged toward the sea. There were three hard biscuits left when night fell upon us. The water keg was almost dry. Abner kept it tight-stoppered, or the heat would have emptied it in half a day.

Mark was crying out every little while; and betweentimes he slept and moaned with fever; and his arm twitched in its bandages. It was swollen. Abner could not help it.

The mate had not slept for many hours, and this night he dozed a little. A sound waked him—the sound of metal scraping wood. He leaped forward into the boat and fell upon a lance that was feeling for Mark's ribs and jerked it overboard. There was a new moon, a little light. Abner, without a word, strode through the boat and threw over the side every bit of iron, every weapon. He even demanded from each his knife and tossed it away. Not even Bullard ventured to resist him; but when Abner returned to the stern and lifted his paddle again the men watched him like beasts that wait for an injured, wounded creature to fall helpless before them.

The little boat was full of death that night. But not a word was spoken above a whisper; and the oars moved steadily till dawn.

Then the faint night winds freshened and the sail began to do the work of the oars.

There had been three biscuits the night before, and Abner added three from his own pockets to the store. Bullard growled something and Abner smiled at him.

"I saved them," said the mate. "They are mine; but you have worked harder than I."

He gave a whole biscuit to each of us, forcing one, moistened in water, down Mark's hot throat. Two remained. Of the water, after we had tasted it, there was not half a pint left in the keg.

"Now," said Abner, "one of you tried to kill the boy in the night."

He looked along the boat; met every eye. Slack was the bravest.

"He is dying," he muttered. "Let him die—before he robs us of what is left to us."

"If he dies, let him die! First, we will do what can be done for him," Abner told the man steadily. "I can pardon much. This is not easy for any of us. But—we share alike. Is that clear?"

The sulky eyes dropped before his; but each man crouched, with tense muscles. You have seen a bit of elastic stretched to the breaking point. A touch will turn the scale. It was so in the boat. A tiny thing was all that was needed to fire the spark; then there would have been death, bloody and merciless.

But nothing happened just then. The men were used to obeying Abner. It was a habit not easily forgotten. When the wind failed again he bade them take their oars, and they did as he said without a word.

In mid-afternoon, when the oars had toiled under the merciless sun till the men hung limp upon them, gasping from dry throats the curses they could not articulate, Abner lifted the water keg. Instantly every eye turned to watch him.

He tilted the keg into the bailing piggin. The water barely covered the bottom. Abner looked at the men.

"This to the man who needs it most," he said. "We can reach land by midnight; but the boy will die before that."

He bent to lift Mark and Bullard leaped at him.

Abner had time to place the little wooden piggin carefully behind him; and he lifted the tiller he had whittled from the oar butt and met Bullard as the man sprang. The heavy weapon struck Bullard's upraised arm and drove him forward; and Abner

(Concluded on Page 82)

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THE Florence is also a wonder for quick action. Turn a lever, light a match, and within fifteen minutes the coffee's made, toast's a crispy brown, and bacon and eggs are calling, "Breakfast's ready! Come!"

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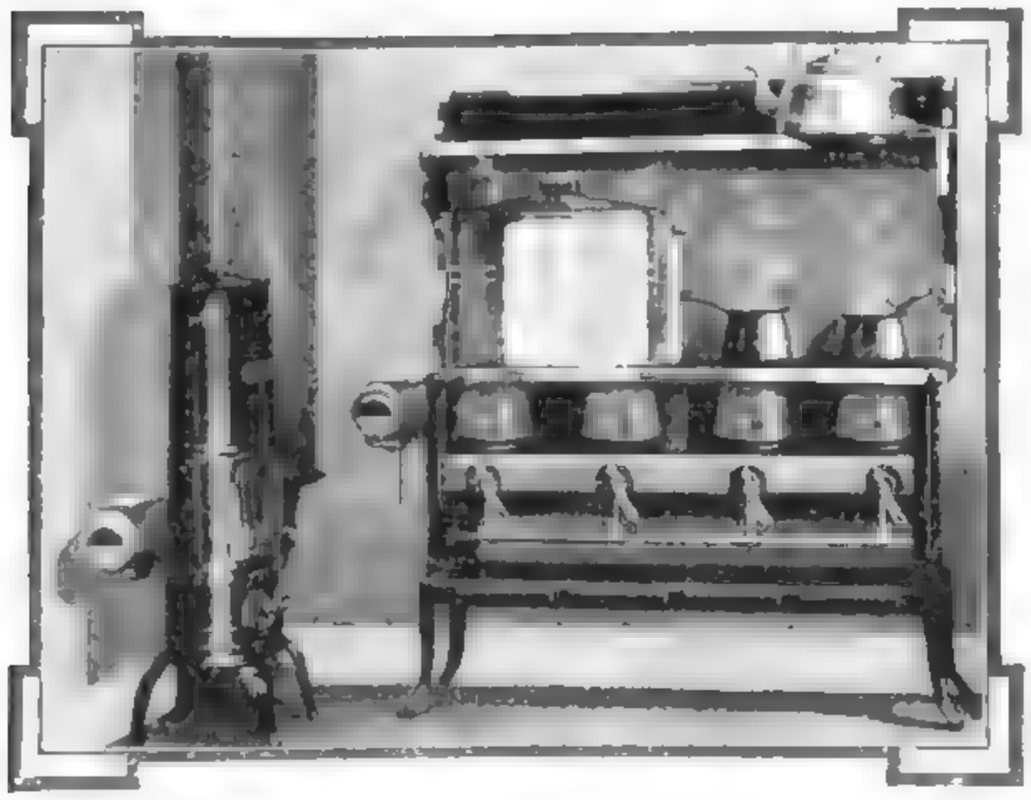

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THE actual *boiling* of a large boilerful of clothes on wash-day is an unusual performance for an oil stove.

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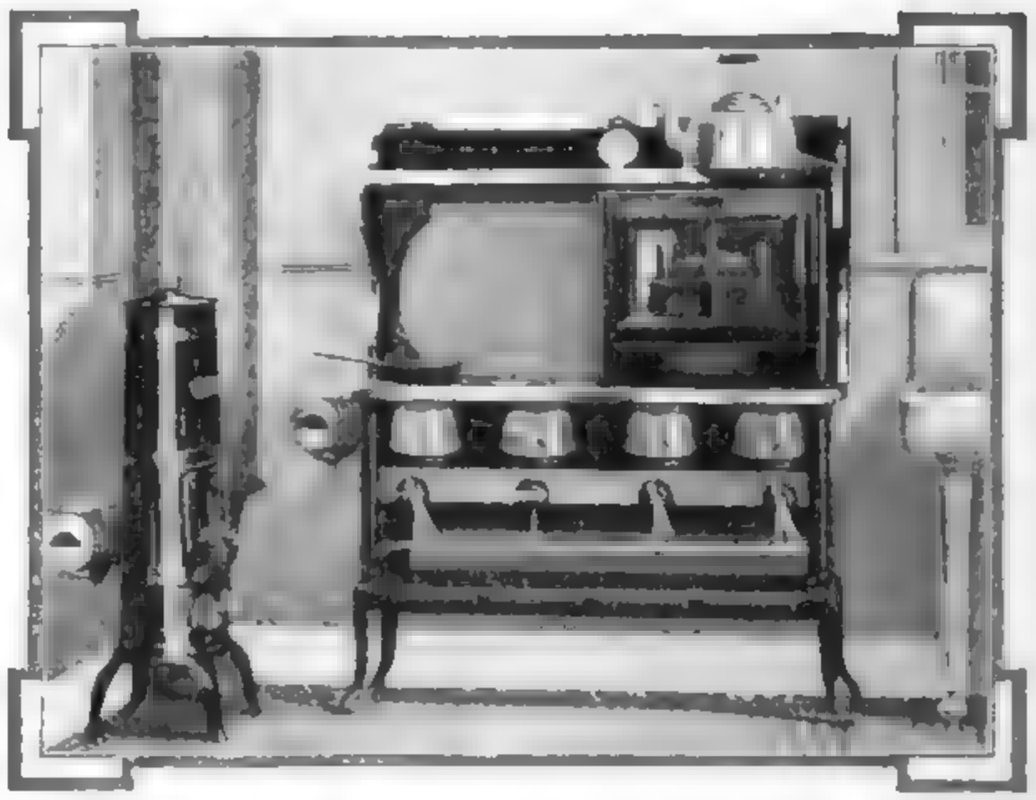

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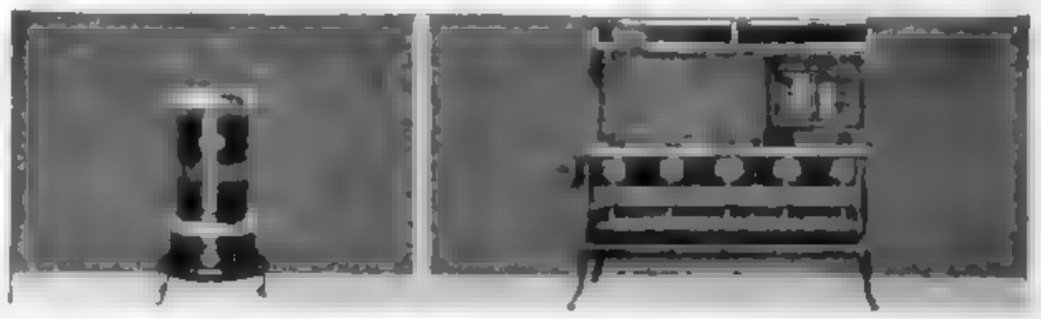

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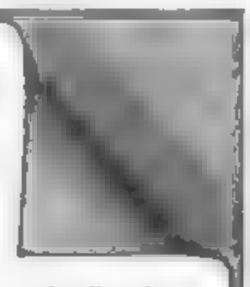

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(Concluded from Page 79)

followed, merciless. The second blow crushed the man's skull. He went overside, drifted once to the surface in a smother of bloody bubbles; then sank, and was gone.

Abner, in following up his blow, had passed Slack, who crouched amidships. He turned in time to see the little man bending above Mark, choking the boy. Abner's club swung in a circle and caught Slack's shoulder, and the little man toppled overboard. Abner looked about. He was master. Slack was swimming feebly ten yards astern.

Abner stooped and lifted Mark. The boy—he was thin and shrunken and burning now, but the delirium had passed—opened his eyes and gasped for breath. Abner took the piggin and poured the last drops of water down Mark's throat.

Then he swung the boat round till Slack could catch the bow, and walked forward and dragged the little man over the gunwale.

Slack coughed up the water he had swallowed and worked his bruised shoulder feebly, and Abner, standing above him, looked about the horizon again.

He had forgotten the fourth man, Peter Jenison. Jenison sprang on his shoulders; Slack leaped up and gripped the mate's throat. They twined about him like serpents.

Abner fought grimly, in a silence that was terrible. Their straining feet crushed the stuff underfoot and slipped in the bilge that had leaked in. Abner's breath was going. He could not speak. He worked a hand free from the grip of Jenison and swung his fist to Slack's head.

The little man clung. There, under the broiling sun, in that frail craft upon the face of all the waters, they struggled without a sound. Each was putting forth every ounce of strength; but they were feeble from lack of food and water. Their movements, swift as lightning to their own tired muscles, were really slow and labored.

They strained and tore and panted—the two men trying to bruise Abner into unconsciousness; Abner striving to shake them off. Jenison was as big as the mate and as strong. Slack was wiry and hard, and had kept a larger proportion of his strength through the ordeal of the past days. He clung to Abner's throat like a leech.

And then Abner got the heel of his fist under Slack's chin. He pushed with all his might.

Slack's chin began to go up, his head to tilt back. The little man strove to shake off the grip. Abner was inexoruble.

Mark Brackett, from the stern, inert and helpless, watched the struggle with staring, fever-swollen eyes.

The thrust of Abner's arm persisted. Slack's head was tilting farther and farther. His grip upon Abner's throat was weakening. Abner pushed steadily at that chin. Jenison, at Abner's back, tugged and wrenched at the mate and could not move him. Abner stood as firm as rock.

Slack's head shot back, his strength suddenly broken. Abner flung him down with a single motion; with a swift movement twisted in Jenison's arms till he faced the man, and with the last tremendous effort of his failing strength smashed Jenison down.

Slack and Jenison were beaten, broken. Abner, erect, like a colossus, tottered on his widespread legs and fumbled at his bruised throat, gasping. When he could speak, however, his voice was calm and steady.

"The Susie Oakes is running down to us," he said.

He had discovered the whaler, heading toward them, at the moment the two men attacked him. Until now he had been unable to speak. In half an hour they were aboard.

The Skipper was staring dreamily off across the harbor, watching a fishing schooner, under auxiliary power, thread its slow way out to sea.

"What about Mark Brackett?" I asked softly, lest I shatter this final thread of the tale. The Skipper spoke without turning his head.

"He got over it," he said. "They all did. And when Mark was on his feet again he—went to Abner and straightened things out. Half the ship heard him too.

"'Abner,' he said, 'I was a hound and a baby. And I want to thank you for—what you did, sir.'

"Abner looked down at him coldly.

"'I did nothing for you, Brackett,' he said quietly. 'I kept discipline—that's all. And—my name is Mister Broad, Brackett. Go forward—and look sharp!'

"Mark grinned happily and touched his cap.

"'Yes, sir; all right, sir!' he said respectfully, and went forward as he was told. . . . And he was as good a hand as any after that."

"So Abner—got Fannie after all?" I asked. The Skipper nodded.

"But she wouldn't let him go to sea again," he explained. "So he started to buy shares till he'd a ship of his own. This was it—the Fannie. And he made me cap'n of her, first cruise."

Neither of us said any more for a space, till a final question occurred to me.

"By the way, captain," I asked. "I don't believe I ever heard your first name. What is it?"

The Skipper looked round at me and grinned, half sheepishly, half proudly.

"Mark," he said—"Mark Brackett. The fat boy was me."

A CLANDESTINE CAREER

By William Hamilton Osborne

THERE is but one individual in the whole world that sends me letters securely inclosed in black-bordered envelopes. Sam Tolliver's wife has been dead for fifteen years, but Sam's stationery still bears solemn witness to the fact—that is, it did until the current year.

My family, variously assorted, sat about the breakfast table, watching me closely while I read what Sam Tolliver had to say.

"Good ole Sam Tolliver," murmured the irrepressible. "Gimme a hunk o' bread!"

I tried to glare at him, but as a glarer I am a dismal failure. Besides which, I noted that he, not I, had the sympathy of the breakfast table. So I plunged into the inevitable.

"Sam Tolliver," I announced, "writes that he's coming on to spend a week—good news."

"A bolt from the blue," gasped the first-born, winking at his Grandmother Grindstone. My better half sighed.

"A week," she said; "it seems only a week ago that he was here before."

It had been a year.

"Why," suggested my daughter with all the eloquence and desperation of a sixteen-year-old—"why don't you write him we're all dead?"

"What's the use?" gurgled the irrepressible, the youngest, the deadliest and the surest shot. "He'd come on to the funeral. Good ole Sam."

"He's a spineless jellyfish," added my mother-in-law, Grandmother Grindstone—I had married into the patrician Grindstone family. "I think maybe I'll take a trip to Ethel's. She might be willing to feed me for a week."

The verdicts were all in—all except mine.

"Sam Tolliver," I roared, pounding the table—that is, I'm pretty sure I roared and pounded the table—"Sam Tolliver is a friend of mine, he's a schoolmate of mine. I've known him all my life. If I invited him here once, fifteen years ago, to spend a week because he'd lost his wife, I had a right to, didn't I? I invited him once—o-n-c-e—to spend a week. And if Sam Tolliver's invited himself every year for fourteen years to spend a week with me, that goes. I like Sam and Sam likes me. That goes!"

Silence—deep, portentous, pregnant. So I went down to the station to meet Sam Tolliver. His train was due at half past eight, before business opened up. It was on time and the sleepy, puffy-eyed crowd from the West piled out, fifteen or more. I scanned them for some sign of Sam, but I didn't see him. I was startled by the clutch and friendly hand upon my shoulder. I swung about. I was confronted not by good ole Sam Tolliver, not by a spineless jellyfish, not by the blank and pallid face, the hopeless eyes that I had come to know and love so well, but by a well-set-up proposition, topped by a soft hat of classy English make, a tailored suit that would put your eye out, a walking stick and—well, yes—spats. His hair was closely cropped, his mustache trimmed to a turn. And he wasn't sleepy and he wasn't puffy-eyed—his eyes were glittering and bright.

"Sam Tolliver," I gasped.

"Old Bill," he returned warmly. We stood there, holding hands for half a minute. Then he beckoned to a porter. "Tackle those leathers up there by the baggage car," he commanded, "two suitcases and a hatbox marked S. T.—and be about it, cap. Then call a taxicab!" He swung back to me. "Well, how's old Bill?" he said.

I was a proud man at dinner. Sam and I had lunched downtown. It was evening when we entered the arena of events at home. They were all there, even to Grandma Grindstone. My Sallie is a genuine hostess—for the first meal, anyway, she insists upon a full house to welcome the coming guest.

They welcomed him in wonderment. Wonderment is the word—this apparition was not the old familiar Sam. He was indeed a bolt from the blue. And he talked. And the family listened—they liked to listen. Sam knew everything, you couldn't faze him. He was familiar with everything, from motion pictures up through munitions and the management of a great republic under stress of war.

As the dinner drew to a close, Sam nodded to Sallie. He drew forth from his pocket two photographs. One slipped and fell to the floor. The irrepressible tried to pick it up, but Sam beat him to it and thrust it hastily into his pocket, in some confusion. I caught a hasty glimpse of it. It was the picture of a woman. The other photograph he passed to Sallie.

"My daughter, Vivian—you've never seen her," he remarked.

Sallie took the photograph. I could hear her draw breath sharply at the beauty of the girl. She passed it to grandma.

"Look at it, everybody," she cried eagerly. "What a pretty, pretty girl!"

Finally it came to me. Sallie was right. The girl was a dream. And in an instant I saw what made her so—it was her tender, wistful, pathetic eyes. Wistful, yes, and trusting. Tolliver held it in his hand after I returned it to him. He stared at it reminiscently. Then he looked about the table.

"Vivian," he said gently, "my daughter." He turned to me. "I tell you, Bill," he said, "the man that would deceive a girl like that—the man who would cause her a moment's uneasiness, I care not in what way—that man would be a double-dyed scoundrel. So say I."

"Right-o," quavered my first-born in a husky voice. He was seventeen, with all that that implies.

Sam thrust the picture back into his pocket, where it must have nestled close to the picture of that other woman. Sam tapped the tablecloth. He blushed.

"And now, Bill, old scout," he said, "I've got some news. I see you've noticed I've spruced up a bit. I have. There are two reasons for it. One of 'em is—I'm going to get married, and right soon."

Sallie feigned enthusiasm—so did we all.

"Who is the lucky woman?" she inquired.

Sam Tolliver held his glance on me.

"You might as well know all about it at the start," he said; "she's one of the finest in the world. The fact is she's a factory girl in my home town."

There was a silence that you might have cut with a knife. Nobody looked at Sam. Nobody looked at anybody. But Grandmother Grindstone, running true to form, just saved the day.

"Good for you, Mr. Samuel Tolliver," she said; "I'm glad to see you've got some spunk and pep. And I hope you have lots of 'em and live happy ever afterward!"

"Bill," said Sam Tolliver to me as we smoked cigars, sitting alone in my little den

(Continued on Page 84)

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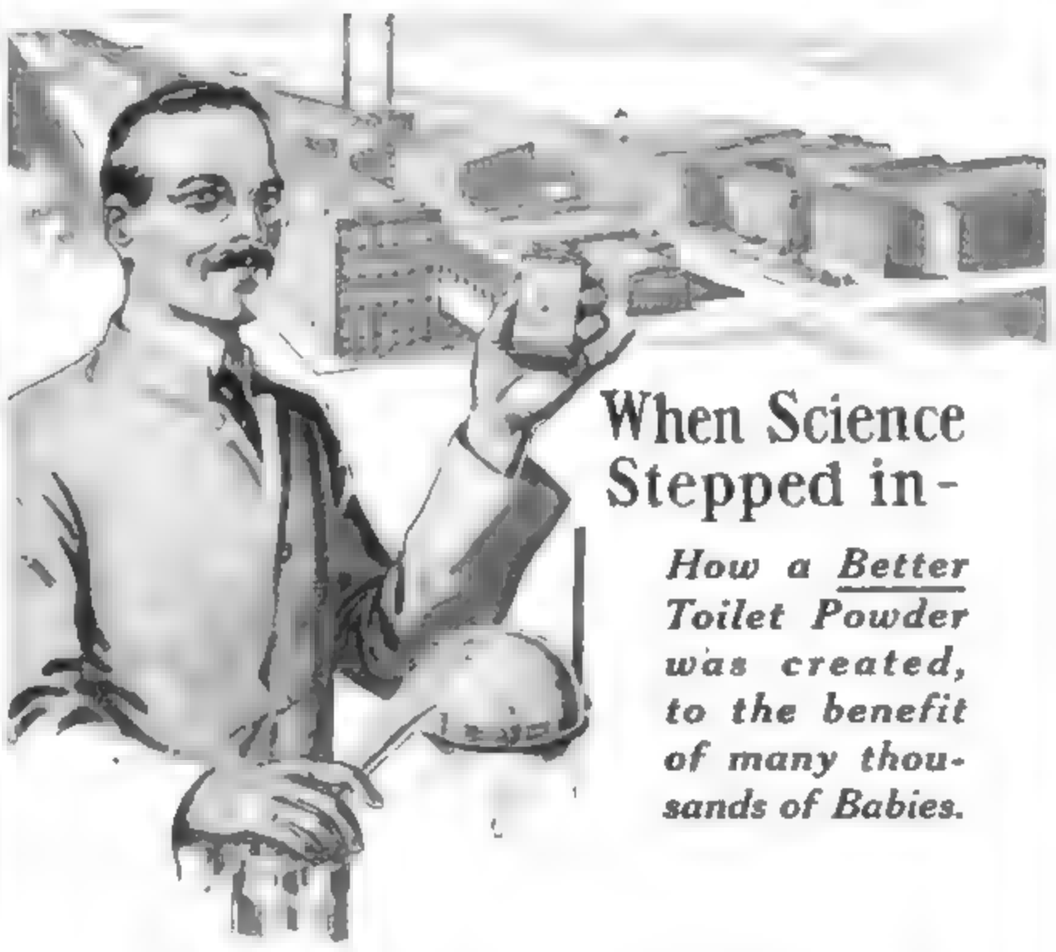

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(Continued from Page 82)

later in the evening, "I want to tell you about my daughter Vivian and a young lawyer in our town of the name of Harry King."

"You mentioned him last year," I returned—"your daughter's fiancé."

I spluttered over my cigar. I couldn't help thinking of the wistful face of the girl in that photograph and of what Sam had said about any man who would cause her uneasiness. I wondered vaguely how those trusting eyes, with the pathos in them, stood the stress of Sam's prospective bride, the factory girl in his home town. But Sam's eyes were on me and I gave no sign.

Sam nodded.

"It's about this young lawyer, Harry King, that I want to tell you," he went on. He stared at the floor.

"Harry King and his dual life—his clandestine career—sounds like a movie, eh? Clandestine is the word. I'm going to tell you everything that happened, step by step just as I got it, just as it hit me, impression for impression. For the secret of this man was closely guarded, cleverly guarded, from me, from Vivian. We worried silently and secretly, Vivian and I, but for a long time we didn't know. Here's the story. Listen and don't interrupt.

"This Harry King," went on Sam Tolliver, "was young, and a stranger in our town, when he first told me that he wanted Vivian. He was a lawyer—recently admitted—come into our midst to settle down. Now, Bill, I'm suspicious, maybe naturally so and maybe because a man can't be a bank clerk for many years before he suspects everybody and everything. So I looked this young chap up and I couldn't find a thing against him except that he was poor. Well, bless you, I was poor myself, and as for Vivian—she didn't want money: she wanted Harry King. So it was all fixed—a long engagement and matrimony whenever Harry King could get sufficient foothold. That was two years ago about. Things ran along and I didn't notice anything at first. But young King was friendly with me and I liked him. Once or twice I dropped into his dingy little office to take him out to lunch. I didn't find him in. He had a scrubby, little red-haired wisp of an Irish girl for his office boy. In our first interview she told me her name was Gertie and that Mr. King was up to court.

"'I'll give him any message that you leave—he'll tend to it,' she said.

"I mention this remark of hers because it was stereotyped, as I later learned. Even on this first occasion there was something in the air of this girl that made me uneasy. It seemed to me that she was concealing something—that there was something that she knew and wasn't telling about Mr. King. I charged this impression up to my suspicious tendency and forgot about it for the moment. But I called again and again, varying the hour from twelve to half past one—I usually lunched at any hour I pleased. He was never in—he was always up at court.

"Mind you, all this time he was making himself quite at home with Vivian, three nights a week and Sundays, as regular as clockwork. He apologized to me—at times glibly, at times awkwardly, I thought—for his absence on the occasions of my calls and explained that he had been busy on some special work. I found out later what this special work was, but not for many months. I'm sorry that I didn't find it out two years ago. I could have taken the better advantage of this special work. As time went on, Harry, over our tea table, talked law, as young lawyers will, and so we all talked law. He was dead set on having everybody make a will.

"'Every poor man ought to make a will,' he told me, and he showed me why.

"I saw that he was right. I had only my house, and a vacant lot, and the little income that my mother left me—the principal was mine, but I'd kept it all intact. But Harry King decided that I must make a will, and so I said I would, leaving everything to Vivian. I thought it all over, and the next day or the next I called at Harry's office—in the morning this time. I could slip out when I wanted to—you know that bank. But Harry wasn't in. He was up to court—and any message that I'd leave he'd tend to. Next day I dropped in at four P. M. No Harry. A poverty-stricken client entered his office at the same time as I did and made an inquiry. He got the same response: Mr. King was up to court.

"Now, I repeat, there was something about this Gertie's manner that got on my nerves. It was clear she was lying. So mentally apologizing to myself, I went up Main Street to the courthouse. I didn't pass Harry on the way and I scoured the courthouse when I got there. I know every nook and cranny of it. Court had adjourned of course; the courtrooms were empty and Harry wasn't to be found in any of the county offices. So I told myself that here was something wrong. That night Harry was with Vivian as usual. They went to a motion-picture house and came back. I chatted with him for a moment, but said nothing of my visit. He mentioned it, however, and said he'd make a definite appointment with me, or he could draw my will up here at the house. I suggested that would do as well, but I wasn't ready and I'd let him know. I knew then that not only his little Irish girl was concealing the truth but that Harry King himself was secreting something. The girl in his office lied. Harry didn't lie. Where she was guilty of *suggestio falsi*, as Harry would have said, he contented himself with the perpetration of *suppressio veri*.

"Next day I whipped into his office with the air of a man in desperate haste. I darted through the tiny little outer office and plunged into Harry's private room. The girl was after me in a bound. But she was too late. On Harry's desk there was a neat little pile of unopened mail. He hadn't been there that day at all.

"'Where is Mr. King?' I demanded; 'he's not at court, I've just come from there.' Which was a lie.

"The girl was nonplused. I had caught her napping.

"'No, sir,' she said, recovering in an instant; 'he's closing a title of some meadow land in Springfield—I forget the lawyer's office. He won't get back till late.'

"I shook my head.

"'I've got to talk to Mr. King at once,' I said; 'it won't wait. Can't I get him on the phone?'

"She fumbled with some papers on his desk, but I knew it was a blind. I fidgeted and looked at my watch. She evidently assured herself that I was in dead earnest.

"'Oh, I've just found it,' she exclaimed, snatching a blank piece of paper up and holding it in front of her. She looked at the clock.

"'If you'll call up Standish 145 right now you'll get him,' she continued.

"Now you know as well as I do, Bill, that Standish is a local central call and that Springfield is some twelve miles out of town. But I jumped for the phone and called up Standish 145. I got it. Now, I know lawyers' offices and lawyers' voices, even at their highest pitch. And voices came to me over the phone—some guttural, some ribald—but they weren't the voices of professional lawyers, not by a long shot. After a wait, Harry's pleasing tones oozed over the wire.

"'Say, dad,' he said, 'look here. I'll be at the office at six o'clock to-night. I'll be there, sure as guns—then, but not before. Meet me there and we'll fix that little matter up!'

"I was there at six o'clock on the minute, and so was he. He was waiting for me. I sized him up. He looked tired and pale; in fact, he seemed exhausted, almost.

"'Hard day of it,' he explained. 'If you want to do real work, you want to close titles for a living. When I went into the law I thought it would be all gab and glory, but I find it's just grubbing like the deuce. Now, let's get down to the last will and testament of Samuel Tolliver, Esquire.'

"Pencil in hand, he commenced to scribble out a draft. I let him go on, noting meantime that his fingers had the indelible brownish-yellow tinge of nicotine. This man was a cigarette fiend. I chalked that much up against him then and there. Did he go farther than that? What meant his pallor, his exhaustion? I let him go on, making another mental note that I would make no will until I found out something more about Mr. Harry King.

"That night, after the house was still, I crept downstairs and cabbaged the telephone book. I spent three hours locating Standish 145. Bill, Standish 145 was the telephone number of a roadhouse—you remember it, the roadhouse on the outskirts of town."

I started.

"By the Collingwood race track!" I exclaimed. "I remember it well."

"By the Collingwood race track," went on Sam Tolliver. "And the Collingwood

(Continued on Page 87)

On Owning a Maxwell

OWNERSHIP of a Maxwell Motor Car is made easy on account of the low selling price. Equipment and refinements considered, the Maxwell is one of the least expensive cars built.

But ownership implies operation, maintenance, uninterrupted service, and must include the cost thereof. It is in this latter respect that our chief claim to superiority rests.

For the well known facts are that Maxwell cars deliver exceptional mileage on a given quantity of gasoline and oil; that, due to their light weight and scientific balance, they travel unusual distances on one set of tires.

That, by reason of the very best grade of materials and a high standard of workmanship, they require practically no service or upkeep expense.

It is easy to own a Maxwell, but what is more important, it is easy to operate it. For these reasons we commend it to your most serious consideration.

Roadster $620; Touring Car $635; Cabriolet $865; Town Car $915; Sedan $985, completely equipped, including electric starter and lights. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.
Canadian prices: Roadster $870; Touring Car $890, f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

Maxwell

Motor Company, Inc.-Detroit, Mich.

From an original oil painting made especially for The Lowe Brothers Company by W. B. King, of New York.

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Beautiful flat tints for walls, holding their freshness and charm for years . . . . . .

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LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

The Lowe Brothers Company

485 East Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Boston · New York · Jersey City · Chicago · Kansas City · Minneapolis

Lowe Brothers, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

(Continued from Page 84)

race track is still a going concern. You know our home state is a good old sport. And the roadhouse—you know the kind. It's the joy of joy riders. I found out. I went out there one night when Harry King was calling at the house. Cabaret—the limit—wine, wassail, and the drunkenest kind of song. It was the racing season. I wormed my way upstairs—gambling rooms galore, cards, faro, roulette—the whole outfit. That was Standish 145.

"I got back home while Harry was still there. I looked him over carefully. And for the first time I noticed the subtle change that had come over him since I first had met him. It had crept over him so gradually that I had been unaware of its progressive stages. But Harry King had come to Vivian and me a poor young man, and, as I looked him over that night, my eyes were opened. This man was not poor. He was prosperous. He was wearing a sixty-dollar suit of clothes. He was trim, neat. He had the jaunty air of the well-fed, well-clad man-about-town."

I don't believe Sam Tolliver saw the start I gave. If he did, he failed to mention it. For the change wrought in Harry King was the forerunner of the change in Sam. What did it mean? But Sam went on. I didn't want to lose a word.

"And aside from that," proceeded Tolliver, "Vivian was strutting around in front of our old pier glass, gloating—positively gloating—over the effect of a corking jewel-studded necklace—one of those with a pendant—that he'd given her. He'd bought it at the most expensive place in New York. Harry King had money and was spending it. He was prosperous. But his face was pale. His eyes were tired. Vivian told him he was working too hard. He said he was all right—he was just learning that a lawyer really was a slave, with every client for his master, and that he was just getting into his stride—the harder he worked the better he was getting to like it. The fees were coming in.

"I thought of his office—a dingy, poverty-stricken affair in one of our dingiest buildings downtown. And I thought of Standish 145, with its gambling rooms, and of the Collingwood race track. Gambling rooms housed card dealers as well as gamblers, and horse races were invented for the benefit of bookmakers young and old. Harry King was getting good money. Where did he get it—how?

"The next day I stole once more into his office—this time in the morning. Gertie told me when I could get him on the wire, and the number, once more, Standish 145. I didn't call him up. I waited until noon, then I left my desk at the bank and took a race-track trolley car. It was twelve-forty-five when I reached the roadhouse. They knew me. I'm not the only bank clerk who's been seen about the place. I scoured the roadhouse as thoroughly as I was able. My search yielded nothing. I started down the road toward the Collingwood track. The afternoon races would begin at three. I was just crawling in through an unguarded entrance when I saw a gang of men swinging down the road. I stood in the shadow of the gateway and watched them. On they came. They were singing—and foremost among them, dancing gayly in the roadway, was Harry King—our Harry King, Vivian's and mine. But it was a dingy Harry King, the Harry King of months before. His clothes were old and worn, his hat was shabby. But his spirits were buoyant, his tones were rollicking. I stepped out into the road and confronted him.

"He stopped short in his tracks. He turned the color of a ghost.

"'Dad,' he cried aghast. He gulped. He was flabbergasted. I could see that I had taken him utterly by surprise. But I'll give him credit, he made a neat recovery. He waved his hand.

"'Gentlemen,' he said to his companions, 'this is Mr. Tolliver, of the First National. He's—he's my prospective father-in-law—if—if—he'll permit it.'

"He didn't introduce his friends by name, they were too numerous. But somehow or other they seemed to understand. They crowded about me and shook hands. One or two men seemed to know me by sight and called me glibly by name, though they had heard Harry mention it but once. There was one man who turned his back on me and went slinking down the road. He was not quick enough, however, for I had seen his face and knew him. He was Fielding, ten years ago one of the biggest insurance men in town. He had gone bankrupt. What he was doing here was a mystery to me. I looked the crowd over. Who were these men? What were they? I couldn't place them—they were of all sorts. Harry King seized me by the arm.

"'Come down to the joint,' he said, 'and we'll have lunch. We haven't got much time.'

"'Lots of it,' I answered bitterly; 'the gates don't open up till half past two.'

"By now he had recovered his spirits. He slapped me gayly on the back.

"'There spoke a Tolliver,' he cried. 'A good old horse race now and then is relished by the best of men. But actually I'm pressed for time. I've got to call up Gertie at the office. And now that you're on, I've got to talk to you.'

"We had a bully lunch—a place like that has got to have an A-number-one chef—a bully lunch, in a little side room, far removed from the shouts of laughter and vocal badinage of Harry King's companions.

"'Dad,' said Harry King, 'I've got to make a clean breast of it. I've tried to keep it from you and Vivian. I felt I had to. I was linking myself up with a Tolliver—one of the F. F. V's. And I had a nerve to ask Vivian and a nerve to ask you for her. Honest, I had no idea what starting in to practice law meant. I thought every lawyer made ten thousand a year. Honest, I did. Why, my dear old dad, for six months I sat in that office there and rotted. I didn't have a client. I knew something had to be done. I'm a marrying man, dad. I come of a marrying family and I was going to marry a Tolliver. And yet, honest, I would have turned a double somersault if I could have pulled down fifteen a week, gross. I had to have money. I had to live and I had to get Vivian—sometime or other. Well, one day, I met Fielding ——'

"'Insurance man,' I interrupted; 'I saw him on the road.'

"'Fielding,' continued Harry, 'and he put me wise. He put me on to a good thing—a sure thing, dad. I couldn't lose. I had everything to gain. So I was a sport and I plunged. Who wouldn't on a sure thing?'

"I offered him a smoke, but he declined.

"'We—we get out of the habit in our line,' he said. Then he went on—I noting meanwhile those telltale fingers.

"'Dad,' he continued, 'it was easy. I'm a lawyer, see. Where should a lawyer be? Where he wants to be—at the courthouse. That's another fallacy. I always supposed a lawyer went to court every day. So did Gertie. So I went—and, not being at the office, I was at court or else out of town on business. Who suffered? Not my clients. I had none. And those I had were poor devils who had to see me after working hours. And that little Gertie girl lied for me like a brick. She don't know the reason why and she believes that I'm straight goods. One thing is I pay her well, poor kid. Fielding put me wise and I followed his lead.'

"'Fielding,' I interposed, 'went broke playing the races.'

"'He told me all about that,' returned Harry King; 'he's lived and learned. And I followed his lead. He caught me just at the right time, too—just when I could get in on the ground floor. Along early in the game it was velvet. Sometimes it took sixteen hours a day of my time, but I made—whisper—some weeks I made as much as one hundred and fifty dollars a week—and I was a novice at the game at that.'

"I shook my head.

"'It can't last,' I said; 'and you're not the kind of chap that can stand the pace; and besides ——'

"He held up his hand.

"'Oh, I know all that,' he exclaimed. 'I'm a lawyer first, last and all the time. Besides, a hundred and fifty a week was too good to last. Just now I'm pulling down about sixty. But I've got money—a bank roll, dad. And what's more, I've got a practice—a law practice, all through this. You wouldn't believe it, would you? Why, when I came to town, everybody told me to join a church and a club and a Masonic fraternity, and I'd get business. But this bunch beats all that hollow. I told 'em from the start I was a lawyer and from then on I've been handing out curbstone advice by the bucketful. But it was worth while.

"From half past five to seven, down in that dinky little office, I'm doing a land-office business. This whole bunch, men and women too ——'

"'There are women,' I commented.

(Concluded on Page 91)

A May-Time Breakfast

Make It a Reality

If an artist painted a May-time breakfast, the center dish would be berries.

But not berries alone. The berry dish is twice as dainty mixed with airy Puffed Grains.

Add sugar and cream to that mixture, and you have the finest dish in the world.

Flaky, Toasted Bubbles

These are whole grains of wheat and rice, puffed by steam explosions. Prof. A. P. Anderson invented the process to break up every food cell.

A fearful heat is applied for an hour, which gives a nut-like flavor. Then the grains are shot from guns. Every granule is exploded. And the grains come out like bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size.

The object is easy digestion. But the result is a food confection. Never was anything half so enticing made from these grains before.

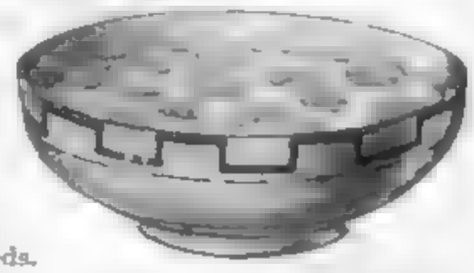
Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

May-Time Suppers



For luncheons and suppers millions of people serve them in bowls of milk. They form airy morsels, thin and flaky, with a toasted nut-like flavor.

They supply whole-grain foods, with their minerals and vitamines, of which few get enough. And in a form where every atom feeds.

In this form they do not tax the stomach. So they are mid-day foods for brain-workers, and bedtime foods for children. Serve them more frequently. There is nothing else like them. Keep all three kinds on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1567)

Oil Tests

Their relation to Correct Lubrication

This important 15 minute talk is based on the 50 years' world-wide experience of the Vacuum Oil Company

SEVERAL years ago a prominent engineer invented a machine to determine the comparative efficiency of lubricating oils. But one day it was found that crude kerosene oil, by this machine's test, was the best lubricant.

That, of course, was ridiculous on the face of it.

This will indicate the difficulties which science has always met in trying to judge an oil's efficiency by anything but the practical tests of *service*.

Nevertheless, *during manufacture*, certain scientific tests are essential.

Gargoyle Lubricants, whether they are intended for steam engine use, gas engine use, or use on other friction surfaces, are all put through many such scientific tests.

For example: Each batch of Gargoyle Mobiloils which goes on the market, is put through at least 35 separate and distinct tests.

These tests are *not* aimed to get at the *lubricating efficiency* of the oil. The oil's efficiency had to be arrived at by long experiment in practical use.

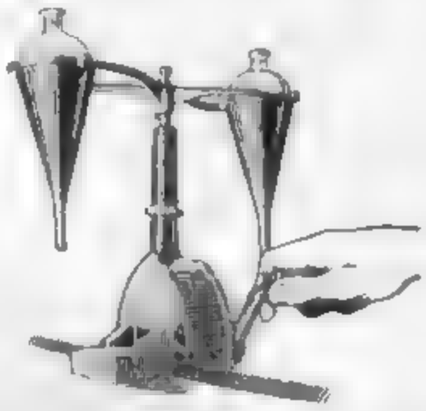
The scientific laboratory tests simply make sure that the oil is running uniform —that every batch manufactured is up to the proven standard.

Below we outline briefly a few of the tests used for this purpose.

Following these tests we describe a number of the uncertain oil tests which so often lead to trouble.

▽ ▽ ▽

IMPURITY AND WATER TEST



Crude oil comes from the ground. It is liable to contain traces of salt, mud, sand, water and other foreign substances held in suspension.

The crude oil which is subjected to this test is mixed half and half with gasoline and poured into a graduated glass sedimentation jar. The jar is then put into a centrifuge and whirled.

During the whirling process the bottom of the jar is thrown outward. The water and foreign substances are forced into the small, graduated end of the jar. The organic foreign substances form a layer between the water and the oil, the sand sinking to the bottom.

The graduated scale indicates the percentage of water and of foreign substances in the sample under examination.

GRAVITY TEST

In this test a weighted bulb with a graduated spindle (hydrometer) is dropped into a tube of oil. The hydrometer floats. But its bottom sinks to a certain depth—depending on the oil's gravity. The gravity is determined by the depth to which the hydrometer sinks, as shown by the markings on the spindle with the oil at 60° F.

This test is simply used to determine whether or not uniform weight per gallon is being maintained. It is constantly used in manufacturing Gargoyle Lubricants.

FLASH AND FIRE TESTS

The flash test is the lowest temperature at which the vapor from an oil will ignite but not continue to burn.

If the flash test is too low, the oil will evaporate from the cylinder walls and bearings when the normal engine heat develops. This would leave the friction surfaces without lubrication.

Gargoyle Lubricants always undergo this flash test.

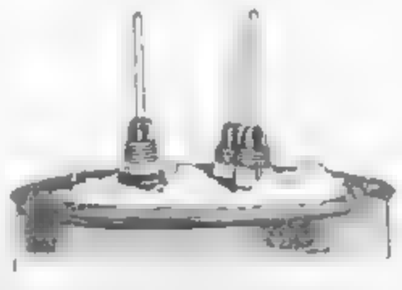
The fire test is made with the apparatus used in the flash test.

The fire test is the temperature at which the ignited vapor from an oil will continue to burn.

This is another check used in manufacturing Gargoyle Lubricants to insure uniformity.

But it should be remembered that the flash and fire tests alone cannot determine an oil's lubricating efficiency.

CLOUD TEST



The oil is put into a screw-capped glass jar. A thermometer passes down through the cover into the oil. The jar is immersed in ice. The oil then gradually cools.

The cloud test is the temperature at which a cloud first forms in the oil and rises about half way up when it about covers the bulb of the thermometer. Its reading is given as the cloud test.

This is a laboratory test constantly used in manufacturing Gargoyle Lubricants.

POUR TEST

The pour test is the lowest point of temperature at which the oil will flow. This is also known as the Cold Test. Below its pour test, oil forms into a soft, jelly-like substance that will not flow.

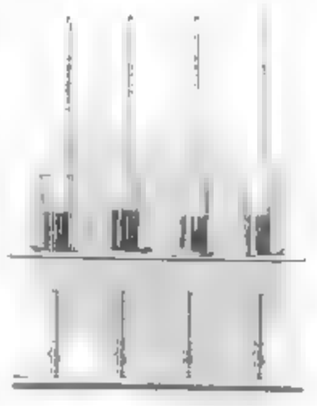
This test is used to make sure that every batch of Gargoyle Lubricants is meeting the established pour test standard.

COOK TEST

Oil can be decolorized by these methods:

(1) By Chemical Treatment.
(2) By Filtration.
(3) By a combination of both.

In filtration Gargoyle Mobiloils are passed through filters containing 20 tons to 50 tons of fuller's earth.



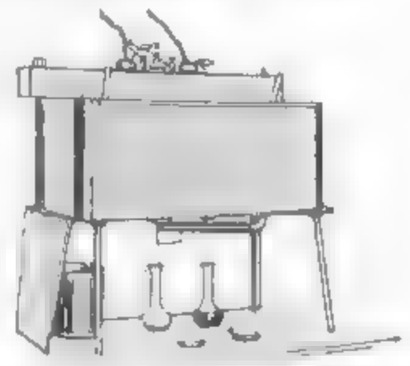
The cook test determines whether the purification after treatment is complete.

The oil for testing is put in a glass beaker. There it is heated for one hour up to 450° F. The oil is then examined for discoloration and sediment.

The original color of the oil gives no real guide to its lubricating efficiency. Nor does it give a real guide to the carbon content. But, under this cook test, a change from the original color of the oil indicates the degree of incomplete purification.

Under this test the contrast between the discoloration of most oils and the slight discoloration of Gargoyle Lubricants—Gargoyle Mobiloils for example—is very marked.

VISCOSITY TEST



Viscosity is simply the technical name for what is popularly called "body."

But this fact must be borne in mind: Two oils which will show the same viscosity at one temperature will often decidedly differ in viscosity at higher or lower temperatures.

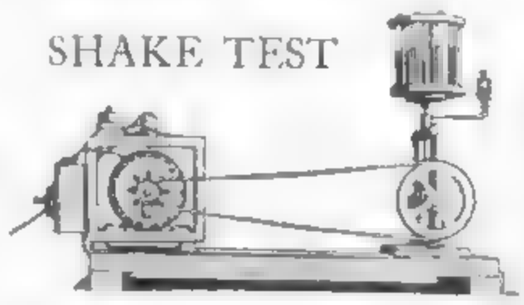
The viscosity of Gargoyle Lubricants is tested at three different temperatures—104°—140° and 210° F.

In this test the oil is put into a tube surrounded by water or steam which is kept at the test temperature. When the oil reaches the predetermined temperature, a plug in the bottom of the tube is removed. This opens a small standardized tube. The oil is then allowed to flow out of this opening into a glass receptacle of known capacity.

The time in seconds required by the oil to fill the container beneath, up to the standard graduation mark, is the measure of the oil's viscosity.

Gargoyle Lubricants all go through the viscosity test, but the viscosity test alone cannot determine the efficiency of an oil. Gargoyle Lubricants possess individual characteristics as lubricants.

SHAKE TEST



Another purification test.

A little water is put in a bottle which is about half full of the oil. The bottle is put into the shake machine. The oil is churned up with the water—at the rate of 350 elevations per minute. This movement is kept up for about an hour.

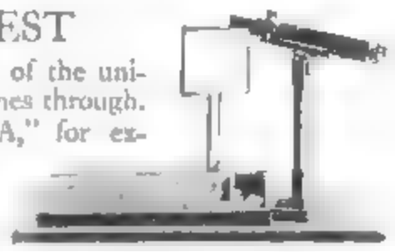
The oil is then examined. The water should quickly sink to the bottom of the bottle, leaving a clear separation between the oil and the water.

If the oil is improperly purified, the water will not clearly separate. It will hang up in the oil, and have a yellowish, mucky look.

This test is sometimes known as the "emulsion test."

The superior manner in which Gargoyle Lubricants—Gargoyle Mobiloils for example—meet this test is simply another evidence of thorough purification.

COLOR TEST



This is simply a test of the uniformity of the oil as it comes through.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," for example, is of a standard color. The color does not in any way indicate the oil's lubricating quality. It does, however, have a meaning to those familiar with the manufacture of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A."

The standard color for Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is maintained by means of a colored glass slide. The glass slide is introduced into a slot in a form of a sight tube known as the tintometer. A sample from the batch of oils being tested is put in a glass-sided metal cell beside it. By looking through the tintometer the color of the tested batch of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" can then be compared with the standard color on the glass slide.

MISLEADING TESTS

The following tests are sometimes made by oil users in all seriousness. Scientifically they lead to nothing—except possible trouble.

Hot Shovel Test

A few drops to a teaspoonful of oil are poured on a hot shovel. If the oil evaporates rapidly it is considered by some oil users a sign of poor oil. If the oil evaporates slowly and spreads over the shovel it is considered a good oil.

If this test is good for anything it simply indicates the boiling point of the oil. When oil boils it evaporates, just as water evaporates on boiling.

Oil might be very unclean and poor in practically every other respect and still show a high boiling point on the shovel.

And the high boiling point of itself proves practically nothing. For some purposes oil of a high boiling point is distinctly undesirable.

Bubble Test

Two oils in separate bottles are compared by the following method:

The bottles are quickly turned upside down. The rise of the big bubbles to the top is watched.

This is sometimes believed to indicate the relative viscosities of the oils

If this test is to be of any value, the bottles must be of the same size and the oils must be at the same temperature. But the method is crude and inaccurate. The bubbles may apparently rise to the top in exactly the same time, and the two oils still be far apart in "body" or viscosity.

We should also remember that the viscosity of an oil of itself throws small light on the oil's efficiency.

Crank Case Test

Some automobilists and mechanicians try to test oil by letting it run out of the pet-cock in the crank case. If the oil comes out lighter in body than normal they consider it has failed to stand up in service.

This test is misleading.

The lightness in body may be due to either of the following causes:

(1) *Gasoline leakage.* If the clearance around the piston rings is not properly sealed, gasoline leaks into the crank case and thins out the oil.

(2) *Heat.* The oil goes into the crank case cool. When the engine runs the crank case heats. Any oil will then become more fluid. But the oil when again cooled will return to its original body.

Occasionally the crank case oil will come out *thicker* than normal. Generally the cause is water. This may have come from the cooling system or it may be due to the leakage of water vapor from the combustion chambers past improperly sealed piston rings.

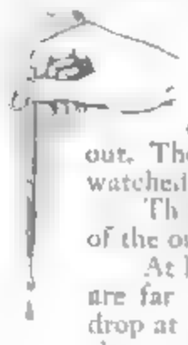
The churning in the crank case causes such water to emulsify with the oil and thicken it.

Palm Test

A few drops of the oil are poured into the palm of the hand. The oil is rubbed with the finger. The "feel" of the oil is then supposed to indicate whether or not the oil is of proper "body" or quality.

A person of very fine sensibilities may be able to distinguish between the "bodies" of oils so tested. But that is doubtful. At best the method is inaccurate. And the important question still remains unanswered—"What 'body' is desirable for the purpose?"

Pencil Test



A pencil is thrust down to the bottom of a bottle of oil. It is then quickly lifted out. The flow of the oil from the end of the pencil is watched.

This is supposed to be a guide to the viscosity of the oil.

At best the method is inaccurate, for oils which are far apart in viscosity would often apparently drop at the same rate from a pencil. And viscosity alone means little.

▽ ▽ ▽ ▽

So much for "tests."

We have tried to make plain the great difference in efficiency which may exist between oils which *look* alike, *feel* alike and *test* alike. To cope with this puzzling condition, the Vacuum Oil Company has for years maintained thoroughly equipped laboratories and engineering departments in many parts of the world.

In recommending a Gargoyle Lubricant for a given purpose, we first analyze the operating conditions to be met, then specify the lubricant which is known, from practical experience, to meet the conditions most efficiently.

With Gargoyle Mobiloils this situation is met by a Chart of Recommendations, which is shown in part on this page. The oils specified for the various cars in this Chart are determined annually by a careful engineering analysis of each model and make of car.

The recommendations are based on 50 years of practical experience in lubrication. The formulæ and methods used in manufacturing these oils are based on almost numberless practical tests.

You may safely feel that the oil specified for your car in this Chart will insure—

Greater power.
Less friction.
Less carbon.
Lower consumption of gasoline.
Less consumption of lubricating oil.
Longer life of your car.

Write for new 56-page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems, list of troubles with remedies and complete Charts of Recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Marine Engines.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, kindly write our nearest branch, giving dealer's name and address.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches:

Detroit Boston New York Chicago Philadelphia Indianapolis
Des Moines Minneapolis Pittsburgh Kansas City, Kan

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation:—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" **Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"**
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" **Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"**

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. These recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

Model of	1917		1916		1915		1914		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" " (8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 33-34-35)					A	Arc				
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Auburn (4 cyl)			A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Avery			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 8 & 9)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Buick		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
"							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A
Case			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. 6-40)	A	A	A	A						
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Cole			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Six			A	A	A	A				
Columbia					A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Crow-Elkhart	A	A	A	A						
Dart	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
" Model 1	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
Detroit Electric					B	A	B	A	B	A
Detroiter		Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" 8					Arc	Arc				
Dodge	A	Arc.	A	Arc	B	B				
Dorris	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 6 cyl					A	A				
Federal		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
H A L	A	A	A	A						
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Hudson			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (Super Six)	A	Arc	A	A						
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Jeffery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A		
" (6 cyl)	A	A								
" Com'l.	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A
Kearns			E	E	E	E				
" Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A				
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
King					A	Arc	A	A	A	E
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A				
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" " Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Mod. 48)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Leppard Stewart	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Mod. M)	A	Arc.	A	Arc						
Locomobile	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (22-70)					Arc	Arc				
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell (8 cyl)			A	A					A	Arc
Moline										
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Moon (4 cyl)					Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A
" (6 cyl)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
National			A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Oakland	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Oldsmobile			Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard					A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A
Paige					A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (6-46)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
" (6-36 & 38)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Pathfinder	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Pierce Arr	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Reo	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Renault	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Republic			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Roamer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rowe	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickert	E	E								
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E		
Scripps-Booth	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Selden	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	A	A	E	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Sterling Wagon	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" Coach	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stevens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Velie					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Westcott	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A		
Wilson	Arc	Arc								
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

"Trust Me

to use only a safe soap—a pure, white soap—a soap that will not harm my hands—a soap that leaves the dishes clean and sanitary. You don't mind getting deep down into the dish-water when you use Peet's Crystal White Soap. It is made only of vegetable oils. So it is pure and sweet-smelling and leaves your hands soft and smooth."

Over three million families have proved it best for every household purpose and also proved it most economical because its purity assures more work with less soap.

Peet Bros. Mfg. Co.

Kansas City. San Francisco.

Concluded from Page 87

"He looked at his watch. I noticed that it had no chain and that the watch itself was inclosed in some kind of leather case.

"'We're off,' he said. 'Come on, let's trot down the road. I'll show you how I work!'

"We trotted down the road, Bill, and we reached the scene of his iniquity. He left me at the gate of an inclosure that covered many acres. Yes, you've guessed it probably: it was the employees' entrance to the Universal Fuse Concern.

"As for me," proceeded Sam Tolliver, throwing back the lapel of his smartly cut coat and puffing out his chest, "I'm working in the Crocker plant. Unskilled labor, to some extent, but I pull down twice what I made clerking in the bank. They want men, Bill, men and yet more men. Yes, and women too. The demand for labor is greater than the supply. The man next to me is a clergyman, retired. He's as proud and happy as he's ever been. There's no particular age limit—at least there wasn't when Harry King started in. The point was could you use your hands. If you could, the job was yours."

"Dangerous for you—for Harry King," I ventured.

He shook his head.

"Bless you," he returned, "Harry King's married. He'll be a father soon. God bless all three! He's left the fuse concern. There was some danger, but not much—fuses are small things, they don't blow up like bombs. You know they tuck 'em in the noses of the shells. But Crocker's, where I am—bless you, no. We only make parts. As for Harry King, he's one of the busiest men in town. He's got all the law business from the bunch at the fuse concern, and I send him all I can from Crocker's. His clients are prosperous, and when people are prosperous, Bill, they indulge in one of the luxuries of the age—that's law."

He stopped and drew forth from his pocket a photograph and looked at it, then he slipped it back again.

Instinctively I felt that it was not his daughter's picture. He glanced at me somewhat sheepishly.

"I met my future wife in Crocker's plant," he said; "so I owe much to the example of young Harry King." He paused, ostensibly to relight his cigar but really on account of his embarrassment. "Amy is coming on here," he said, "to-morrow. We're to be married in New York. We'll take in Palm Beach possibly. And then the Yellowstone. I—I'd like to have you meet her when she comes, and maybe you and the missus wouldn't mind standing up with us at our quiet little wedding over in little old New York; what say?"

I told him we'd jump at the opportunity, which was a bald-faced lie, at least so far as the missus was concerned. But Sallie is game to the core. Next afternoon she met us at the station and the three of us met Sam's factory girl. Sam wore a broad grin as he introduced her, but he didn't get very far.

"Amy—Amy Landis," I yelled, for it was Amy Landis, a girl of my old home town. "This," I said to Sallie, "is the Amy Landis, of the Landises out there."

"Dear me," said Sallie, warmly welcoming her, "and this—this joker said it was to be a factory girl."

Amy Landis colored.

"It is a factory girl," she explained swiftly. "When you've been a stenographer for twenty years at starvation wages and have a mother to support, you'll be good and glad to be a factory girl and get some clothes and things."

"Bill," said Sam Tolliver solemnly, "I suspect the time has come when the middle-class aristocracy will have to work with their hands. The only thing that keeps pace with the high cost of living is a trade."

"Sam," I returned, "I suspect that you are not only a suspicious old Sam Tolliver, but that you are a blamed secretive one at that."

Sam rubbed his nose

"Well, maybe so," he said.

SPOILERS OF SERVICE

What Commercial Courtesy Costs and Who Pays for It

By FORREST CRISSEY

"SERVICE" was once the most sugary word in the whole vocabulary of the retail merchant. At first it was so sweet to his lips that he was inclined to say it in his sleep. It was almost as high a favorite with him as it still is with the professional uplifter. But to-day the storekeeper doesn't roll this term under his tongue with quite the unction that he once did. Like the word "efficiency" in the mouth of the manufacturer, it has acquired an overdone flavor, a touch of staleness.

Both these words and the things for which they stand are still as good as ever—and no better. They have lost their savor for their most frequent users from the fact that they have fallen under the natural law that every good thing has its special enemy, its distinctive destroyer. The microbe that has put the taint into service in the mouth of the retail merchant is known among the salespeople of the great metropolitan stores by the vulgar name of "service hog." This may not be a nice term, but those who serve at the counters and the desks of the big retail establishments insist that it is highly descriptive. They offer the additional information that there are three distinct species of this malignant commercial bacillus.

In the first class are those who are spoilers of service through thoughtlessness rather than from malicious intent. The members of this species are called "shoptomaniacs," because their dominant trait is the passion for shopping; their consuming ambition is either to buy for the mere sake of buying, or because of the impression they believe generous buying is bound to make upon observers. In the next group are those who deliberately abuse service for their personal convenience and to make a fictitious display. This species is extremely destructive to service, because it is decidedly numerous. Undoubtedly it contains more "returners" than any other class, though the first-named species offers it close competition in this particular. The third group is composed of those who make a business, or at least a business matter, of the abuse of service. These are the professional spoilers of service, who prey upon stores maintaining a generous policy toward their customers concerning the return of goods and similar matters.

In these militant days of bloated figures, when at the moment of this writing cabbages are costing a shilling a pound and potatoes a dollar a peck, and the searchlight is everywhere turned upon the family expense account, there is something not strictly impersonal to the average consumer in this statement made by the chief service official in one of our largest retail stores:

"It is conservative to say that fully fifty per cent of the cost of service goes to cover the waste caused by its abusers. In other words, if our service were not abused we could afford to double its quality to our customers without a cent of increase in its cost to them or to us. Or, to present it from a little different angle, if it were not for the abusers of service we could extend to our patrons every courtesy they now receive at our hands, and cut our selling prices by that portion represented by fifty per cent of our service cost.

"The buying public has no idea of the cost of commercial courtesy, as that commodity is now retailed under the service brand. If I were obliged to give an offhand estimate of the cost of the abuse of service to the big retail stores of State Street, Chicago, I should place it at about twenty-four thousand dollars a week, or almost a million and a quarter a year. One authority on this subject has the hardihood to estimate that the excess cost of service, caused by its abuse, in all commercial lines throughout the United States, does not average less than a dollar a year to every man, woman and child of Uncle Sam's domain. A hundred millions a year is certainly some item of expense and ought to make every consumer stop and think about his or her share in this burden. These are not my figures, and I do not know how they were obtained; but I am compelled to confess that to me they are entirely plausible. My experience in watching the cost of the abuse of the returned-goods privilege in a single large store prepares me to accept this statement as altogether probable.

"If this cost could be assessed upon the service spoilers themselves the solution of the problem would be easy and the remedy almost immediate; but this is virtually an impossibility. Like the rain from above it must fall alike upon the just and the unjust: upon those who never abuse service, and who use less than their rightful share of it, as well as upon those who are the chief offenders in this line. The customer who comes to the modern city store, makes her purchases, pays spot cash for them, and carries them away in her arms, is penalized to just as heavy a percentage for the waste of the service spoiler as is the most wanton of professional returners, who makes part of his or her income by preying upon the enterprise of the store that maintains the most liberal trade policy for its patrons.

"It is impossible to estimate in dollars and cents the damage done to modern retail merchandising, and consequently to the customers of nearly all retail stores, by the abusers of service, because the inevitable result is to undermine the institution of service. It has cost millions of dollars to build up the modern system of commercial courtesy that is generally covered by the word service. This expenditure has been amply justified because it was made to meet a genuine demand on the part of the buying public.

"Now the question appears to be whether or not service vandals shall be allowed to pull this structure down upon the heads of those who have made discriminating and respectful use of it. Let me sum up the situation by saying that there are millions of buyers who have never once in their whole lives abused service in any particular. On the other hand, I could name individual customers who do thousands of dollars' worth of damage to retail stores—and consequently to their other patrons—every year. There are still others who do harm that cannot be estimated in dollars."

A modern merchant of the best type regards a customer's purchase as a responsibility that is not discharged until the goods bought are fully delivered and the customer satisfied with both the goods and the service. Because of this viewpoint the carelessness of customers in giving directions as to the delivery of purchases is an item of cost of which the buying public has no appreciation. Though service spoilers of this type are innocent of any intent to be unfair and inconsiderate the havoc they play runs into a big total.

Here is an example of how much a little carelessness on the part of a customer may cost a store with which the acceptance of a customer's order is also the acceptance of an obligation to deliver the goods ordered without regard for the trouble or expense involved in the full discharge of that responsibility. To be sure, the example is extreme; but for that reason it is decidely graphic: A few months ago a woman bought an article at one of Chicago's foremost retail stores, paid cash for it, and, in answer to the salesgirl's inquiry, said: "Oh, yes; it will be a convenience to have it delivered. You may send it to the La Salle Hotel."

The cost of that article was forty-eight cents. It cost the store exactly twelve dollars and ten cents to deliver that article. This customer had intended to ask that the parcel be delivered at the LaSalle Street Station, where she was to take a train for her home in a remote part of northeastern Canada. She had, however, carelessly said "hotel" instead of "station." The woman was a stranger in Chicago and this made the work of locating her extremely difficult. In the words of the one to whom this task fell, it was "one of the blindest leads that was ever left in the store."

On account of the unusual amount of time this case demanded at the hands of various employees, of the money spent in

(Continued on Page 95)

"'Gets-It,' Quick!"

YES, "Gets-It"—that's the first thing to think about when you have a corn or callus. Don't make it painful, difficult and troublesome for yourself trying to remove that corn—do it the way millions have done, comfortably and easily—you will use a simple, quick way—

"GETS-IT"

For Removing Corns Easily

Two drops put on in two seconds—that's the extent of your work. Then let "Gets-It" do the rest and see the corn loosen so you can "peel" it right off about as you would your glove. It's foolish to make your toes red and sore. Don't experiment, nor cut corns, taking chances of poisoning from making corns bleed. Be corn-free tomorrow—use "Gets-It" tonight.

25 Cents

At All Drug Stores

or sent direct on receipt of price by the Lawrence & Company, Chicago, Ill.

America Captured
Housewives Everywhere Prefer
MORTON'S SALT 10c
It pours and "seasons" just right.
Morton Salt Co. Chicago, U. S. A.

Rinex Soles

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US — RUBBER STATES

WEAR shoes with Rinex Soles—you and every other member of the family. Wear them because they look better, feel better, wear better, *are* better in many, many ways than shoes with leather soles.

Rinex Soles are the new, synthetic product of the world's largest rubber manufacturer—in itself an assurance of superior worth, service and economy.

They are sold under the seal of satisfaction—the Honor Mark of a Great Company, a company with years and years of experience in making footwear for the entire nation. Therefore—

No other sole *can* be like Rinex.

Rinex Soles do not cut, chip, slip, crack, peel, warp, deteriorate. They do not burn or draw the feet. They possess all the virtues of the best white-oak leather with none of its shortcomings. They

Look Like Leather—Wear Better

You do not have to break-in Rinex Soles. They are comfortable from the start—soft, springy, flexible, resilient, yet tough and wear-resisting to an amazing degree.

They wear down *uniformly*—not in layers like leather. You can demonstrate their practical economy to your own satisfaction the very first pair you wear.

NEXT pair of shoes you buy, tell the salesman they must have Rinex Soles. Next pair you have resoled, tell the repairman the same thing.

For your protection, the name "Rinex Sole" is permanently molded in the shank. Always look for that name. It is the guidepost to honest value in shoe-soles and cannot be put on any sole not manufactured by this company. Remember—RINEX.

In black, white and tan for everybody's shoes—everywhere

United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Dept., 1790 Broadway, N. Y.
60 High Street, Boston

Rinex Soles

IT'S THE LONG BLUE CHIMNEY

DONE TO A TURN

FOOD crisp, fragrant and delicious—without burning up your strength. Perfect combustion and perfect flame control—that's the secret. The New Perfection Long Blue Chimney makes you absolutely sure of these qualities—so necessary to perfect cooking.

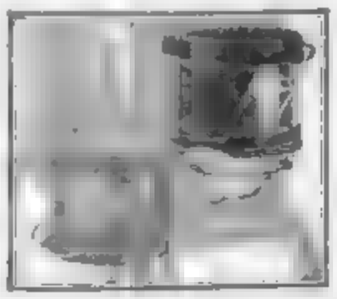
No soot, no odors, no drudgery—the *different* oil cook stove. Through the clear mica doors you can see where the flame is set, and there it stays.

Cooks fast or slow as you please. Bakes better because the flame is steady.

New Perfection burners are made of brass—no inferior metal used in these vital burner parts. Last longer—burner parts are cooler, that's why.

More than 2,500,000 satisfied housewives are the New Perfection's best endorsement. See it at any good hardware or housefurnishing store. Or write us for catalogues showing the many sizes.

A new and exclusive feature—the reversible glass reservoir (patented) makes the New Perfection better than ever before. Refilling reservoir with kerosene is made easy by this new invention. See illustration. Ask your dealer about it.



New Perfection Kerosene Water Heaters provide abundant circulating hot water at extremely low cost. In three-burner and one-burner sizes. See illustration above. Easy to install. Write for information.

New Perfection Portable Ovens bake to perfection because of correct heat circulation—no air pockets. Fit any Stove.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY

Successors to THE CLEVELAND FOUNDRY COMPANY

7300 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

NEW PERFECTION

OIL COOK STOVE

(Continued from Page 91)

correspondence and telegrams, of a special messenger employed, and of other costs incurred, the superintendent to whom the matter was finally referred caused a special and minute accounting of the expense involved to be made. This was the result of carelessness on the part of the customer combined with a high ideal of service on the part of the store.

Every month this store has thousands of cases, much less extreme than this, which mean large losses, owing to the customers' carelessness in designating where the goods should be sent. In this way thousands of packages incur delivery costs that exceed the store's profit on the goods before the articles at last find their proper destination. In many of these instances the costs of correcting the customers' mistakes are greater than the total value of the purchases involved.

Altogether the most common form of carelessness, by which customers in large cities pile up needless service expense on the stores with which they trade, is that of giving incorrect delivery addresses compounded out of the street numbers where they have formerly lived and the names of the streets to which they have lately moved, and vice versa. For example, let us suppose that a customer has lately moved from 4817 Blank Avenue to 2206 Dash End Avenue. If this customer belonged in the careless class of service spoilers she would very likely give her delivery address as 4817 Dash End Avenue, or 2206 Blank Avenue. In either case an investigation must be made in order to straighten out the tangle; and this costs money. Though this is the most innocent form of service abuse, it runs into a total expense that is literally appalling.

A Tall Mischief-Maker

The next step up in the ranks of service spoilers is to those customers who use the service privileges of a store with little or no consideration—those who seem devoid of a sense of fairness in their commercial relations. This class is especially discouraging to the enterprising merchant who is ambitious to give his store an atmosphere of the highest type of commercial courtesy. When he finds that his effort is met with the most unreasonable selfishness and inappreciation from the very customers from whom he would naturally expect real considerateness, it is small wonder that the word service loses something of its first sweetness to his taste.

Here is one case the service superintendent of a large department store declares is entirely typical of thousands of others. He gave this specific case simply because it had just reached a conclusion and was, therefore, fresh in his memory.

The case came to the superintendent on the appeal of the head of the coat department. An unusually tall woman, who was not easy to fit, found a coat that she declared to be just what she was looking for—only it would have to be lengthened a trifle. The salesman then made a careful examination of the garment and told the customer that it could not be lengthened, because there was not enough material in the portion which could be let down, and she would certainly not wish to have a seam showing. As a matter of fact, the coat was really long enough for this customer; but because of her sensitiveness about her height, she insisted that somehow it must be lengthened.

The result of her persistence was an appeal to the alteration expert, who told her that the only way the garment could be lengthened, and still preserve its beauty, would be to add a band of fur round the bottom and trim the cuffs with fur. The salesman warned her that if this alteration was made the coat would be nonreturnable, and must be taken, if at all, on that understanding.

The woman was delighted with this suggestion, and insisted that the changes must be made the same afternoon, so that she could wear the coat in the evening. Special alteration workers were assigned to the task of making the desired changes and the coat was sent to the customer's home by special messenger late in the afternoon.

The store records show that before she could have reached her home, probably a few minutes after the purchase was made, she telephoned a request to have the wagon call the following day to pick up a purchase she wished to return. If she had telephoned the section from which she had bought the coat, the alterations, which had not been begun at that time, could have been canceled. Instead, she simply telephoned her request to the delivery department.

When the coat came back, with the request that it be placed to her credit, she was notified that it was bought on the distinct understanding that, because it had been altered, it could not be returned. Instantly this customer became very angry, and declared that unless she received credit for the coat she would close her account. She was notified that, on a reconsideration of the case, the store would credit the coat—but that it would do so under protest, and that this protest would take the form of the closing of her account.

At the lowest estimate, the cost of this transaction to the store was not less than five dollars—to say nothing of the loss of a customer. But the net loss cannot be determined until the coat is sold. The chances are that the garment will not bring anywhere near its normal price. The alterations required to make the coat fit the unusual figure of the customer who bought it were of a character to diminish its salability. The indirect loss on this transaction, of course, depends upon how much of her trade the store will ultimately lose because of this occurrence and how much trade, on the part of her friends, this woman will be able to pull away from this concern.

The star performers of the whole force of service wreckers are those who do most of their buying for the sole purpose of impressing certain picked spectators with their financial ability to buy upon a generous scale. According to an official of one of the largest and finest retail stores in America, this practice prevails to an almost unbelievable extent.

Staging a lavish shopping trip so that it will be witnessed by someone who spends lavishly, but can afford to do so, or who is in a position to dispense envied social favors, has become one of the standard tricks to which climbers resort in their struggle to make headway in society. On the face of it this appears to be a very cheap trick; but it has been far from cheap for the owners of the stores and shops where these private theatricals have been produced.

Of course the cost of these little dramas of the impressionist school is ultimately passed on to the other customers of these stores. The manager of one large retail establishment, which, because of the fashionable character of its clientele, is a favorite for the production of these unadvertised social playlets, says:

"This sort of thing is going on all the time in the shops and stores frequented by customers of considerable social standing. Often these efforts to make a strong impression on the minds of certain individuals whose social favor is desired are very cleverly staged. This is not so difficult a matter as it may seem. Here is a typical example of how this kind of play is put on: A woman whom we will call Mrs. Blank moved into a certain suburb of a rather fashionable character. This young matron had decided social ambitions, but very little money with which to indulge them. Having one or two acquaintances who moved in the best circles of the suburb she could not resist the temptation to climb, and decided that she would make up in wit what she lacked in money."

Shopping by Climbers

"All of this ultimately reached me, quite innocently, by means of one of these acquaintances who happened to be a distant family connection of mine. At a semipublic bridge party, or benefit, Mrs. Blank happened to hear one of her most envied acquaintances say to a friend that she was going to a certain store the next day to buy a street frock. The conversation also disclosed the hour at which this shopping errand was to be done.

"While Mrs. Neighbor—as I shall call my distant relative—was looking at frocks, along came Mrs. Blank. After the two women had exchanged greetings, Mrs. Blank took a seat close at hand and began the examination of frocks and gowns galore. When her own purchase had been made, Mrs. Neighbor passed near her fellow suburbanite, who looked up and asked quite casually:

"'What do you think of my selections?'

"As they were being examined the saleswoman returned, and Mrs. Blank remarked that she had decided to take those heaped upon a certain chair, and asked how much they would cost. The answer was three hundred and eighty-one dollars. Then the two women walked together to another department, where Mrs. Blank made two or three other expensive purchases under the eyes of her companion.

"Because Mrs. Blank's account had always been paid with perhaps more than average promptness, this unusual purchasing was not questioned. Every one of the purchases she had made in the presence of Mrs. Neighbor was returned for credit within the next few days. Evidently Mrs. Blank's first attempt at staging her purchases for the purpose of making a favorable social impression was highly successful. Anyhow, she followed up this lead so persistently within the next few months that there was hardly a department in the store where the salespeople did not have her spotted as a confirmed shoptomaniac of the climber variety.

"Of course many who attempt to make use of this trick are so crude in their methods that their purpose is apparent to any observer. Some do not have the wit even to stage their purchasing displays at all, but depend upon luck and chance to furnish observers whom they care to impress."

A little higher development of this desire to secure credit, by means of fictitious purchases, for a buying ability which exists only in the ambition of the purchaser is seen in a large class of customers who exhaust every resource to secure the temporary use and display of goods bought for that purpose alone.

The Rug Man's Troubles

Almost any Oriental rug salesman, whether in a department store or an independent shop, can relate story after story from his own experience of the clever ruses by which customers are able, through the abuse of the return privilege, to pose before their friends and acquaintances as owners of enviable and expensive collections of fine old rugs from the Orient.

A salesman of long experience in this field relates the following incident as representative of a class of occurrences so general as to be commonplace in connection with his calling:

"A woman customer came into the store one day and immediately impressed me as having an unusual knowledge of Oriental rugs and a fine sense of harmony in colors. Naturally this pleased me, and I responded by showing her a line of our choicest rugs. She selected enough to furnish the floors of several rooms. As there were some gems in the lot, the total of her purchase ran into rather high figures. While she would not be classed as a woman of wealth, at the same time our investigation showed that her credit standing was excellent; and so the following day the rugs were delivered at her home, and I congratulated myself that I had made a very good sale.

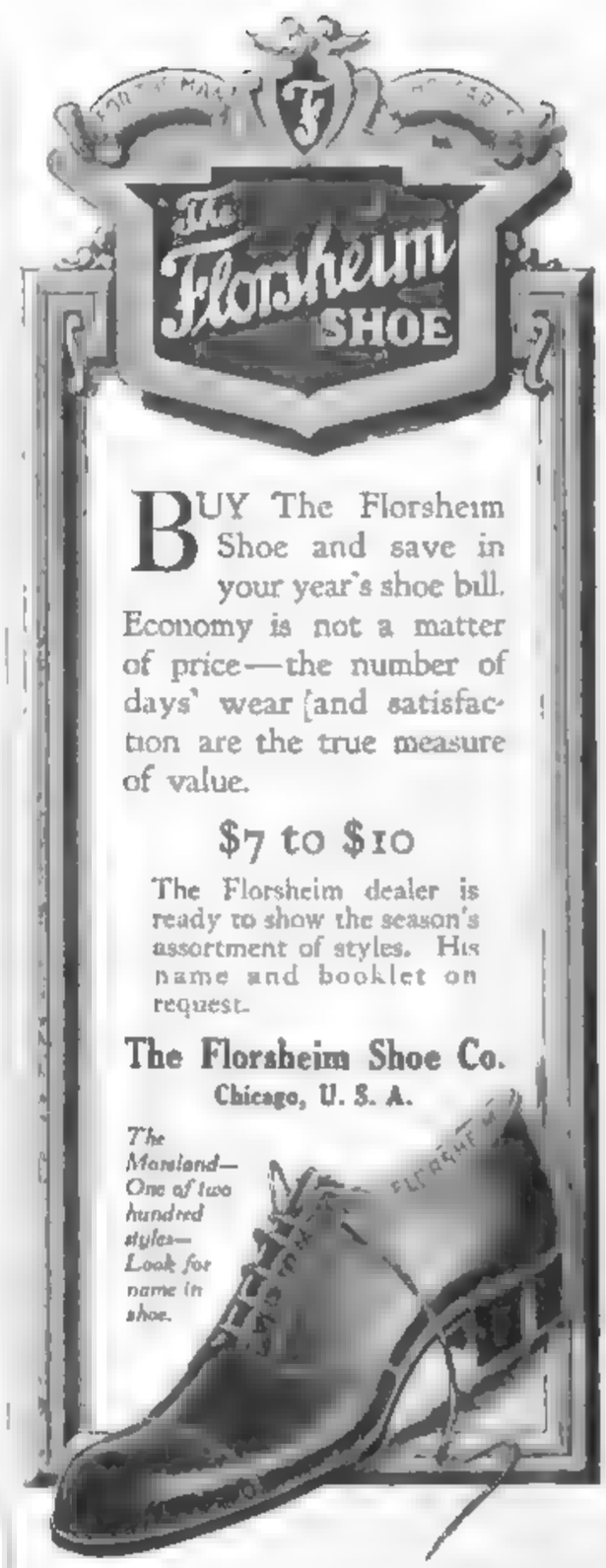
"A few mornings later I noticed in the society columns of the newspapers brief accounts of a party given by this customer in honor of a visiting friend. Somehow I suffered no shock of surprise when a request came into the store to have the wagon call for the rugs that had done duty at the party. Every one of them was returned.

"Of course when they were sent out they had our tags attached; but these had been removed by the hostess and her own identifying mark had been attached on the under side of each rug, so that our tags could be correctly replaced. In returning the rugs she gave as an excuse the fact that she was disappointed in them because of their failure to harmonize with the rooms for which they had been bought.

"It is easy for me, however, to forgive this woman, and all like her, for imposing upon the privilege of returning goods in order to secure the temporary use of our rugs to contribute to the success of her party, when I think of what a certain customer did to me on one of the busiest Saturdays I ever saw in the store where I held my first position as a rug salesman. This pleasant-faced young matron had her little boy with her, a handsome spoiled child of about seven or eight. The mother had a very appealing way, which suggested that she was little more than a child herself. This fact, however, did not in any way prepare me for what was to follow.

"At a glance it was evident that she adored Willie and had an idea that the world was made largely for his benefit. In answer to my question she said that

(Continued on Page 99)


The Florsheim SHOE
BUY The Florsheim Shoe and save in your year's shoe bill. Economy is not a matter of price—the number of days' wear and satisfaction are the true measure of value.
$7 to $10
The Florsheim dealer is ready to show the season's assortment of styles. His name and booklet on request.
The Florsheim Shoe Co.
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The Mainland—One of two hundred styles—Look for name in shoe.

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PRICES: Silk 50 cts. Silk Finish 25 cts.
Men's Side Garter
For those who do not like a garter around the leg
Price 50 cts. and 25 cts.
DEALERS. Order from your jobber or direct. Write for catalog which includes garters for women.
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NOTE—Our standard 25c and 50c sellers are just as good material (or better) as before the war
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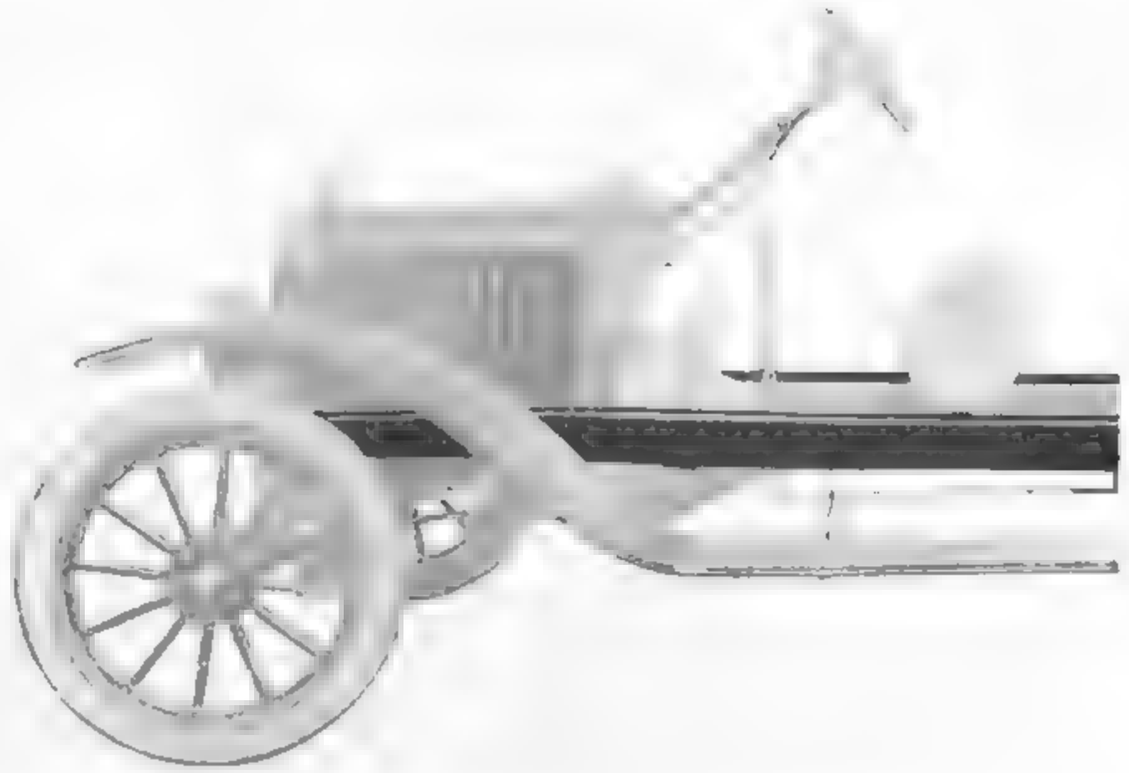
Smith Form-a-Truck



SPECIFICATIONS

Carrying Capacity—2,000 pounds—50% overload

Frame—Length 168 inches—width 32 inches. 4-inch channel steel.

Axle—2¼x1⅜ inches. Timken Roller Bearings.

Springs—Two side springs, semi-elliptical 2 inches wide, 42 inches long, 10 leaves. One Vanadium Cross spring 2 inches wide, 9 leaves.

Wheels—Heavy Artillery type, 12 spokes 2 inches square

Tires—Pneumatic solid rubber 32x3½ inches. Pressed on or removable type. Optional pneumatic 34x4½ extra cost.

Gear Ratio on Sprockets—Standard 20 teeth on jackshaft, 42 teeth on rear. Other ratios optional.

Drive—Chain Heavy Roller Type, ¾ inch diameter roller, ⅝ inch wide, 1¼ inch pitch. Every link a master link.

Brakes—Emergency on rear wheels, expanding type in drums operated by handlever. 12inchdrum 2½ inchshoe, asbestos faced, Ford Service brake

Loading Space—9 to 12 feet back of seat, depending upon body.

Turning Radius—21 feet.

Speed—15 miles per hour.

Wheel Base—When attached to Ford chassis, 125 inches.

Tread—56 inches, center of wheels. 60 inch tread optional.

Weight—Smith Form-a-Truck attachment 1000 lbs. Attached to Ford chassis, 2,000 lbs. complete.

Frame Height—loaded, 24 inches.

When Will You Displace Costly, Time-Wasting Delivery and Hauling and Use Smith Form-a-Truck?

Smith Form-a-Truck is the final step in efficient, economical hauling and delivery—proved for your business—everywhere. Records of lowest delivery cost, highest delivery efficiency, year 'round day in and day out working ability, have demonstrated it to be the universal form of motor truck transportation. It will do for you what it is already doing for thousands of others in your line of work.

Save All Horse Expense

Smith Form-a-Truck entirely eliminates the tremendous waste expense of horse-drawn service. You can make this same big saving—cut charges against hauling or delivery from one-half to two-thirds.

Save delay of slow moving horses—save all uncertainty in your hauling or delivery in bad weather. Establish your delivery and hauling department on a definite, money saving, year 'round profitable basis. Cut down time charges—inefficient, money wasting methods at the loading platform. Build up profits where losses were previously figured.

Get the lowest Ton-Mile Cost

The remarkably low average of 8 cents a ton mile hauling cost can be yours as soon as you install Smith Form-a-Trucks. This average has been established in your line of business—in practically every business in which hauling or delivery is a problem, in both long haul and short haul work. Match it against your present charges. It will give you the best evidence of just why Smith Form-a-Truck is the only satisfactory form of delivery or hauling you can use.

Double Your Load—Treble Your Territory

Smith Form-a-Truck will haul twice the load hauled by horses, over three times the area, in the same time. Increase your chances of doing business by increasing the territory you can serve—in the rapidity in which you can make deliveries. With from one-half to one-third your present equipment, you can serve the same area with Smith Form-a-Trucks—with the same number of delivery wagons or trucks that you are using, you can treble your business possibilities. These are the results that have already been obtained by the users of 22,000 Smith Form-a-Trucks now being operated.

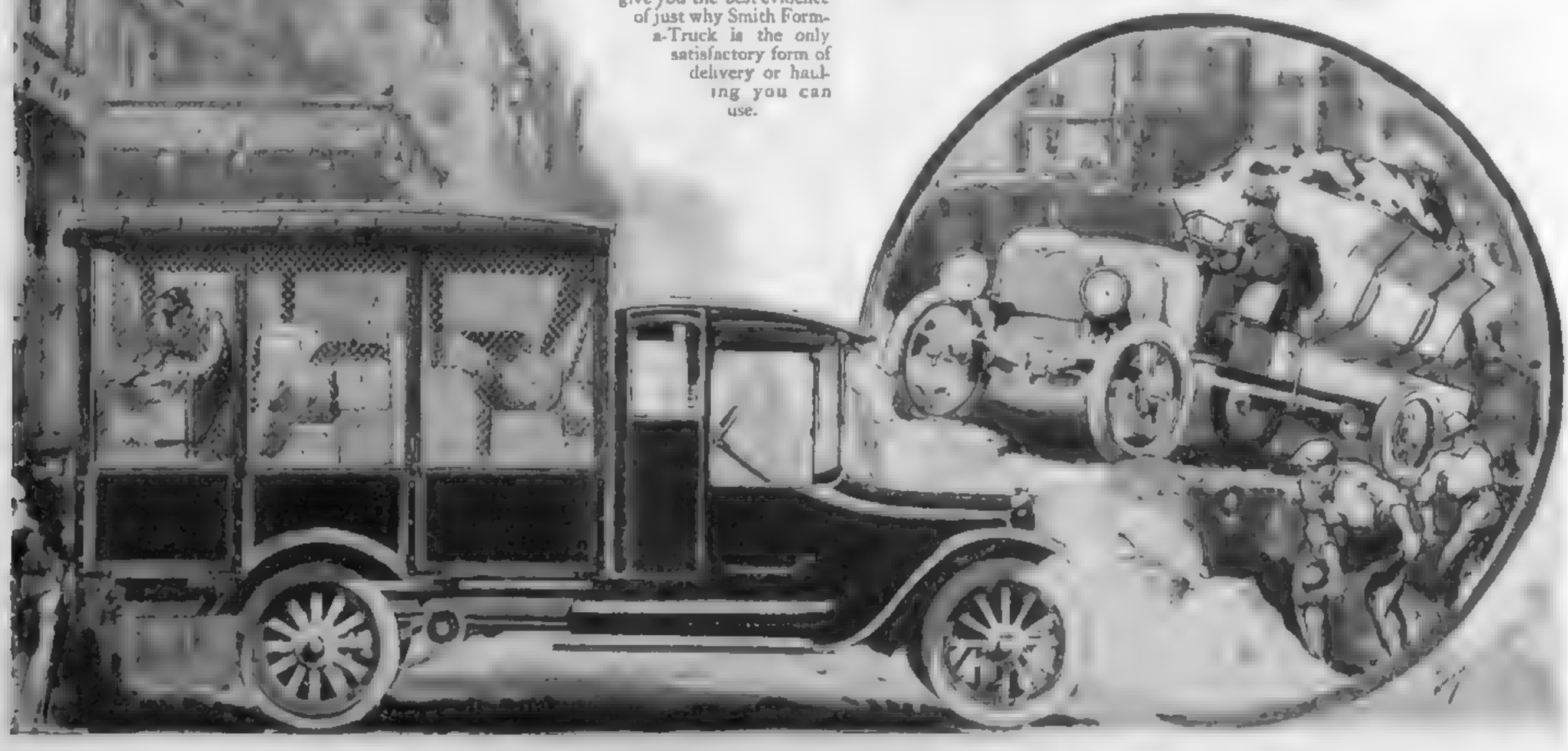
Use Any One of These Power Plants

Select your own power plant. Smith Form-a-Truck combined with any Ford, Maxwell, Dodge Bros., Buick, Chevrolet or Overland power plant makes a fully guaranteed one-ton truck—protected by the same guaranty that protects the most expensive trucks that you can buy.

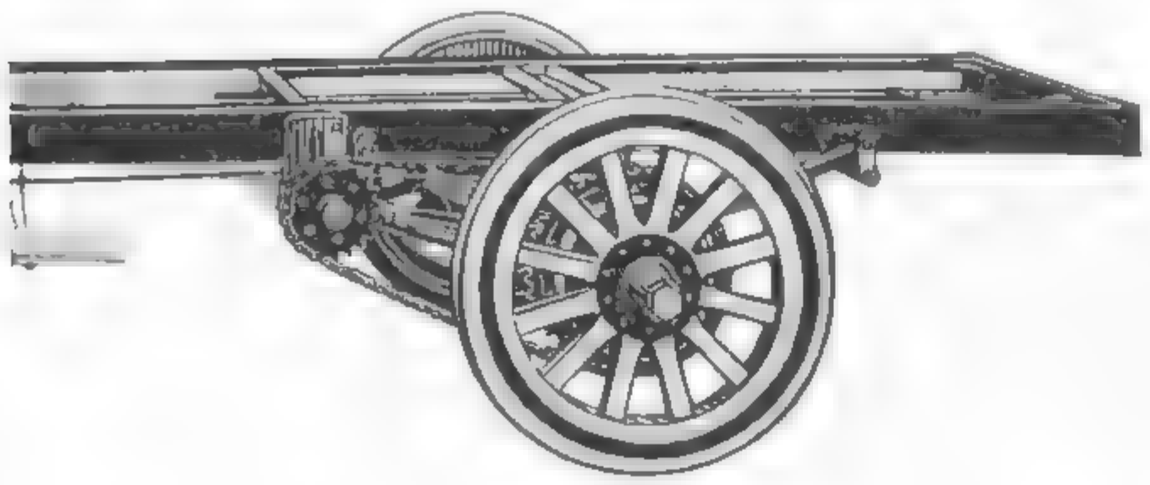
Installation of Smith Form-a-Truck can be made in a few hours by any two men. You can get the power plant you want on an instant's notice, and in motor operation you can get the proved economy and high standard of service characteristic of these power plants.

A Real Motor Truck Construction

Smith Form-a-Truck is not a converted pleasure car. It merely uses a proved power plant to do truck work. The completed construction is a permanent, highly developed one-ton truck, with 90% of the load carried by the Smith Form-a-Truck itself and less load placed on the front axle of the power plant than when it is used as a touring car carrying five passengers.



The heavy portion of illustration shows the Smith Form-a-Truck attachment which carries 90 per cent of the load, bolted to the power plant with vise-like grip.



$350 f.o.b. Chicago

Among the Lines of Business Using Smith Form-a-Trucks

Bakers
Boiler Makers
Breweries, Builders
Caterers
Cleaners
Coal Dealers
Confectioners
Contractors
Creameries, Dairies
Department Stores
Express and Van Companies
Farmers
Fire Departments
Florists
Furniture Dealers
Grocers
Hospitals
Hotels and 'Bus Lines
Laundries
Lumber Dealers
Manufacturers
Machinery Mfrs.
Oil Tank Deliveries
Paint Dealers
Packers
Paper Houses
Plumbers
Steamfitters
Telephone Companies
Undertakers
Warehouses
Paving Contractors
Foundries
Excavators
Hardware Houses
Dry Goods and General Stores
and nearly 600 others

Nearly 22,000 Already Sold and Delivered to Over 600 Lines of Business

Smith Form-a-Truck is in more general use than any other hauling or delivery vehicle. Over 13,000 sold and delivered in last three months and a half. Planned production for 1917 is fully 50% of the entire planned production of all makes of motor trucks. Users include largest national corporations buying fleet equipments and smallest users, using from one to three or four.

For Heavy Duty Work

Smith Form-a-Truck is used in heavy duty work by contractors for hauling material from excavations.

It is used by big manufacturers hauling machinery and equipment. It is used by lumber companies, in every line of heavy duty work where rapid moving of heavy, bulky loads is a necessity to satisfaction and economy. Furnished with nine to twelve foot loading platforms, it can be fitted with any regular or special type of body that may be required.

For Fast Parcel Delivery—For Farms

Express Companies, Department Stores, Grocers, Laundries, every line of business requiring the rapid moving of small parcels, have found Smith Form-a-Truck the most adaptable, most economical form of delivery.

On the farm, Smith Form-a-Truck is superseding horses in all kinds of hauling, saving time and money, creating bigger profits, adding to the all-round efficiency of farm work. Equipped with the famous Eight-in-One Convertible Body, it gives every type of body that could possibly be used, from hauling live stock to grain, all mounted on one chassis.

For Manufacturers—Builders

As a manufacturers' pick up truck for getting manufactured goods to the shipping point on time and at low cost, Smith Form-a-Truck is universally used.

Building contractors figuring in competitive bids can charge such low cost for moving materials with Smith Form-a-Truck that the saving in hauling charges alone often plays a big part in getting the most satisfactory estimate.

What it is doing for others is the best reason why you should install Smith Form-a-Truck.

Large Resources—Big Factory—Huge Production

One Smith Form-a-Truck is now being built every two minutes in a huge factory with materials already on hand for over 30,000 complete jobs. With our tremendous purchasing and manufacturing facilities we can double this enormous quantity of material—this huge production—on sixty days' notice.

Smith Motor Truck Corporation is one of the best financed in the motor truck industry. Workmen, materials, big financial resources and a sales and service organization blanketing every part of the country, guarantee immediate deliveries on all orders.

When Will You Let Us Help You Save Money?

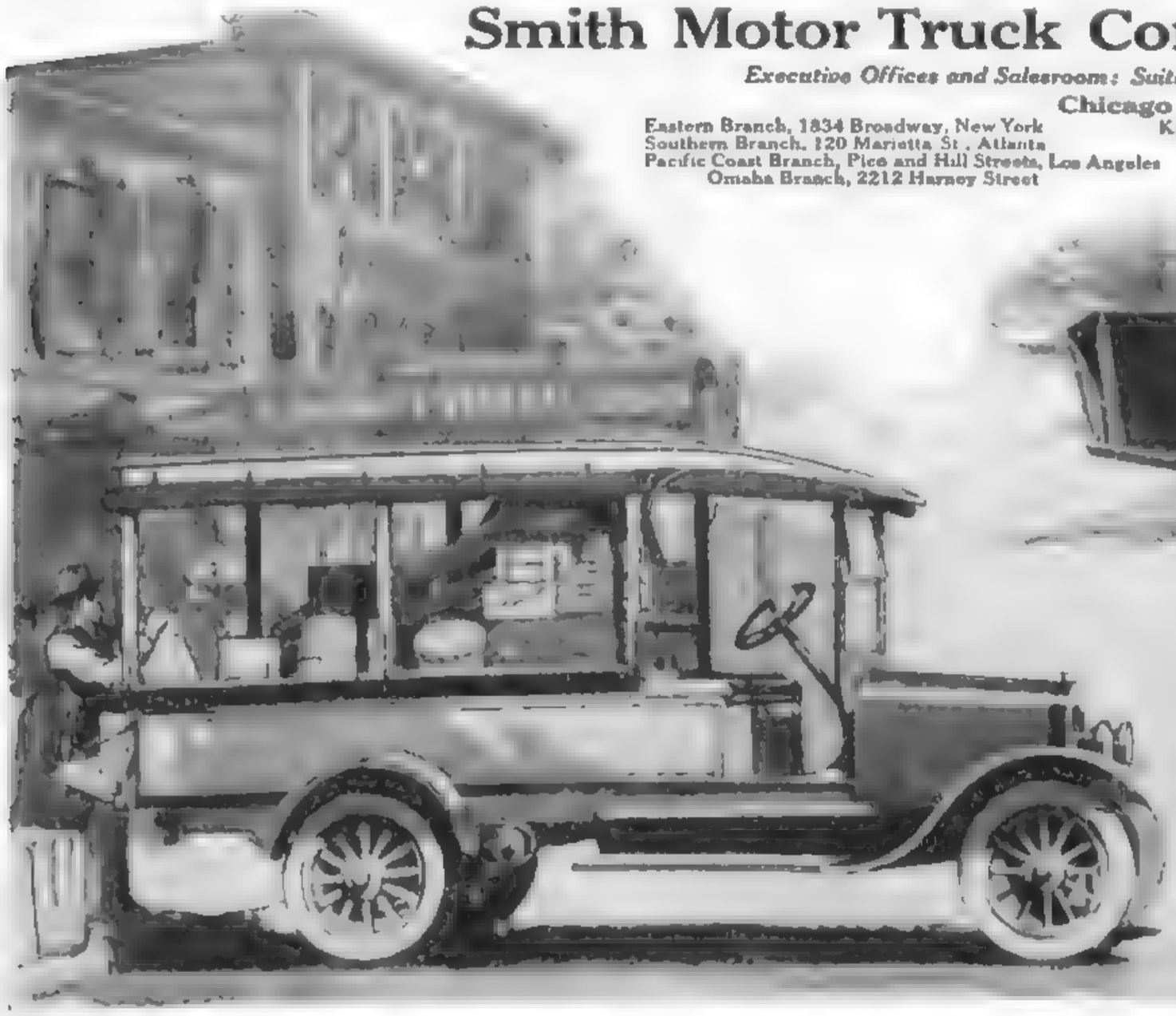
Our transportation engineering department is ready to analyze your hauling problems—to show you just where Smith Form-a-Truck will save money—increase efficiency—and establish new low costs of operation for you. Call on this department for a straight engineering analysis of your requirements—NOW.

Smith Motor Truck Corporation

Manufacturers of Smith Form-a-Trucks

Executive Offices and Salesroom: Suite 918 Smith Form-a-Truck Bldg.
Chicago

Eastern Branch, 1834 Broadway, New York
Southern Branch, 120 Marietta St., Atlanta
Pacific Coast Branch, Pico and Hill Streets, Los Angeles
Omaha Branch, 2212 Harney Street
Kansas City Branch, 1808 Grand Avenue



Smith Motor Truck Corporation
Suite 918, Smith Form-a-Truck Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen — Please give me full information regarding Smith Form-a-Truck and its adaptability to my service. My business is _____

I employ _____ horses. My present cost is _____ cents per ton mile. My delivery radius is _____ miles.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

I am a dealer interested in securing Smith Form-a-Truck representation in my territory.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

SAVED *from* DIRE CALAMITY!

PYRENE
$8 TODAY
$10 MAY 1ST

Our new car caught fire on a deserted road. 500 miles from home. 20 miles from a garage. The night was black.

I grabbed Pyrene and had the fire out in 30 seconds.

What a plight we'd have been in without Pyrene! A new $2,000 car reduced to scrap iron. Our baggage burned. Our tour spoiled. Our lives endangered.

Anyone takes a big risk who drives a car without Pyrene.

$8.00, bracket included. Sold by hardware and automobile accessory dealers everywhere.

Buy today and save $2. The price goes to $10 May 1st.

Saves 15 per cent each year on auto insurance cost. Saves money as well as life.

Pyrene Manufacturing Company, New York

Made in knit fabrics, tweeds and flannels in a variety of designs and colors

Lots of arm freedom, smart, serviceable fabrics, good style.

That's a brief description of "R & W" Golf Suits.

Your dealer sells them. Look for the "R & W" label--your protection.

Makers of good summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, automobile and golf apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

That's what thousands say after using this *scientific* instrument—the

"Griffon" ANGLE SAFETY CORN PARER

It gives *immediate relief* and is *the only paper that cuts corns between the toes* as well as on top. Good for calluses too. *It's the safer and saner way!*

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

25 [illegible] Dealers 5 for 25c

At 10c Chain Dealers or

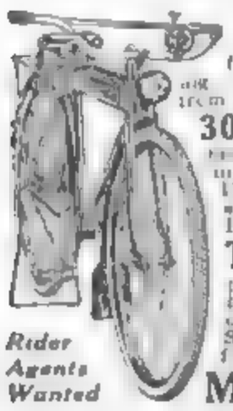
GRIFFON CUTLERY WORKS

Makers of Griffon Safety Razors

74 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Write for Free Booklet, "The New Chiropedist"

Delivered TO YOU FREE



Your choice of 44 styles colors and sizes in the famous new "RANGER" [illegible] Factory-to-Rider prices and terms. Express charges paid. We ship on approval and [illegible] from Chicago to your home.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on [illegible] Don't buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our great new catalog and offers. Write today. Don't ride a poor bicycle. Learn our [illegible]

TIRES [illegible] sundries, half usual prices. Coaster brakes, lamps, wheels and repair parts at half usual prices. We sell and ship everything bicycle. No one else can save you money. Write today. SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog. It's free.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. R-55 Chicago

Rider Agents Wanted

(Continued from Page 95)

she would like to look at rugs. Her notions about what she wished to find seemed rather vague, but as that attitude is a common one I paid no particular attention to it. Anyone who has not turned rugs continuously for a solid hour has no idea what an exhausting exercise it is. At the end of sixty minutes of stooping and turning my customer was apparently no nearer a choice than at the beginning. But my back felt as if it were severed with a knife blade, and it seemed as if my arms would come off. Fortunately it was at the noon hour; so I signaled one of the other salesmen and asked him whether he would take my customer, as I was obliged to get my luncheon then, if at all. With a childlike blandness the mother looked up at the other salesman and said:

"'Oh, please don't trouble! This other gentleman has already shown us a lot. You see Willie just loves to look at rugs as they are being turned in the way you salesmen do it, and as we had an hour to wait before luncheon I brought him up here. I'm so much obliged—and I'm sure he is. Aren't you, Willie?'

"That is what I call the human limit in the way of thoughtless imposition upon store service!"

Unscrupulous Shoppers

The head of the gown department in a large and fashionable store lately had an experience that is entitled to take high rank alongside the rug-turning incident in a free-for-all imposition contest. Certainly as an example of overworking the return privilege, the occurrence is illuminating.

After looking at several dozen gowns the customer in question selected two—one for fifty-five dollars and the other for eighty dollars—and asked that they be put aside for her. When the saleswoman mildly suggested that she did not like to take them out of stock unless their sale was a virtual certainty, the customer became very insistent that they be held for her. A week passed before she returned to take another look at these two gowns—not to speak of inspecting many others from the general stock. The result of the saleswoman's second session with this undecided customer was that the fifty-five-dollar gown was put back into stock, and another at fifty-seven-fifty—together with the eighty-dollar garment—was put aside for her. In about ten days she once more made her appearance, looked at more gowns from the general stock, and finally ordered the two she had chosen on her previous call to be sent to her home. When, at the end of another week, the eighty-dollar gown was returned for credit, the department head made a bet with his assistant that the other one would be back within ten days.

In commenting on this occurrence the store superintendent of service makes these remarks:

"It is very seldom that goods, and especially garments that have been held out of stock for a long time as in this case, sell for anything like the prices at which they were bought. As a rule, they must be disposed of at the latter end of the season at decided reductions. Also, it should be remembered that comparatively few returned goods come back in the condition in which they are sent out. For this reason, the merchant generally suffers a double penalty from that class of abusers of store service which are commonly known among salespeople as chronic returns: First, he is penalized in the amount of the expense involved in serving the customer: in selling the goods, delivering them, and getting them back again. Once more he is penalized in the depreciation of the market value of the goods. Generally the latter is the heavier assessment of the two, at least that is my offhand opinion."

The customer who commits a rank abuse of the returning privilege, and apparently gets away with it, is seldom entitled to feel that the deception has been undetected. This, of course, can be done with certain classes of goods; but in the case of fabrics of any kind even the slightest and most careful use generally leaves some telltale marks, which can be read as plainly as print by the experienced eyes of the store employees in charge of returned goods.

"The woman," says an official of a large store that is notably liberal in its policy governing the return of goods, "who flatters herself that she has fooled the store in sending back goods, secured only for display and return, is almost always entitled to revise her opinion. If she has any cause for pride in the transaction, it lies in the fact that the volume of her bona fide trade is sufficiently large and desirable to cause her abuse of store courtesy to be deliberately overlooked. Again, this consideration may not enter largely into crediting her, without comment or challenge, for returned goods bought without the slightest intention of being permanently retained.

"There are many stores in this country whose service policy is so extreme that it may be expressed in the phrase, 'The customer is always right.' Probably most of them would deny that their standard is quite so unqualified as this; but their service bogey, to put it in golfing terms, falls little short of this. Here is the most common reason why the shifty and designing customer is permitted to put it over on the store time and again, without any hindrance: Broadly speaking, it is simply a matter of commercial policy reduced to cold figures.

"For example, this store has found that, so far, this wide-open policy on the return of goods is a paying one. Of course the assessment to pay for this abuse has to be passed on to the whole body of our customers; and this is an unfair burden upon those who do not abuse service and whose demands upon store courtesy are always moderate and reasonable. Just how long this liberal policy will pay is a problem; with the increase of service abuse it looks as if it might have its limitations. With respect to certain goods the lines have already been tightened a little, and we have been able to make use of checks, of one kind or another, which tend to discourage the more flagrant forms of imposition—and that without seeming to discount the liberality of our policy.

"But it is never safe for any customer to assume that there is no limit beyond which the abusers of the return privilege may not go. For example, a certain woman customer bought from us a really expensive Paris gown, costing several hundred dollars. In view of its expensiveness and also of the alterations made in it to fit it to her figure, the gown was sold to her on the distinct understanding that it was positively nonreturnable. In about three days it came back for credit. The garment was immediately returned to her, and she was greatly surprised to receive notice from the store that unless she settled for it suit would be brought. She made the statement, most insistently, that the gown had not been worn and was therefore returnable. When we confronted her with her photograph taken in the gown of course we had no difficulty in getting our money."

Downright Swindling

"Among the deliberate abuses of the return privilege, the practice of making stores and shops furnish gowns and finery in which to be photographed is quite common."

How this wide-open return policy works in actual practice is illustrated by an incident that came to my knowledge through the medium of personal acquaintance, instead of by way of the stores involved in the transaction. One evening a woman said to her husband:

"John, if you have no special objections, I'd like to open a charge account at A's."

"What's the matter with B's and C's?" responded the husband. "You have accounts there, haven't you? They carry just as good merchandise as A does."

"Yes, I know," returned the wife; "but Sister Ann had an experience last week that makes me wish to have the advantage of an account with A. In the past she has given B and C more of her trade than A; but I don't believe she will in the future. As you know, Ann is very keen on shopping and makes her money go farther than most of us, perhaps. But she's like all the rest of us women in one particular—just after she has bought something and it has been actually delivered to her she is likely to see something else she likes better. Or perhaps the purchase simply doesn't look so good to her at home as it did at the store, and she changes her mind about it.

"Well, a little while ago Ann bought an inexpensive frock at B's. She said the alterations on it didn't amount to anything and that the first time she put it on at home—the whist club was there that afternoon—she took a dislike to it and determined to send it back. However, the head of the department down at B's made an awful fuss. They're getting more particular about returns every day; I've noticed that myself.

(Continued on Page 102)

106 Fly Poison Cases Reported in 3 Years

A Large Percentage Fatal

Appalling as this record seems, it is only a fraction of the real number. The symptoms of cholera infantum and arsenical poisoning are almost identical. Diagnosis is extremely difficult. Many actual fly poison cases are unrecognized and unreported.

The Government recognizes this danger to childhood and issues this warning, in supplement No. 29 to the Public Health Report.

[illegible] poisons mentioned, mention [illegible], merely for the purpose of [illegible] of those composed of arsenic [illegible] cases of poisoning of children through the use of such compounds are far too frequent, and owing to the resemblance of arsenical poisoning to summer diarrhea and cholera infantum, it is believed that the cases reported [illegible]

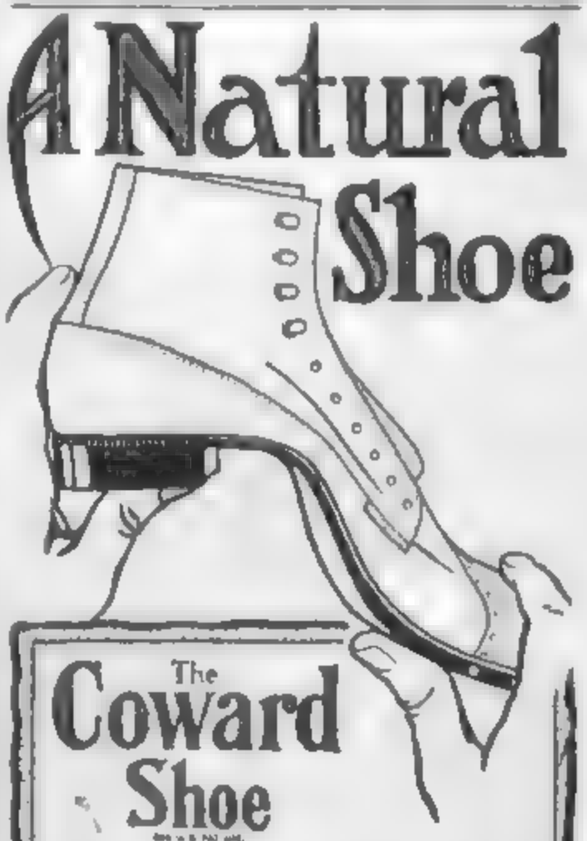
TANGLEFOOT

catches flies and embalms their diseases-bearing bodies with a disinfecting varnish. It is safe, efficient, non-poisonous, and your protector from both fly and fly poisons. (304)

THE O. & W. THUM COMPANY

Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Natural Shoe



The Coward Shoe

"Nature Tread" model is a "back to Nature" shoe that takes feet which have strayed from the natural path and places them back on the road to health and comfort. This shoe is cut to conform to the lines of the natural foot and has a flexible sole that exercises the muscles of the arch.

Sold Nowhere Else

JAMES S. COWARD

262–274 Greenwich St., New York

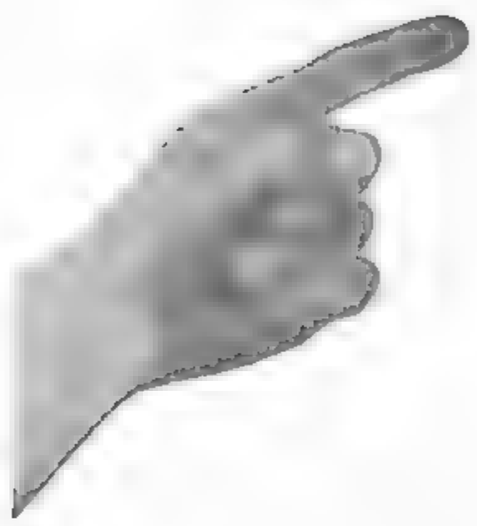
(Near Warren St.)

Mail Orders Filled Send for Catalog

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Your Battery Gives You Light, Force and Fire

By the Willard Service Station Man



The invisible energy in this Willard Battery is a three-fold necessity to every motorist.

It is the force that spins the heavy flywheel and starts the engine.

It casts the bright beam of light on the road ahead.

It fires the mixture in your cylinders with countless millions of sparks.

It's a faithful servant. It was well built—so well that over 150 car builders give it the most convincing endorsement by including it in their regular equipment.

But it must be well cared for, kept fully charged and tested at regular intervals or you'll not realize full return on your investment.

My business as a Willard Service Station Man is to see that you get all you've paid for—as long as your battery is in service.

I've been trained to my work by Willard factory experts, and I can not only assure you of high-grade workmanship when you need it, but teach you how to minimize repairs by following a few simple rules of battery care.

By the way, I've a rental battery for you if yours needs repairs.

Some of the Cars Whose Makers Equip Them with Willard Batteries

Abbott-Detroit
Allen
Allen-Kent
Allen-Sax
Allerton
Anger
Apperson
Appleyard
Austin

Bell
Brockway
Buck Moose
Bufford

Case
Cavaliers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Columbia Six
Commerce
Crawford
Crow
Cunningham
Cutting

Davis
Dart
Dixie
Dort Eight
Derby
Detroiter
Dixie
Dodge Bros. Motor Car
Dort
Drexel
Drummond

Eagle-Rotary
Elcar
Empire
Enterprise

Federal
F. I. A. T.
Firestone
F. W. D.

Geneva
Gray
Gray
Grey-Bernstein
Grant

Hallett
Hartman
Haynes
Herff-Brooks
Hollier "Eight"
Houpton
Hupmobile

Inter-State

Jones
Jordan

Kent
King
Kissel-Kar
Kline
Knox

L. C. B.
Lane
Lexington
Liberty
Lippard-Stewart
Locomobile
Lozier
Luverne

McFarlan
McLaughlin
Madison
Marion-Handley
Martin
Meteor
Metz
M. H. C.
Moline Knight
Monarch
Monitor
Monroe
Moon

National
National Motor Truck (Canada)

Old Hickory
Overland
Owen Magnetic

Packard
Paige
Paige-Detroiter
Paterson
Peerless
Penley
Phianna
Pierce-Arrow
Pratt
Premier

Reo
Republic
Richmond
Riddle
Roamer
Rush

Sayers-Scoville
Scott-Rand
Speedway
Stafford
Stanley
Stearns
Stevens
Studebaker
Sun

Thomas

Velie

Westcott
Willys-Knight
Winton

Ask your car dealers for addresses of the 850 Willard Service Stations or write to the Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland, O.

Willard Batteries are sold by car dealers, garages and all Willard Service Stations and Factory Branches.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Nut Tootsie Rolls

5¢ a Roll
Nut Tootsie Rolls
Not Wonderful
"There's nothing wonderful about the way water rushes over Niagara Falls," said the sight-seer, "because there's nothing to stop it."
And the same thing goes for the popularity of Nut Tootsie Rolls.
They are just good, pure chocolate candy and delicious roasted peanuts, mixed tastily by a master.
Made clean—kept clean—wrapped dustproof.
Each roll is divided for your convenience. Buy one today.
The Stern & Saalberg Co., New York City
CANDY JIM
NUT
Tootsie Rolls

Continued from Page 99)

Finally she was told it had been worn and that they could not give her credit for it.

"'Oh, very well,' replied Ann; 'I'll take it over to A's and get credit for it there. What's more, I'll buy a frock there.'

"The next morning she put the frock in a box that had come from A's and took it down there. She simply gave her address at the exchange desk and said that she had thrown away the original purchase ticket. I was simply aghast, for I was sure that they would look up her account and see that it contained no such charge and then Ann would have been caught red-handed! But they put it through without a question, and there hasn't been a word said since. Of course she went right upstairs, with the credit slip in her hand, and bought a frock there.

"Several times within the last few months, when I have wanted to return things at both B's and C's, I have found them very fussy about it. Now you can see, can't you, why I want to open an account at A's? Any day I may be up against the same thing that Ann was, and then an account at A's will certainly come in handy. Anyhow, I want to do business with a store that gives you some service."

The husband laughed and gave his consent to the opening of an account with A. A few weeks later his wife volunteered the information that Sister Ann's experience had influenced several of the ladies in their set to start charge accounts with A, and that it wouldn't be long before the management at B's would wake up to the fact that it didn't pay to be "snippy" about allowing customers to return goods.

The most apparent point of this incident is an illustration of how a wide-open return policy draws trade to a store; but it has another and an equally important application: A's store has virtually unlimited capital and can finance any policy that will pay returns in the long run, no matter how extravagant and unbusinesslike it may appear on its face. Though B and C are strong merchandising houses, it is apparently necessary for them to be a little more conservative with respect to the losses that flow in over the return desk. In other words, it is evident that they feel they cannot throw the return throttle wide open and let its abuses have full headway. If this policy of restraint, this viewpoint of rejecting returns that are wholly and wantonly unreasonable, results in the loss of trade indicated by the experience that has just been related, other stores, where this feature of service policy is still more stringent, naturally feel the pull of this competition to a still greater extent.

The Wide-Open Policy

Leading merchants in all the larger cities of the country freely admit that competition to-day is quite as much a matter of service as it is of merchandise. One of them puts the problem in this terse way:

"We seem to be selling the refinements of commercial courtesy rather than goods. The man who remarked that service is the most expensive thing sold in first-class stores to-day told only about half the truth. To my notion, the real question at the bottom of this whole situation is: How much of this costly price adulterant will the buying public pay for? Of course this is presenting the situation in rather harsh terms. But sometimes hard names are necessary to awaken thought and stir up action. In times of prosperity the merchant who has almost unlimited means at his command doesn't care very much about the answer to this question.

"If this wide-open policy brings him trade, and the thoughtful and considerate customers are willing to pay for the whims of the thoughtless and inconsiderate, why should the merchant worry? The worrying is up to the smaller merchants, who are after the same trade with smaller capital, smaller stores and smaller buying capacity. Then in times of serious financial and industrial depression, when the burden of abused service begins to gall the shoulders of even the biggest merchants, the thing is seen for what it really is—a needless economic waste.

"I do not pretend to know or to prophesy when the pressure of service abuse will reach the bursting point; but it cannot go on increasing as it has increased for the last twenty years, let us say, without ending in an explosion. By this I do not intend to suggest that the end of this thing will be sensational. Possibly some influence will intervene to relieve the pressure. Careful customers, who buy thoughtfully and know their own minds and stand by their bargains, may direct their trade in a way that will make the wide-open return policy, and the other features of liberal service which lend themselves most readily to wholesale abuse, decidedly unfashionable.

"There is an influence which would go far toward correcting a large part of service abuse if it could only be brought into play; and that is the whip of social disapproval. If every woman of real refinement, for example, who would not think of stooping to any of the cheap tricks practiced by the abusers of store service, should let her dislike of such unscrupulous deception become known in cases where acquaintances boast of their achievements in this field, much could be done to minimize the expensive plague of commercial imposition."

Some Impudent Little Shops

The suggestion that the smaller the store the greater its inability to compete with those establishments where service has reached its most extreme developments, is subject to certain exceptions. Within a stone's throw of one of the largest retail stores in America, which is famous for its service, is a small shoe store whose owner has given serious and shrewd thought to the solution of the service problem. Any customer of his who asks for delivery is blandly told that the Blank Shoe Shop never delivers goods, but that the big store across the street will gladly send the parcel out if the customer will only hand it to a salesperson with the request for its delivery. This suggestion is offered to the customers of the little shoe shop not occasionally, but continually; the answer is a standard form—a part of the store routine. In spite of the fact that the salespeople and department heads of the big store know this, the great establishment never refuses to deliver a package of shoes from the little shop across the way.

This is because it insists upon living up to its policy of unlimited commercial courtesy to the letter, and without any discount or exception. The management understands that it is furnishing its small neighbor with a free-delivery system and, in some cases, with the selling argument used against its own shoe department—that the small shop is giving its customers the benefit in its prices of what it saves by having no delivery service! Other small shops in the neighborhood of this great store also take advantage of its policy with regard to accommodation deliveries; but not quite so brazenly as does the little shoe store.

There is no reason to doubt that this practice of systematic imposition prevails quite generally with the keepers of small stores located near large ones which make no discrimination in the matter of accepting packages for accommodation delivery.

Using store service as a means of social promotion is not confined to phony purchasers who gauge their shopping expeditions with a view to making a favorable impression upon acquaintances with whom they wish to obtain a high rating. Some time ago a high-school teacher, who was new to the neighborhood in which she was engaged, found accommodation in a rather exclusive rooming house where several other teachers were staying. A few days after the opening of school the new roomers were asked to meet the landlady for a moment in her own private parlor.

"I have called you together," she explained to the little group, "to tell you that one of the rules of the house is that the wagons or motors of only three stores are permitted to deliver parcels here. Needless to say, these are the three most exclusive stores in the city—A's, B's and C's. I feel that this rule will meet with your approval for the reason that the inference drawn by all who live in this locality is sure to be that there is no one here who is not—well, you know—who doesn't belong to the class of people patronizing these stores!"

"But," exclaimed the high-school teacher, "I can't always afford to buy at these stores. I must pick up bargains wherever I can find them. Besides, I don't like ——"

"Of course!" interrupted the landlady. "You are perfectly free to buy wherever you like. My rule doesn't interfere with that in the least. All you have to do is to take the parcels you buy elsewhere to one of the stores I have named and ask that they be sent out here. Anyhow, I feel that no one who fails to see the desirability of this rule quite belongs here."

Evidently all the newcomers saw the point, for the rule was carefully followed. However, securing social class by means of discrimination in the delivery motors permitted to stop at the door was so novel an idea to the high-school teacher that she made it the subject of a very amusing letter to the folks back home.

Before dismissing those classes of service spoilers who do not belong to the really malicious species, the fact should be emphasized that thousands of customers are shopping-crazy. Buying becomes their consuming passion; the one exciting pastime that never fails to stimulate them to untiring exertions. These are the true shoptomaniacs, and they buy wholly for the pleasure of buying. One informant, in a large merchandising establishment, says:

"Those customers who buy solely for the delight of buying, and with no selfish purpose beyond the gratification of that childish impulse, make up a very large proportion of the entire body of chronic returners. But they create just as much havoc in a store as if their motive were really malicious. Just to give you a little idea of how much work and trouble one of these play purchasers can impose upon a store, let me say that I can show you the account of one woman who bought, last month, merchandise to the amount of three hundred and sixty dollars, of which she returned all but seven dollars and eighteen cents' worth. Last month was by no means the star month with this woman, either."

Now for a glance at that species of abusers of service who may be classed as professionals because they have reduced the art of imposing upon commercial courtesy to a source of income. There are women of wealth and high credit rating who do quite a nice little business in furnishing exclusive styles to private dressmakers, milliners and fine lingerie shops. In all imported creations of this character the style of the garment is the essence of the value. Of all abusers of service those women who follow this unscrupulous method of getting a little extra pin money, or pay their dressmaking or millinery bills by preying upon the stores that extend them credit and commercial courtesy, are the most cordially hated by the merchant.

Professional Style Thieves

Their method of operation is simple. In the first place, they are careful to keep their credit-standing above question. Then they establish relations with a dressmaker, a milliner and a lingerie shop—or with several of them, perhaps—having a standard of commercial honesty as low as their own. The next step is to select a number of the finest creations just brought over by the stores with which they trade. As a rule, these operations take place early in the season. These imported creations, whose value is in their style instead of their materials, are then hurried to artists who are in need of expensive models. The workers quickly make the selections they desire to copy, and the customer of the store who has had the lot delivered to her on approval then goes through the form of purchasing the ones to be copied, returning the others as unapproved. In the course of a few days the purchases, also, are returned for credit. These unscrupulous customers, however, are careful to make occasional purchases of this class of goods—which are later disposed of through the shops for which the designs are pilfered—so that their intentions will not be questioned.

Professional operators in this field are uncommonly careful in the handling of the garments they have procured for this purpose, and as a consequence they are generally sent back in almost perfect condition. This leaves scant ground for the store to contest their return. Of course the sale of these goods has been delayed, but the real troubles of the merchant begin after one of these exclusive creations, which has been copied, gets into the hands of a bona-fide customer, who wears it in public—only to discover that, instead of being unique, its duplicates are plainly in evidence! No doubt such duplications often escape detection; but certainly they are frequently discovered, to the great chagrin of the fashionable customer, who has paid several hundred dollars for a filmy confection of materials that could be bought for a fifth of the price at which the thing was sold.

Just how much havoc the duplication of an exclusive imported design can work in a store patronized by wealthy and fashionable people is suggested by an incident in which the duplication was imaginary instead of actual. A wealthy customer came to the store, at which she had carried a liberal account for several years, and bought a piece of silver—explaining that it was intended for a gift to a friend who was accustomed to extremely artistic things and that it must, therefore, be very distinctive in design and absolutely unique. The salesman assured her that the piece she selected did not have a duplicate in America. The price was two hundred and fifty dollars.

About a week later this customer, in passing through the silverware department, suddenly stopped before a case, her face tense with an expression of mingled amazement and anger. Instantly the department manager who had sold her the exclusive piece of silver the preceding week was summoned. Pointing to an object in the show case she exclaimed:

"You told me there was not a duplicate of the piece I bought in this country. Then, in the same show case, within a few days after my purchase, you display a perfect duplicate! I am astonished beyond measure that such a store as this would indulge in a practice so cheap and dishonorable. Of course I shall immediately close my account here."

Feeling that the honor of the store was at stake, the head of the department blurted out the bald truth in these words:

She Preferred the Cost

"That is not a duplicate, Mrs. Blank. I did not indulge in the slightest misrepresentation when the sale was made to you. The piece you see there is the identical one that was sold to you. The woman to whom you gave it brought it here in person, and asked that she be given credit for it. Having the utmost confidence in this customer, and not knowing that you had really purchased the silver, my assistant did not hesitate to meet her request. When I discovered the return it was too late to remedy the mistake."

To this Mrs. Blank made answer:

"She not only flouts my gift but adds to the insult by turning it into money—money that really belongs to me! Perhaps you will recognize the fact that if anyone is entitled to credit on the return of a purchase it should be the purchaser."

"You put the transaction very clearly, Mrs. Blank," responded the department manager. "We shall be glad to credit your account with the amount of the purchase; and we are extremely sorry that the incident occurred."

The department manager was not surprised when, a day or two later, the young matron who had cashed in on the gift from her friend appeared at the store in a white heat of anger. After denouncing the department head for either stupidity or treachery in betraying the return of the silver piece, thereby costing her the friendship of Mrs. Blank—not to speak of moments of extreme social humiliation in connection with the breaking of their social relations—she instantly closed her account; and it has not been reopened.

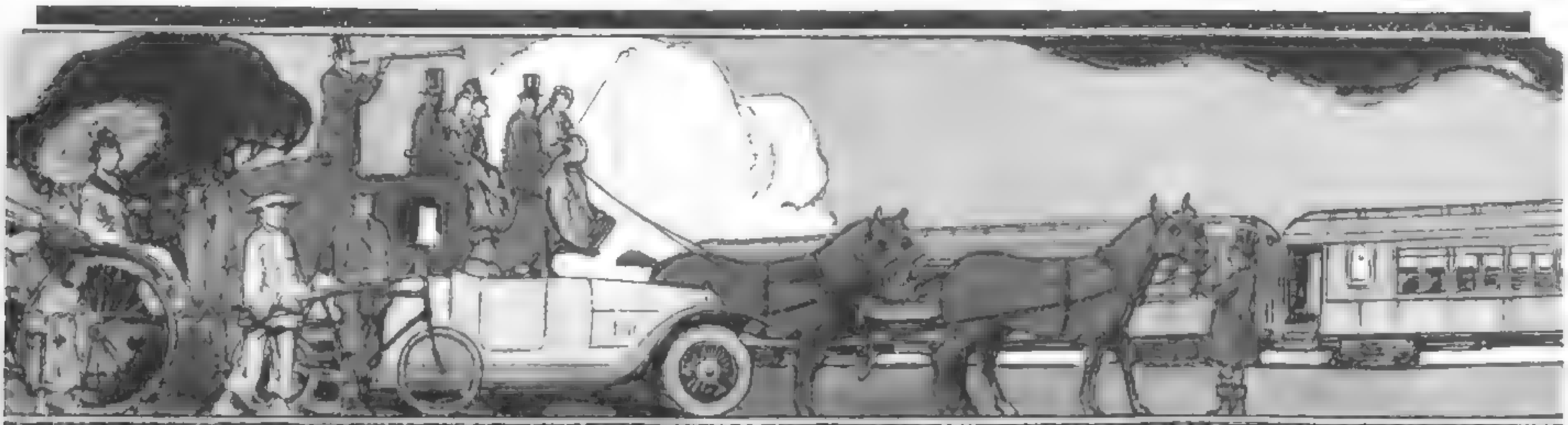
At another department store a solemn customer made a hasty purchase of a black suit with a frock coat. Three days later it came back with a note which stated that the garments were so ill-fitting he would not be seen in them at a dog fight. The manager of the department in which this purchase had been made wrote the customer a polite note, saying that he was extremely sorry so valued a customer had been so poorly served, and that a credit slip was inclosed. At the bottom of the note was a postscript, which read:

"We feel that the prayer book inscribed with your name, which we found in the pocket of the coat, should be returned to you; and we are therefore sending it by special messenger."

These glimpses behind the scenes in stores and shops are sufficient to show that when commercial enterprise lifts all limits from service and proclaims, as its motto, We Strive to Please, it has selected a path which is not rose-strewn, and which calls for a constant and liberal supply of capital and nerve—not to speak of unstinted stores of patience and finesse.

Though keen students of commercial movements the world over are closely watching the development of this problem, it is probable that its solution lies largely in the hands of that part of the buying public which does not indulge in wanton abuse of service, and is unwilling to pay the cost of such abuse by others.

WHICH
Whole Paint Paint
-or-
Half-Paint Paint
Which will take fewer gallons and wear longer?
Such worthless stuff as barytes, whiting, silica, china clay can be made into something that *looks* like paint—but so can lime. They only make half-paint paint.
Many generations of painters have proved that lead and zinc properly combined are the only pigments that make 100% paint—whole-paint paint. That's why we can say: Paint one-half of any house DEVOE; paint the other half whatever you like. If DEVOE doesn't take fewer gallons and cost less money, we'll make no charge for DEVOE. If DEVOE doesn't wear a year or two or three years longer and better—we'll *give* you enough to do it again.
We can help you decorate—it's part of our business
DEVOE
The oldest manufacturing concern in the United States Founded in New York in 1754
F. W. Devoe & C. T. Raynolds Co. New York
Devoe & Raynolds Co. Chicago
PAINT DEVOE PAINT



SILVERTOWN CORDS · SAFETY TREAD TIRES · BICYCLE TIRES · CARRIAGE TIRES · AIR BRAKE HOSE

GOODRICH

THE MOTIVE POWER OF GOODRICH

WHATEVER "looks easy" is doomed to THE COMMONPLACE.

The *air ship* and the *submarine* were sensations till the people discovered the former *flew* 'just like a bird' and the latter *swam* 'like a fish'

The same drab fate besets the modern miracle—TRANSPORTATION.

SPEED, COMFORT and SAFETY we exact of modern transportation as *commonplace* rights of travel. They become important only in their ABSENCE. Yet the locomotive would jolt along at a snail's pace without *comfort* and safety; the ocean liner would waddle like a land crab; and the automobile not exist at all BUT for rubber—GOODRICH RUBBER.

WORDS can not exaggerate the dependency of modern transportation on Goodrich and Goodrich rubber. They dominate every phase of travel, every form of portage. Even the Japanese jinriksha runs the *faster and easier* for Goodrich solid rubber tires.

Incidentally Goodrich made the *first* solid rubber tire and therewith revolutionized the whole carriage industry; just as Goodrich's Wired Base Rubber tire changed the auto truck from a clumsy, wasteful monster to an efficient draft.

Yet Goodrich's fulfillment of the needs of transportation are but a finger's breadth in the span of the day's work of the Goodrich factories at Akron.

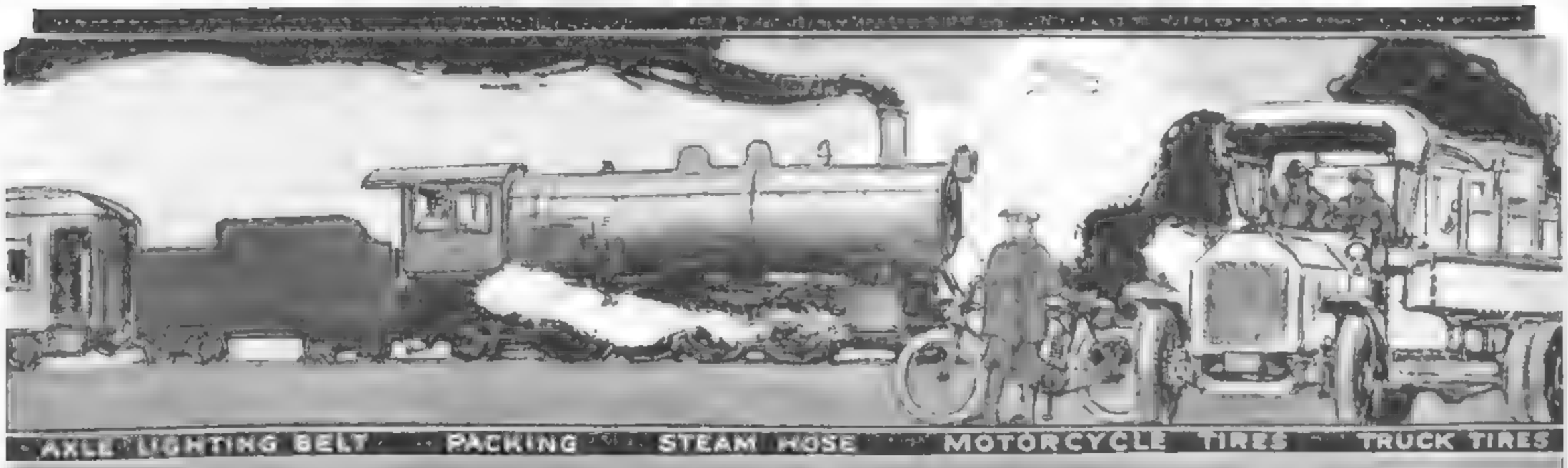
Goodrich would *still* be Goodrich without transportation, but transportation could not be MODERN without Goodrich.

GOODRICH literally keeps the automobile industry on the move, and actually insures the existence of the automobile through the *rubber pneumatic* tire.

Yet Goodrich does not make automobile tires—or their prototypes, bicycle and motorcycle tires—because of a mere *demand*, but because Goodrich is in the *business* of *providing rubber*, whether it is a rubber band, or tires for your automobile.

The horseless carriage had to have rubber-tired wheels, hence Goodrich science and experience in rubber automatically bent to the tasks of providing them.

SUBMARINE SUPPLIES · FAIR LIST PRICES



GOODRICH

GOODRICH to begin evolved the single tube; next the first clincher tire like those in use today; and finally drafting its *thread fabric* principle from Goodyear's balloon tire experience, produced the SILVERTOWN CORD TIRE, introducing *alone* and *ahead* and *still* the ONLY *two-ply, cable-cord* tire, fastest and most durable of tires.

And further, the debt the automobile owes Goodrich piles up in auto bumpers, horn bulbs, mats, battery jars, scores of hard rubber parts, wire and tubing.

GOODRICH rubber is MASTER of transportation on land. MISTRESS of sea. You are shuttled in safety and comfort between New York and San Francisco on a lightning express train, and Goodrich rubber is doing its part from the headlight of the locomotive to the tail of the last coach. Rubber packing tripling the power, rubber valves resisting hot and cold water in the engine, and hose and tubing in a dozen different kinds and uses, make the GREAT MOGUL the miracle of speed it is.

Throughout the train *rubber buffers, rubber matting, floor tiling,* and a score of other ingenuities serve your comfort. The cheery brightness of electric lights would be wanting without Goodrich Axle Lighting belt, and the safety of the air brake without Goodrich Air Brake hose.

Travel to sea, and the Goodrich rubber goes with you in marine deck hose, collapsible buckets, rubber boots, storm coats, packing, electrical wire and transmission belts.

The dreadnaught could not plow the waves, nor the submarine dive for the deep, nor the hydroplane ride the waves without Goodrich rubber.

THE *progress* of *transportation* for half a century is written in the progress of Goodrich and Goodrich rubber.

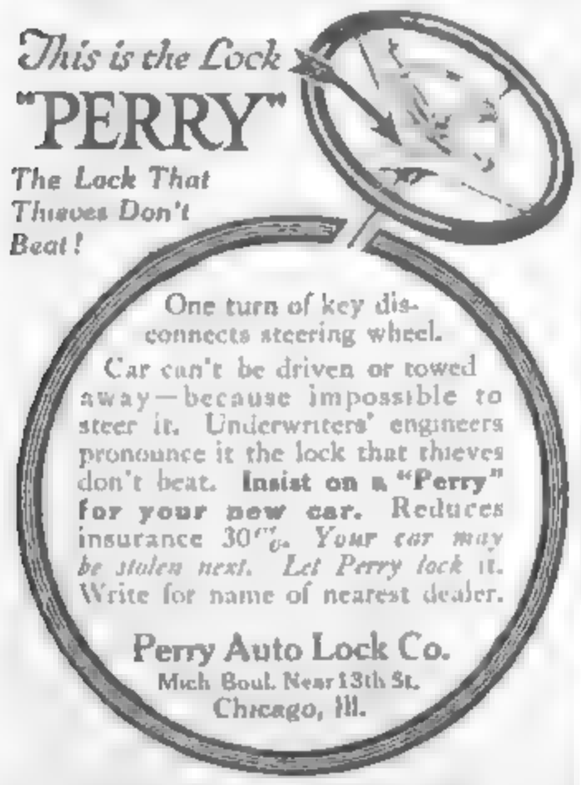
Goodrich rubber has taken the shock of vibration; softened jars and concussions; provided comfort and safeguarded life, shielded delicate mechanism from ruin and hardier machinery from wear and tear.

ALL because the DUTY of rubber to the world is the care of the House of Goodrich.

Whatever is needed in rubber, Goodrich will make it FIRST and make it BEST.

Because Goodrich rubber has put *comfort, safety, speed* and *economy* in transportation, Goodrich IS rubber to the transportation part of the world.

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO


This is the Lock
"PERRY"
The Lock That
Thieves Don't
Beat!
One turn of key disconnects steering wheel.
Car can't be driven or towed away—because impossible to steer it. Underwriters' engineers pronounce it the lock that thieves don't beat. Insist on a "Perry" for your new car. Reduces insurance 30%. Your car may be stolen next. Let Perry lock it. Write for name of nearest dealer.
Perry Auto Lock Co.
Mich. Boul. Near 13th St.
Chicago, Ill.

SHE'S A GREAT CAR UNDER THE HOOD BUT WHO WOULD KNOW IT BY HER LOOKS? GIVE HER A COAT OF
Effecto
AUTO
FINISHES
Sold by paint, hardware and auto accessory dealers. Send for Color Card. Pratt & Lambert Inc. 145 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada 64 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ont.
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by Manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free upon request. Patents secured or fee returned. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

MOBILIZING THE WHOLE NATION

(Concluded from Page 8)

acquiring any undue profit because of our naval necessities, the Government, after a careful estimate of fixed charges, bonded indebtedness and a fair standard of wages, has offered to allow a ten-per-cent profit on Government orders. If such reasonable offer is not accepted the Government has the authority to take over these plants and operate them for a consideration it shall arbitrarily deem proper.

At one stroke this policy meets the quoted criticism. The owners of shipbuilding plants can obtain no undue benefit from our naval necessities. The Government has asked the Congress for authority to act in a like manner with all plants producing military material. The President, through any Department of the Government, can place any necessary order with an individual, firm, association, company, corporation or organized manufacturing industry for such product or material as the nation may require, and it shall be obligatory on such manufacturer to give that order preference. All plants in America that manufacture arms, ammunition or any necessary supply or equipment for the army are at once subject to this order. They are not to be given carte blanche to make a price or to fix a current or market price. Prices shall be reasonable! And there is not to be any quibble about what is reasonable. They shall take what the Secretary of War says they ought to have.

If any man objects to this plan the Government is to be authorized to take immediate possession of his plant through the Ordnance Department of the United States Army, and to run it for the benefit of the nation; and in addition to this the man or corporation that refuses such service to the Government is guilty of a felony, and subject to imprisonment and an enormous fine.

Further Broad Powers

Such authority under a broad plan for mobilizing all the resources of the country at once puts the Government in control of every active plant in the country that may be of service to either the army or the navy, and at once prevents any such plant from being exploited for the benefit of private owners. But this is not enough.

The Secretary of War is to make a complete list of all privately owned plants in the United States equipped to manufacture arms or ammunition. He must at once assemble full data regarding the kind of arms or ammunition, or any component parts, that can be turned out by these plants over the country. He must have full knowledge of the equipment of every plant and its maximum capacity, so that these plants may at once be brought into the service of the Government.

In addition to this he must have a list and full information about every privately owned manufacturing plant in America that is capable of being transformed into an ammunition factory or a factory for the production of military or naval supplies, or any equipment, or anything that the armed forces of the United States might need. He must go ahead and prepare plans; not general plans, but comprehensive, detailed, workable plans for turning every one of these plants into the service of the Government and for operating it at its full capacity.

And further than this, without wasting any time about it, the Secretary of War must get together such gauges, dies, jigs, tool fixtures, and all other aids and appliances, including specifications and detailed drawings, and whatever may be necessary in order to put all these factories in a position to manufacture arms and ammunition and the equipment necessary for the fighting forces of the United States.

America is greatly fortunate to have arms and munition factories already built up in the country. The Administration was wise to permit private trade in arms.

We ought to remember that it has never been considered advisable for a peaceful nation to prevent its people, in time of a foreign war, from trading with belligerents in war tools and munitions. Our national advisers, from Washington down, have consistently adhered to this policy. The reason for it was that if such a policy were abandoned a nonmilitary nation like our own, if attacked, would not be able to go into the markets of the world in order to buy military equipment for its defense. We had to do one thing or the other—either carry a vast military equipment of our own or adhere to a policy that would permit us to purchase that equipment if we needed it.

This has been the sole motive of the American Government in permitting private trade in arms.

It is a policy that no nation questions; even the Central Powers have not officially questioned this right of our people to trade in munitions of war with the belligerents. The German Government could hardly put forward such a contention, since, at the time of the dire need of the Boer people in South Africa, though pretending the most sincere sympathy and friendship for them, it was permitting its citizens actively to engage in the sale of war munitions to the British Government. It is certain that those of our people engaged in this trade have made money out of the necessities of Europe; but it is equally certain that, under the plan indicated, they shall make no money out of the necessities of America.

This is the first step in a vast system of mobilization.

The second step is to put the transportation lines at the service of the nation. Looking to this end, the Government has asked for full authority over every railroad and telegraph line in America. Listen to the terms of this authority:

"To take possession in whole or in part of any or all railroad lines in the United States, their rolling stock, offices, shops, buildings, and all other appendages and appurtenances; to prescribe rules and regulations for the holding, using and maintaining of the aforesaid railroad and telegraph lines, or that portion of the same of which possession may be taken in the manner most conducive to the safety and welfare of the United States."

And this is not all of the authority.

It would do the Government no good to be able to take over the physical property of the railroads and telegraph lines unless it could at the same time bring into the service of the nation the whole staff equipment and the entire personnel of these industries. This power it has specifically demanded of the Congress if the need be.

The Government is asking authority to draft for the military service of the United States and to place under military control the whole staff of all the railroad and telegraph lines, from the top to the bottom, precisely as they are conducted to-day.

It is not conceivable, if the defense of the nation should require it, that any man in these industries anywhere, from the president to the trackwalker, would refuse this patriotic service. But, if he does refuse, the Government does not propose to be helpless or to waste any time trying to persuade him. Every man can be drafted.

No Money to be Made

The integrity and perhaps the very existence of the United States as a nation may, on any day, be desperately imperiled. The Government ought not to be without adequate authority to bring every resource at once to our defense. It must not be asked to take the time to persuade any man that it would be better to serve his own government for the period of a war than to serve a foreign government for the remainder of his life. If any man believes otherwise, the only thing we can do is to force him to render at once the service required, with the promise that we will argue with him about it when the necessity is over.

Under these plans, which are beginning to be carried forward, no obstructionist can argue that the industries of the country are going to make money out of a war. They are not going to make money out of it. Nobody is going to make money out of it. Everybody is going to give the best service there is in him. If he is physically able to fight, and the Government requires him for that, it is the service he shall render. If he is not able for military duty then he shall render his service to the nation in the capacity for which he is best fitted.

National mobilization means the organization of the whole country behind the fighting lines. It means the production of everything necessary; fuel and food at the head of the list. If it becomes necessary fuel and food industries must come into the national service under precisely the same plan suggested for the railroads and telegraph lines. Navies must have fuel; the two requisites for naval mobilization are sea-fighting tools and coal. Whenever the needs of the Government require it, all the coal mines in America, with their officers, equipment, personnel—everything, down to the mule driver—must come into the service of the nation as wholly and completely as the ammunition factories and the railroads, powder mills and gun plants are required to do. Steel mills, automobile factories—for we must have a great equipment of motor transportation—and other industrial energies, right straight down the line, must come in. And they must come in without any strings on them. They must come in complete. They must come in with their equipment, staffs, appurtenances, everybody, as a going concern.

Nor is this all.

When the time comes, if the need of the nation is dire and pressing, the whole agricultural resources must be assembled to its support. The man in the furrow must be willing to show the country that he is no less a patriot than the man in the trench. The need of this universal patriotic service must be felt everywhere.

A breakdown anywhere along the line means a breakdown at the Front.

Famine is before the world. The nation that will win in the great war in Europe will be the nation which has flour in the barrel when its enemy has eaten his last loaf. Everybody must be moved by a great universal patriotic motive. We are not to be alarmed. If all the resources of the nation are mobilized under a broad plan like this, and everybody gives the best service that he can, in whatever position he may be, the American nation cannot be destroyed.

We have practically everything in the United States we require.

United on a Big Idea

The only thing requisite to our defense that we do not produce is nitrate. This we have been obtaining overseas from Chile, and the Government has already considered what shall be done if this supply is cut off. It has an appropriation of twenty million dollars. It has called to its aid the National Academy of Science, the American Chemical Society and its own Bureau of Mines, and it has taken steps to establish a plant for the manufacture of nitrate in the United States. In time of peace this nitrate will be a valuable addition to our domestic supply of fertilizer, and in time of war it will supply us with the only foreign element that we require.

It is a custom of the English-speaking people to criticize their governments and to depreciate themselves. The thing is a mere habit. It has nothing to do with the innate vigor of the people. If we ask any English-speaking expert concerning something that he does with an uncanny skill, he will tell us that he doesn't know very much about it.

It is precisely the reverse with the Teutonic peoples.

They say in Paris that there never was a German who would not tell you that he spoke French with a perfect accent.

It would not be consistent with our racial habit if we did not assure the world, in the face of this crisis, that we are in the muddle of the English Empire, or the debacle of Louis Napoleon. But it is not true. We are maturing a great plan to mobilize every energy in this republic; a plan to unify effort; to unify obligation; to unify service.

The country is united on this idea.

The heads of the big industries have already offered their plants to the Government at no profit. The great labor organizations have assured the nation that, in its time of need, it shall not be embarrassed as England was embarrassed. That assurance is in terms unequivocal and patriotic:

"We the officers of the national and international trade unions of America, in national conference assembled in the capital of the nation, hereby pledge ourselves, in peace or war, in stress or in storm, to stand unreservedly by the standards of liberty, and the safety and preservation of the institutions and ideals of our republic."

Made certain of a great plan for preparedness without profits, for an equal service along all lines for the national defense, the country is getting ready, if the necessity is forced upon it, to put a body blow behind its declaration of war.

The "Dutch Kitchenet" Systematizes Your Kitchen

It is a complete, sanitary kitchenet that has a place for everything you need in cooking or baking, conveniently arranged within easy reach, to give the greatest possible efficiency and save time, needless steps and work. It is equipped with many conveniences and little labor-saving devices not found in the old-fashioned kitchen cabinets.

Recent tests in kitchen efficiency by Domestic Science experts show that the average woman takes a million unnecessary steps every year. She walks 600 miles a year needlessly, back and forth in her kitchen, from range to refrigerator, pantry, kitchen-table and sink—1½ miles of needless walking every day. A "Dutch Kitchenet" will save every step.

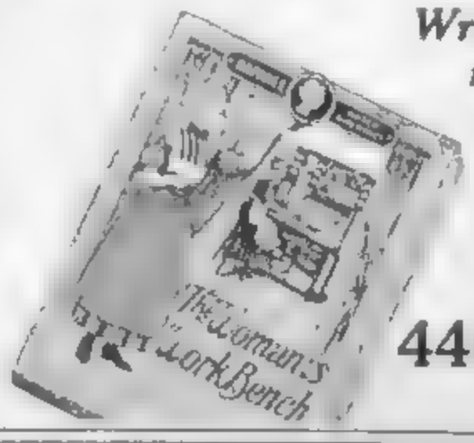
Get a "Dutch Kitchenet" and make your kitchen work easy by using modern kitchen efficiency methods. Why tramp 600 miles back and forth in your kitchen needlessly every year? Why be all fagged out and suffer from backache and headache? Why be a kitchen-drudge, waste your strength and wear yourself out needlessly? A "Dutch Kitchenet" will systematize your kitchen work—make it easy and give you leisure time for rest and recreation.

Why The "Dutch Kitchenet" Makes Kitchen Work Easy

The "Dutch Kitchenet" was designed by experts in kitchen efficiency and is a complete, fully equipped kitchenet with every modern convenience and labor saving device. It is sanitary in every detail and has been approved by The Good Housekeeping Institute and Domestic Science experts. Read these 20 sanitary features carefully. Besides these sanitary features there are 20 other conveniences and labor-saving devices that save time and work.

1. Sanitary Base Construction. Easily taken all apart for cleaning
2. Sanitary Snow White Enamel Interior. Clean and durable—
3. Sanitary Removable Ice or Bin. Air tight, moisture proof, dust
4. Sanitary Ventilated Bread and Cake Box. Dust proof moisture
5. Sanitary Ventilated Cooling Compartment. Perfect circulation
6. Sanitary Bar Wire Shelves. Light and easy to clean
7. Sanitary Rounded Corners. Do not collect dust
8. Sanitary Removable Sliding Table Top. Porcelain or aluminum, large size sliding top
9. Sanitary Dust Proof Roll Curtain. Slides easily—removable—clean and sanitary
10. Sanitary Sugar Jar. Exclusive sugar crusher—ant-proof—easy to fill and clean
11. Sanitary Sliding Bottom, in Base. Slides easily in smooth grooves by a touch of the foot.
12. Sanitary Legs with Easy Working Casters. Easy to move for dusting and cleaning
13. Sanitary Dust-Proof Back. Smooth—easy to clean—rigid construction
14. Sanitary Velvet Finish. Steam, moisture and mar proof.
15. Sanitary White Wood Kneading Board. Strong—durable—easy to clean
16. Sanitary Chopping Block. Convenient and easily cleaned
17. Sanitary Meat Grinder Attachment. Strong, firm, convenient—easy to clean.
18. Sanitary Coffee, Tea and Spice Jars. Air tight, dust proof, moisture proof, with aluminum tops
19. Sanitary Yoke Hanger. Holds top firmly in place—strong—easy to clean
20. Sanitary White Enamel Cupboard. For cereals, dishes, etc. dust proof

TO DEALERS We want reliable dealers to represent us where there is no "Dutch Kitchenet" dealer. Write for exclusive agency proposition, terms, territory, etc. Our liberal proposition and sales co-operation plans will interest you.



Write now for this **FREE BOOK**

and card of introduction to your local dealer. Only one dealer in each city sells the "Dutch Kitchenet." He is our exclusive representative and will be glad to show you the "Dutch Kitchenet" without any obligation on your part whatever. Just send a post-card with your address.

COPPES BROS. & ZOOK

446 Market St., Nappanee, Ind.

THE FRANKLIN CAR

SCIENTIFIC LIGHT WEIGHT HOLDS THE ROAD

A PROMINENT Aeronautical Engineer, recently employed by the United States Government, writes to the Franklin Company:—

"Isn't it remarkable how the idea sticks in some people's heads that a heavy car holds the road better? They don't seem to know that *unsprung weight* is the principal factor to be considered. By reducing this unsprung weight to the minimum in the new Franklin, you have a car that *hangs to the road* better than anything I have ever ridden in.

"P. S.—Problem: Since I got 15,000 miles out of my tires on my old Franklin, weighing 2600 pounds, how many miles will I get with my new Franklin, weighing 2280 pounds?"

THERE is much in this question of *scientific light weight* that the average motorist does not seem to grasp.

For example, the light, flexible car may be *stronger* than a rigid, heavy car.

It is free from so much dead weight.

Picture two cars side by side: one weighs approximately 2200 pounds, the other 3000 pounds. Each is designed to perform the same task—carry an average load of five people, about 750 pounds of live weight.

Now remember that *dead weight* is the killing thing on automobile mechanism. That's why the average Truck is pounded to pieces.

Your *light, flexible car* starts on its work *free* from nearly a thousand pounds of *dead weight.* Wherever it goes and for all its life, it moves free from that sagging, grinding load.

Your heavy car, from the minute it starts and as long as it runs, carries a thousand extra pounds of dead weight—an *excess* nearly *twice* its average *live load.*

Think what that does to the tires! Think what it costs in gasoline! Think what it means in repairs and depreciation!

And what does it give you in return?

More road ability? No!

Greater average speed from place to place? No!

More comfort and reliability? No!

Any rough road tells the story!

Every obstruction raises the heavy, rigid car bodily off the road—a constant hammering action that affects alike the car and its passengers.

While the Franklin, with its light unsprung weight and full-elliptic springs, *holds its wheels to the road.* Vibration and bump are absorbed by flexible construction. The body of the car, with its passengers, rolls along with easy, unbroken motion.

Keeping the road is a matter of *balance* and *light unsprung weight.*

No matter what your horse-power, a Franklin will pass you, over any thirty miles of winding country road. It will leave you when you slow down at the first sharp curve or rough place. And the next time you see it, it will be rounding the curve ahead, hugging the *inside* of the track at *thirty miles an hour.*

Try to follow it with your heavy car, and your rear wheels will skid clear across the road and over into the ditch, if you are not careful. Whereas the Franklin, with its scientific light weight, its resiliency and easy-rolling caster action, holds to its course.

Watch any Franklin owner handle his car. He will tell you it is the easiest, simplest car he ever drove—with a *comfort, safety* and *economy* that you get *only* from this *Scientific-Light-Weight* Car.

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1950.00	*Cabriolet*	2485 lbs.	$2750.00	*Town Car*	2610 lbs.	$3100.00
Runabout	2160 lbs.	1900.00	*Sedan*	2610 lbs.	2850.00	*Limousine*	2620 lbs.	3100.00
Four-passenger Roadster	2280 lbs.	1950.00	*Brougham*	2575 lbs.	2800.00	*All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse*		

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

ONE HUNDRED DAYS AN EMPEROR

(Continued from Page 30)

ordinarily for the purpose of putting something over; usually something political. On the morning I write this, for example, I observe in a Peking newspaper that in the province of Anhwei the men now in office in the province have organized the Association for the Benefit of the Anhwei Public. It requires an understanding of the characters and acts of the Chinese officials to get the full humor of that title; but you may take it from me, if interested, that it is funny—the idea of Chinese officials organizing for the benefit of the public! China has hundreds of just such organizations. They spring up overnight.

Dr. Frank J. Goodnow, now president of Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, was constitutional adviser to the president at this time. Doctor Goodnow, whether by request or voluntarily I am unable to say, but probably by request, had submitted to the president a memorandum embodying his ideas as to the most advantageous form of government for China. Doctor Goodnow discussed the question in all its bearings and gave his conclusions thereon, both for and against a return to a monarchy. There were many ifs and buts in the memorandum, and plenty of on the other hands.

Meantime Yuan Shi Kai had his "society" ready. Its title was, in Chinese, Chouanhui, which, translated, means The Society of Peace, or The Society for the Preservation of Peace. Yuan had picked his organizers carefully. He knew the men. One was Sun Yu-yun. This ardent peace protagonist had been Tutuh of Anhwei, a revolutionist in 1911, and had been extremely useful to Yuan Shi Kai when he dispensed with Parliament. Mr. Sun Yu-yun, himself a member of the Quomintang party, was the chief instrument through whom Yuan Shi Kai "induced" various members of that party to join with the Chinputang party in order to help Yuan in his scheme to get Parliament off his hands. A second prime organizer was Yang Tu, who was especially advantageous, as he had control of the antimony mines in Hu-nan Province, was very rich, very ambitious, and had also been of use to Yuan. The third high contracting party of the Society of Peace was Doctor Yen Fu, a highly educated Chinese, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, and of monarchial tendencies.

In addition to these there were three other peace-loving citizens, pardoned revolutionaries: Lu Sze-pai, Li Hsieh-ho, and Hu Ying. The first three were members of the Tsanchengyuan, which was the hand-picked Council of State with which Yuan replaced the Parliament when he put that body out of business by chasing the Quomintang members from Peking with his police.

Publicity Work for a Monarchy

Yuan Shi Kai and his friends studied the memorandum of Doctor Goodnow carefully. The idea was, of course, to secure from so distinguished a citizen of the greatest of republics a statement on which justification for a return to a monarchial government might be based. That was the way the mind of Yuan worked. He thought that if he could point to such an authority as Doctor Goodnow for justification he should be right before the world. So they went carefully over the memorandum and, with the skill of a New York theatrical press agent, picked out sentences suitable for their needs, and adopted those, without reference to the context.

This took some little time; but on August 16, 1915, all was ready. Numbers of agents had been through the provinces, sent out by Yuan to prepare the provinces for what was coming and to lay foundations for local branches of the Society of Peace. On August sixteenth the Chouanhui issued a manifesto and based that manifesto on these words taken from Doctor Goodnow's memorandum, "A monarchial system of government is better than a republican system," without going to the pains of discovering to the Chinese what Doctor Goodnow had said in qualification of this remark. This manifesto stated that the republican form of government was adopted by China before its suitability for the needs of the people had been carefully weighed, and demanded a return to the monarchial form, arguing that in this way only could peace be made permanent in China and pointing out that under the republican form of government there had been constant fighting, turmoil and disaster.

Thereupon President Yuan marched promptly to the front. He issued a statement in which these righteous remarks were made: "Repeatedly I have expressed to the public my ambition and my opinion regarding the adoption of a monarchial government. Again shall I declare that I am unwilling to become an emperor even if the circumstance requires. Nor am I ambitious for retaining the office of president. I have no love for the post; so long have I cherished my ambition to retire and resort to places among the mountains and waters, where I can enjoy beautiful scenery and the teachings of Nature.

"This thought I cannot abandon for a moment. Therefore, with regard to the planning and procedure of said society, personally I have no prejudice or suspicion whatever."

A few days after this Doctor Goodnow, in an interview in the Peking Gazette, disclaimed the uncompromising advocacy of monarchy attributed to him. The Society of Peace continued, however; for, as is usual in such situations, Doctor Goodnow's denial never did overtake the original interpretation put upon his remarks by these tools of Yuan Shi Kai.

The Thirteen Guardians

There was much jubilation in the presidential yamen, for it was considered that an excellent beginning had been made, and that the renunciation by Yuan had placed him in the proper light before the world and before his own people. Yuan did not want it; that was clear. Hence, any work done toward restoring the monarchy would be done without his approval, consent or aid. However, the efforts of the men Yuan had sent out into the provinces to prepare the officials for the movement opened publicly by the Society of Peace soon had their effect. Branches of the Society of Peace began forming; and if any of the provinces were tardy in their organized indorsement of the movement Yuan's agents hurried them on with their applause and support. It was made apparent to the powerful men in the provinces that the proper and safe thing for them to do was to climb forthwith on the imperial band wagon. So the response was most gratifying.

Still, it was not all that had been expected. Petitions came in in great numbers, but there was a disposition to lag in some quarters, and this was extremely annoying to the president, who yearned to retire and enjoy the beauties of land and water, and profit by the teachings of Nature. The Society of Peace was not getting results with the celerity needed. The closest friends of the president realized this; and, being convinced that there was nothing to be done to stop the president, decided to help him get his desire.

To that end the Society of Peace was pushed into the background and another society formed. This contained thirteen members, all close friends of Yuan's, but who had no public standing, like the Chouanhui. It was a secret, self-appointed, effective and thoroughly practical organization, known among those who knew of it at all as The Thirteen Imperial Guardians. Liang Shih-yi, the ablest man in China from the viewpoint of political and business ability, was at the head of the thirteen, and his chief assistants were Tuan Chih Keui and Ni Ssu Chung, two powerful generals, for the military, with Chou Tze-chi and Chu Chi-chien representing the civil, official class.

The Thirteen Imperial Guardians went actively at the work. They sent more emissaries out to the provinces, stirred up the provincial powers with promises and threats, and conducted a most efficacious, though secret, campaign. They conferred with Yuan Shi Kai daily, acceded to some of his wishes, disregarded others, and, in general, played big and very practical politics to bring about the popular uprising for a monarchy that was needed. While all this was going on Yuan Shi Kai was

Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Cutting

Ten miles of pipe and every joint leak-proof

This maze of 2-inch ammonia pipe forms the floor of the immense Winter Garden Ice Rink, in San Francisco. Oxy-acetylene welding on all joints (more than 2,000 in all) made the piping permanently leak-proof, and effected a marked reduction in the cost of installation.

Prest-O-Lite welding has become standard practice on steel pipe-lines and is widely used in constructing piping systems for steam, gas or air—in office buildings, hotels, factories, power plants and refrigerating installations.

The welded joint is as strong as the pipe itself, saves valuable space, and is neater. It effects substantial savings in simple installations as compared with the use of threaded couplings and on jobs where special fittings would ordinarily be required the savings to be made by welding are even greater.

Special information on pipe welding will gladly be sent to engineers, architects, contractors, steam fitters, plumbers, and others.

Prest-O-Lite PROCESS

Oxy-acetylene welding, by intense heat, actually fuses two pieces of metal into one piece.

In the manufacture of nearly every metal product, wherever bolts, rivets or threaded joints are used, welding affords many opportunities for accomplishing simplicity, strength and neatness of design, *with reduced cost.*

Efficient work can be turned out by any average workman who understands metals, with little instruction. We furnish high-grade welding apparatus for $75 (Canada $100); Prest-O-Lite acetylene service, and special blow-pipe for cutting metals, at extra cost.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene is furnished [illegible], making the welding [illegible] inside or outside the shop. The Prest-O-Lite system of exchanging empty tanks for full ones [illegible] universal, perpetual service. Avoids [illegible] investment and depreciation incurred in making crude acetylene in carbide generators. Insures better welds, quicker work and lower operating costs.

For Reclaiming Broken Machinery and Defective Castings

By avoiding costly tie-ups and delays in production through the breakdown of an important machine, and also by saving the cost of a new part, one Prest-O-Lite welding repair may easily save the entire cost of the outfit. Railroads, foundries, mines, factories, machine shops and garages are realizing big returns in oxy-acetylene welding for repairs alone.

Our literature describes hundreds of profitable uses for welding in manufacturing, construction and repair work. Write for it.

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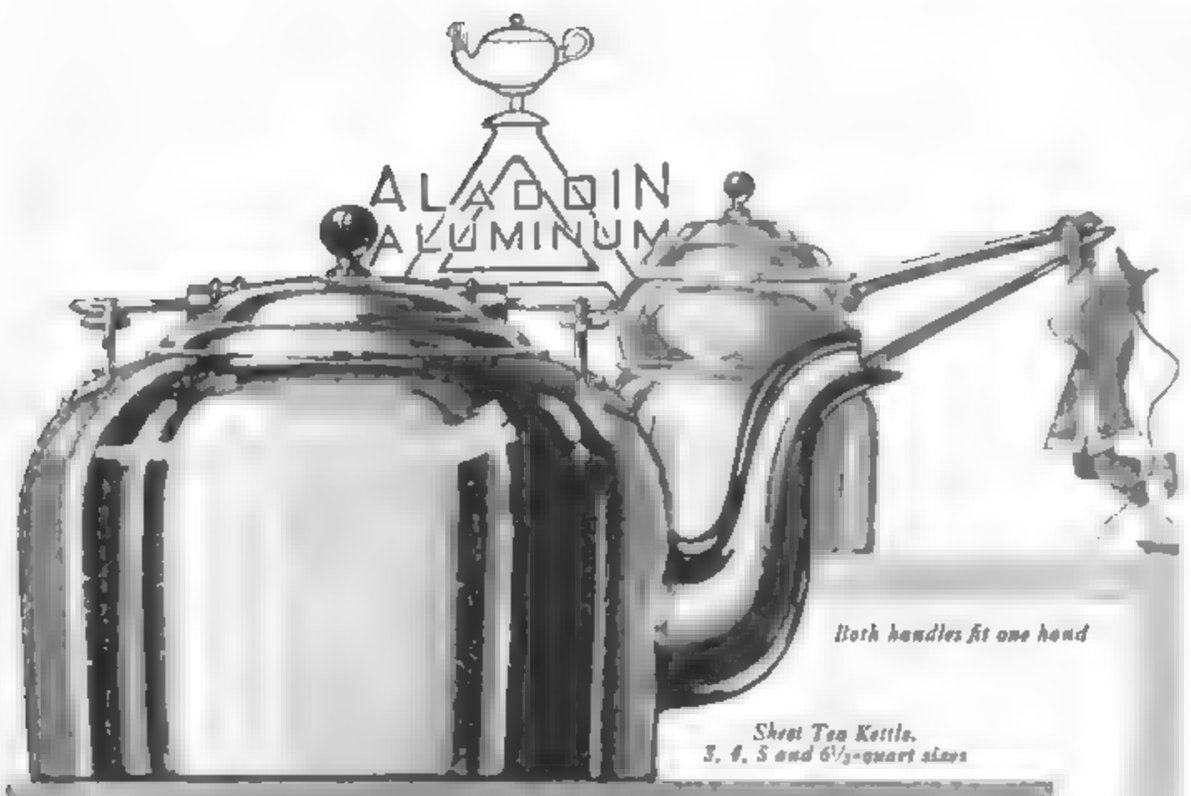
55 Branches and Charging Plants

World's Largest Makers of Dissolved Acetylene



Both handles fit one hand

Sheet Tea Kettle.
3, 4, 5 and 6½-quart sizes

At Your Service

HERE'S a pair of Aladdin utensils that can't be overworked—the sturdy Sheet Tea Kettle and the versatile Double Boiler.

They start right in with the breakfast-getting, and your work day slips by before they're put away to rest. Brutes for work, both of them, because they're built that way.

Either of them will outwork and outlast a dozen ordinary utensils—and save you trouble while they're doing it—because they are built of the purest and best aluminum there is—and built with the Aladdin labor-saving refinements.

The Double Boiler has an over-size water compartment—that means less filling, less watching, and no overheating. You can lift both the reservoir and the cooker at once—both handles nestle easily into one hand.

The Tea Kettle has the Aladdin notched ear that keeps the bail in grasping position—always away from the hot metal. The spout is aluminum *welded*—not soldered. The cover really fits.

Ask at any good hardware or housefurnishing store about the Aladdin Double Boiler and the Sheet Tea Kettle. Or send to us for illustrated catalogue and the name of the nearest dealer.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
Ivanhoe Works
7621 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Aladdin Aluminum

publicly indifferent and rejectful, but privately he was intensely, even frantically, eager for results. There was no lack of money. Public and private funds were available, chiefly public. If China wanted a monarchy, as China was forced to want, of course China must pay the bills. Far be it from Yuan Shi Kai to pay them, or any of his friends!

The Thirteen accelerated the popular uprisings and the petitions therefrom; and by the middle of September, 1915, a sufficient number had been received to enable the Council of State—a body, as I have explained, that was personally selected by Yuan Shi Kai and subservient to his every wish—to suggest to Yuan that, in view of the rapidly increasing public sentiment in favor of a restoration of the monarchial form of government, some steps should be taken to ascertain the will of the whole people in the matter. Yuan Shi Kai was coy. He dissembled perfectly. He suggested delay. The Council of State, on September thirtieth, disregardful of Yuan's suggestion for delay and knowing very well that if they regarded it they would get into serious trouble, drafted a bill providing for putting the question to vote by means of the provincial balloting system.

There were some preliminaries, in which the bill was made to include all peoples that, in any manner, came under Chinese governmental authority, oversea merchants, Mohammedans, and others; and on October sixth the bill passed unanimously. This bill was sent to the president for promulgation, with a long covering petition, in which Yuan was informed that the Council of State could not ignore "the united appeal of the people, repeatedly uttered."

Yuan was much depressed. Also, he was very angry. He felt that his wishes were being overridden; but, just the same, on October eighth he promulgated the law by presidential mandate. It hurt him to do this, as he wanted to retire and study the beauties and teachings of Nature; but duty was his stern master in the circumstances. Also, he said that if, perchance, a monarchial form of government was established he would insist on a free and untrammeled legislative assembly. All of which was highly patriotic.

The Thirteen Imperial Guardians saw to it that the voting in the provinces progressed rapidly and favorably; in fact, the votes as they came in were unanimous—which pays high tribute to the political ability of Mr. Liang Shih-yi. There wasn't a dissenting vote. All was smooth and harmonious, for the quite simple and politically practical reason that only those who were known to be in favor of the change were allowed to vote.

Advice From the Powers

At this juncture, on October twenty-eighth, while the elections were progressing so peacefully and so unanimously, Japan stepped in. The Japanese Chargé d'Affaires in Peking "advised" China to postpone the change. Later Great Britain and Russia associated themselves with this advice, and France acquiesced still later. These nations said to China that they feared the change would result in grave disorder; and, whether or not Britain, Russia and France were certain of that, subsequent events proved that the Japanese knew what they were talking about.

Yuan Shi Kai replied, through the medium of M. Lu Cheng-hsiang, the Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs, that though the Chinese Government was against the proposed change, as was evidenced by the many disapprovals of the plan by the Great President, Yuan Shi Kai, popular opinion demanded it. Also, the Chinese Government stated that it was quite sure there would be no disorder. Yuan Shi Kai was too close to his heart's desire then to pay heed to foreign protest.

Japan made another protest; but Yuan held firm. He said there was no intention of hastening the proposed change, should it be provided for; but the Chinese people were in no frame of mind to brook delay. Apparently they were keen to make Yuan their emperor, much as he deprecated that fact.

The Thirteen Imperial Guardians, through their representatives in the field, made it unanimous. There was no dissent. So, after the Manchus, Mongolians, Meritorious Persons and Profound Scholars had testified their approval, the final balloting of the representatives selected to give the ultimate approval was held in Peking. There were nineteen hundred and ninety-three persons to vote, representing all China, and carefully selected by the Thirteen Imperial Guardians. The arrangements were perfect. Not a cog slipped. Some person with a sense of the dramatic arranged the balloting so that Prince Pu-lun, a representative of the deposed Ching dynasty, cast the first ballot in favor of making Yuan Shi Kai emperor, and C. C. Wang, a graduate of Yale University, the final ballot; thus showing that the old order, as represented by the Prince, and the new order, as represented by Wang, educated in America at a great university, and typifying Young China and all between, favored the change.

Each of the nineteen hundred and ninety-three wrote on his ballot the characters signifying "Tsan Cheng," meaning "approved." The final scrutiny of the votes was made on Saturday, December eleventh. The thing was done. It was unanimous. All were in favor of establishing a constitutional monarchy and enthusiastically for Yuan Shi Kai as the first emperor thereof. The Council of State forthwith recited these gratifying facts in a memorial to the president, and put in a petition urging Yuan Shi Kai to respond to the demand of the people and take the throne.

Flowery Petitions

This petition began: "In consideration of the fact that the question of Kuo-ti has already been settled, and the will of Heaven is clear, the people of the whole country now beseech Thee to ascend the throne at once, so as to consolidate the foundation of the State." That was the first sentence, and from that the petition worked up to some real Chinese eloquence to this concluding specimen of what a Chinese petition maker, when incited by Thirteen Imperial Guardians, really can do when he extends himself:

"Your Majesty, superlatively wise and divinely valiant, is one to whom the whole people turn in submission. We prostrate ourselves and pray that Thou wilt accept the blessings of Heaven and descend to the level of accepting the request of the country. . . . Descendant of Huang Ti, Thou art worthy of the Throne by the Choice of Heaven." And so on.

Yuan replied, expressing superlative surprise that he had been chosen for so great an honor. He said he had no special merit worthy of mention; that he felt diffident when principle and morality are considered, and would prefer that another person should take the place. He himself was neither virtuous enough nor great enough—the reply said.

The petitioners knew too much to take that as final. The Thirteen Imperial Guardians corralled the petition writer and incited him to greater efforts. He prepared about five thousand words more of beseechment and prayer, urging the divinely appointed Son of Heaven to reconsider, exalting his virtues and merits, and pooh-poohing, in real flowery Chinese, the diffidence of the Selected One.

Yuan Shi Kai could not withstand the pressure. He had made all the face necessary by thrusting the throne from him once. He declared, in a mandate issued on the night of December twelfth, which quoted this second petition in full, that his former declaration was "the expression of a sincere heart and not a mere expression of modesty"; but, nevertheless, he would take the job. And he did. It had long before been decided to call the new dynasty the Dynasty of Hung Hsien, signifying Brilliant Prosperity; and on that December day the twenty years of plotting of Yuan for a throne seemed to have culminated successfully. He was Emperor of China.

Three days later the representatives of Japan, Britain, France, Russia and Italy again counseled Yuan to delay the change—and let it go at that.

During these negotiations there had been much discussion between Yuan and the Thirteen Imperial Guardians as to what should be done with the vice president, Li Yuan-hung, whom Yuan had kept two years in custody in a house on an island within the inclosure of the presidential yamen. Li stood out for large emoluments, aided by one of his favorite wives. The matter was arranged finally, before the election of Yuan, with the promise, afterward kept, that Li Yuan-hung, now the President of China, should be made Prince Wi Yu, which means Prince of Military

(Concluded on Page 113)

No Car Has Equaled the HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Judge for yourself what these things mean to a car you buy to keep. If they mean little, a Super-Six means little. But, if they mean much, a Super-Six means everything to you.

The Super-Six—controlled by Hudson patents—last year won all worth-while records.

That is, stock-car records in particular. Records made by cars just like you buy. And records that prove endurance.

Among these are speed records—one as high as 102.56 miles per hour.

Also hill-climbing records—including the world's greatest, at Pike's Peak, where a Hudson Super-Six made the best time.

Many great endurance records—including 1819 miles in 24 hours. That broke all like records by 52 per cent.

And a Super-Six twice broke the great transcontinental record in one continuous 7000-mile round trip.

Let's Analyze Them

Those are the standard tests—and always have been—for proving motor car supremacy.

Not that buyers want such speed, such power, or even such hill-climbing ability. But they want endurance, and these super-strains best prove it.

And a man who buys a fine car, as a matter of pride, wants the greatest car that's built. These tests are designed to show that.

It Is Exclusive

All the Super-Six advantages are exclusive to Hudson cars. This motor is patented.

All its advantages are due to minimized friction, the cause of motor wear. By reducing this friction—almost to nil—we have practically doubled motor endurance. Thus we added 80 per cent, at a single step, to the efficiency of a Light Six.

No matter what rivals claim for other types, the records show the Super-Six excels them. If the Super-Six could be used by all, other types would very likely vanish.

New Attractions

We have spent 18 months in bringing every Hudson detail up to the Super-Six standard.

The ablest artists and craftsmen obtainable have given their best to Hudson bodies. Every model typifies their highest ideals in style. Each is a study in motor car beauty.

The exquisite finish, the plaited upholstery, the luxurious cushions and dainty touches all show a master hand.

This year we add a great gasoline saver—shutters on the front. We add an engine primer. Our patent pneumatic carburetor is self-adjusting to every engine speed, which, by controlling the heat of the motor, in part overcomes the disadvantages of the constantly falling quality of gasoline.

So there is now a wealth of reasons for choosing the Super-Six. Yet note how far it undersells many cars it out-performs.

But thousands who recognize these facts will delay and be disappointed. It was so last spring—it will be this spring. When one type so dominates, there are never cars enough. See your dealer now.

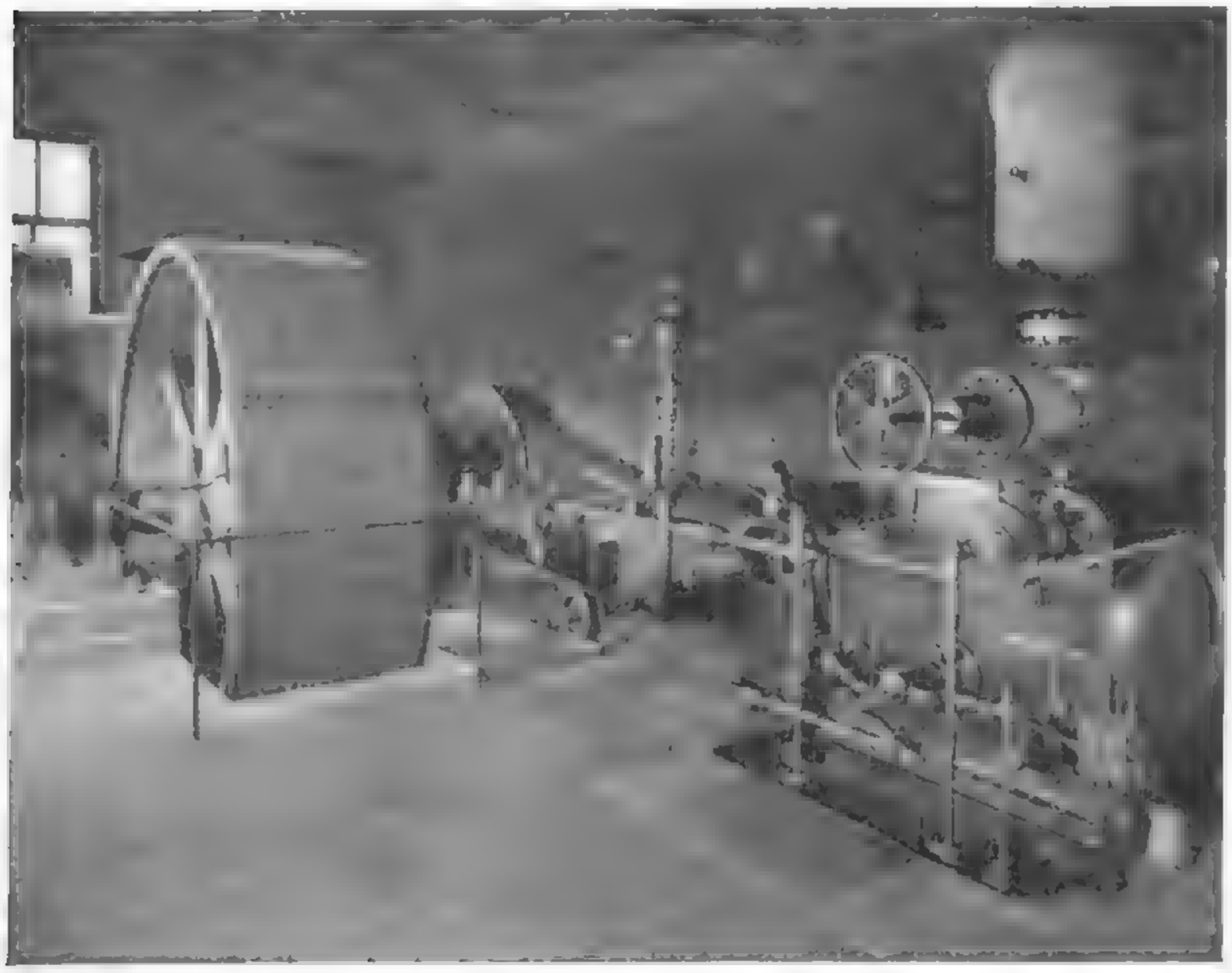
HUDSON SUPER SIX

Phaeton, 7-passenger,	$1650	Town Car	$2925	Town Car Landaulet .	$3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger,	1950	(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)		Limousine	2925
Touring Sedan . . .	2175			Limousine Landaulet .	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

What Kinds of Belts "are not as good as they used to be"?

48 per cent. Increase in the number of Users of Leviathan-Anaconda in 1916 shows what Manufacturers think of Scientific Belting



Established in 1881, and we are still supplying belts to our first customer

We are not among those who believe that belts are not made as well as formerly.

Makers of belting cannot be held responsible for shortages and limitations in a natural product. The fault lies rather in the uncertain quality and supply of the materials used.

WHEN conditions are such that the shoe industry, for instance, can use more leather than can be produced—and automobile tires have to be advanced in price on account of the shortage of rubber; it is natural that the minor industries should be starved for these raw materials.

The *increasing* losses to American manufacturers—already running to millions of dollars—through waste of power and stoppage of machinery on account of inefficient and undependable belting, can be saved and are being saved in many factories by *scientific* power transmission.

* * *

Scientific belting is not subject to the uncertainties of any natural product, but has these qualities *built* into it:

Maximum traction and power delivery with minimum stretch.

Even distribution of driving strains over the entire cross-section of the belt.

Flexibility and elasticity combined with ruggedness and ability to stand punishment.

Absolutely uniform performance and strength.

* * *

Leviathan-Anaconda belts are made in various ply of solid fabric impregnated with special compound, so treated, stretched and aged as to produce a strong pliable belting, well nigh indestructible.

Leviathan-Anaconda is tougher and more rugged than any belt made. It combines these advantages with a flexibility and smooth-running quality peculiar to itself that enable it to give a kind and length of service that are standard wherever it is used.

* * *

As for slip and stretch, and the other usual belt troubles, our process takes care of these in a way that is truly remarkable. Leviathan-Anaconda belting, properly installed, will make fewer notations necessary on the "trouble card," for any reason, than any belt of any kind.

For conveying and elevating heavy or abrasive materials, Leviathan is wonderfully satisfactory. The exact combination of flexibility and toughness necessary for this sort of work has been definitely attained.

* * *

Our representatives are trained to meet belt conditions with the best belt in each case, and our co-operation with our customers is extremely close and effective.

The guarantee on Leviathan-Anaconda begins to run the day you put it on your pulleys regardless of the date of purchase.

Leviathan-Anaconda is not sold by the yard—it is sold as a cost-reducing service. Therefore it is sold *direct to the user*.

Our special charts show how to keep transmission, conveying and elevating costs in your own plant. We send all these without charge.

* * *

If Agricultural Colleges and State Experiment Stations will communicate with us we can give them information of value to the half-million farmers who use belting on threshers and other farm machinery.

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTING — ELEVATING, TRANSMITTING, CONVEYING

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS

for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating

MAIN BELTING COMPANY, Philadelphia

New York Chicago Pittsburgh Atlanta San Francisco

Birmingham, England Paris, France Bulle, Switzerland Kristiania, Norway Johannesburg, South Africa Petrograd, Russia Havana, Cuba

MAIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Toronto

HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO., Honolulu

(Concluded from Page 110)

Righteousness, and given a large sum of money, as well as be released from custody.

The Thirteen Imperial Guardians cast up accounts. It was discovered that approximately ten million dollars—gold—had been spent thus far by Yuan and his lieutenants in getting Yuan on the throne; but that was cheap, for the Era of Brilliant Prosperity for all concerned was at hand. Estimates covering the expenses of the proper induction of Yuan into his exalted position had been prepared months in advance, and these comprehended the expenditure of $3,900,000 more, of which $261,954 was set down for offering sacrifices to the gods, mountains, rivers and deceased emperors; more than a million for repairing old temples and palaces; $697,034 for rewards; and $1,661,122 for the grand ceremony, with the remainder for banquets, feasts, and a comprehensive "miscellaneous" of $1,178,653. Yuan intended to do the thing in style.

However, the Era of Brilliant Prosperity became dimmed within a few days. By December twentieth, or eight days after Yuan was selected as emperor, it was certain that a revolution was about to come to a head in the province of Yunnan, which is in the south. General Tsai-ao, one of the most capable of the younger of the Chinese soldiers, and several other revolutionary leaders, had appeared in Yunnan-fu, having arrived by way of Indo-China. They were amply provided with funds. They sent an ultimatum to the emperor on December twenty-third, reciting to Yuan that he had violated his oath of office by accepting the throne, demanding that he should repudiate the monarchy and execute those responsible for it, giving a list of most of the Thirteen Imperial Guardians as subjects for decapitation. Failing this, Yunnan would secede, and the ultimatum would expire at ten o'clock on the morning of December twenty-fifth, Christmas Day. Yuan made no reply, and Yunnan declared for revolution and seceded as announced.

No serious doubt has ever been cast on the claim that Japan financed this revolution against Yuan to the extent of several million yen.

The revolution grew in proportions. Others besides the Yunnanese came in. Its progress need be touched upon only for purposes of this article, though it had a determining effect on the fortunes of the emperor-elect. There was fighting during January and February. Yuan was deeply concerned and began to show the effects of the strain. He had been a man of decision. He became hesitant. He lost flesh. He was peevish, dilatory, vacillating. His closest advisers were alarmed. They sought to keep him up to the requirements of his position, and early saw that the only way out of a situation that was becoming dangerous to Yuan and his supporters was to proceed instantly with the enthronement ceremony, in order that Yuan might be vested fully with the powers of his position. He was emperor-elect and functioning as emperor, but he had not been crowned.

The Beginning of the End

To the end of getting Yuan actually upon the throne the Thirteen Imperial Guardians bestirred themselves again. They sent men about the country and flooded Yuan with petitions urging him to proceed at once with the actual ascension of the throne. Yuan was urged, threatened, cajoled; but he couldn't decide. He was not the Yuan who had originated this bold plan to get a throne. He was fast becoming a doddering old man. In the end, on February twenty-third, he issued a mandate saying that he would postpone the question. He had lost his nerve.

Kweichow Province had seceded and joined the rebels on January twenty-first and Kwangsi Province announced its independence on March thirteenth. Disquieting news also came that Japan was getting ready to intervene "to protect foreign interests"; and those close to Yuan began to think that the game was up.

Yuan decided to quit. He had made his great stroke and had lost in the winning. Many of his close friends and advisers urged him to fight it out, and go down, if need be, with the banner of Hung Hsien flying over him; but he was a broken Yuan, a weak old plotter instead of a valiant warrior. One hundred days from the time he became emperor-elect he issued a mandate canceling the monarchy and restoring China's Republican Government. He said he showed his sincerity and modesty in refusing the honor when it was first tendered to him; that he was willing to bear the sins and crimes of all the people in all parts of the country; and that he would, therefore, cease being emperor. He retained enough of his former decision to continue as president of the revived republic. He wasn't so far gone as to relinquish that.

All laws that had been revoked were restored, and the government went about its business of being republican with cheerful ease, except in the presidential yamen. Things were in bad shape there, for the seceding provinces did not return to loyalty to the republic of Yuan. They remained rebellious and demanded that Yuan should get out of office entirely. They formed a provisional independent government at Canton.

It became known to a few that Yuan was seriously ill. He had broken under the humiliation of his defeat and the loss of his crown. He was suffering from Bright's disease, with its consequent weakness, loss of mental alertness, irritability and lack of concentration. There were peace parleys; and while these were on there came serious fighting at Tsinanfu, in Shan-tung Province, in which Japanese soldiers joined with the revolutionists against the troops of Yuan.

Too Many Doctors

This and other evidences of Japanese effort against him were severe blows to Yuan, for he had tried his utmost to propitiate Japan, and during the last days of the impotent empire had conceived the plan of sending an imperial emissary to that country. He selected Chou Tze-chi, one of his closest friends and one of the most active of the Thirteen Imperial Guardians, for the honor; but Japan refused to receive Chou.

Foreign doctors were engaged for Yuan; but what they did for him had little effect, for Yuan's Chinese wives insisted on treating him with Chinese medicines. As soon as the foreign doctors left, the Chinese wives followed the doctors' medicines with doses of the messes the Chinese use as medicine. The result was tough on Yuan. He failed rapidly. He had about decided to leave the country, thinking there was no way to defeat the rebels. He was preparing to seek asylum in the United States, and, upon his request, had been promised by our Government a guard of marines from the American Legation Guard, in Peking, to escort him from the palace to the railroad station, protection by American soldiers at Tientsin, and possibly a convoy to our shores, as a distinguished gentleman."

The rebels did not know this. Very few people knew it until now. If the rebels had known it there would have been a different face on affairs. As it was, the rebels began to have fears that they might not win at about the same time the sick president had his qualms. It was arranged that an emissary with power should go from Peking to treat with the rebels in Shanghai, with the terms of the abdication of Yuan in his pocket. Just as that emissary was about to leave Peking for Shanghai a telegram came to Peking from the rebels, requesting him to come to hear what the rebels had to propose. Both sides were wabbly.

This man, a very strong, clever man, versed in Chinese politics, went to Shanghai to get what he could for Yuan; but knowing that, after the bargaining was done, Yuan would quit. In the midst of these negotiations, while telegrams were passing between Shanghai and Peking, between this emissary to the rebels from Yuan and Yuan's friends in Peking, at three o'clock on the morning of June 6, 1916, Yuan died. The news was held in the presidential yamen until half past five o'clock that morning. Then Li Yuan-hung, the vice president, was informed, and told to get ready to assume the presidency of China.

Li Yuan-hung's dislike of responsibility was known to the men who sent him the message.

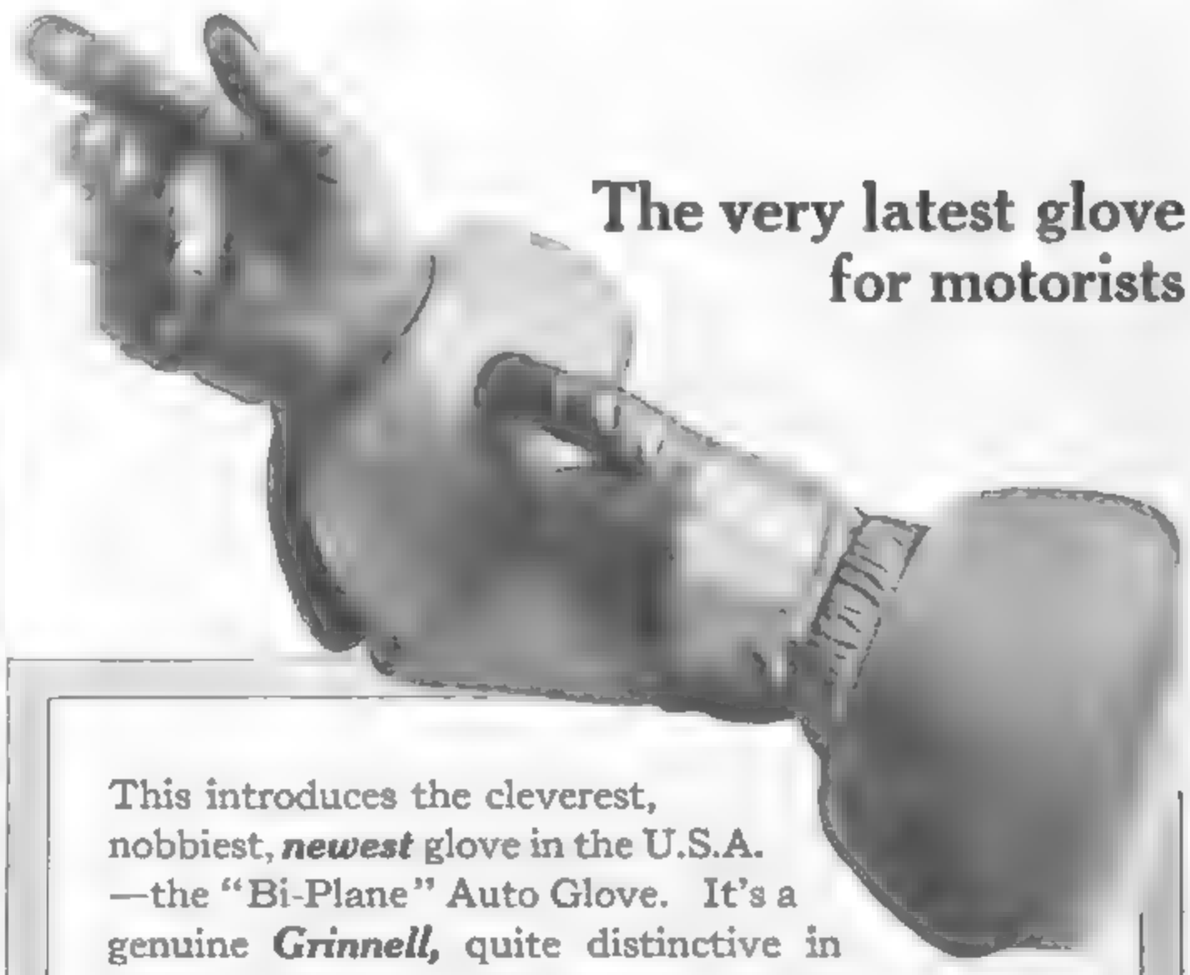
"Suppose he refuses?" said one of the men present.

"Shoot him instantly!" said all the rest.

Li Yuan-hung knew this, and did not decline. He was sworn in as president at eleven o'clock that morning.

So ended Yuan Shi Kai's great plot to make himself Emperor of China and to found for his forty children the Dynasty of Hung Hsien. It was a remarkable adventure by a remarkable man, and it left China in a state of confusion that will not be composed for years to come. —

Announcing the Grinnell "Bi-Plane"—



The very latest glove for motorists

This introduces the cleverest, nobbiest, ***newest*** glove in the U.S.A. —the "Bi-Plane" Auto Glove. It's a genuine ***Grinnell,*** quite distinctive in style. Has short cuffs with two "wings." Just takes in coat sleeve, keeping out dust and wind. Folds to "handy pocket size." Elastic strap fastener adjusts glove instantly to the hand. The "Bi-Plane" with ventilated backs is ideal for summer driving.

The "Rist-Fit," the "Limp-Kuff," the "Grip-Tite," the "Speedway" are *four famous Grinnell innovations.*

"Quality first," is the creed of Grinnell. It tells in the artistic treatment of the fine-textured leather—the perfect stitching—the smooth-fitting and splendid-wearing qualities of Grinnell Gloves.

Whatever your glove-need —for dress or street wear, motoring, driving or work— there's a special Grinnell Glove that fits it to a dot.

Despite the world-wide shortage of leather the quality of Grinnell Gloves is being rigidly maintained. That's why you should insist on getting the *genuine Grinnell Gloves.* Be sure to look for the Grinnell mark on every pair. It's there for *your* protection.

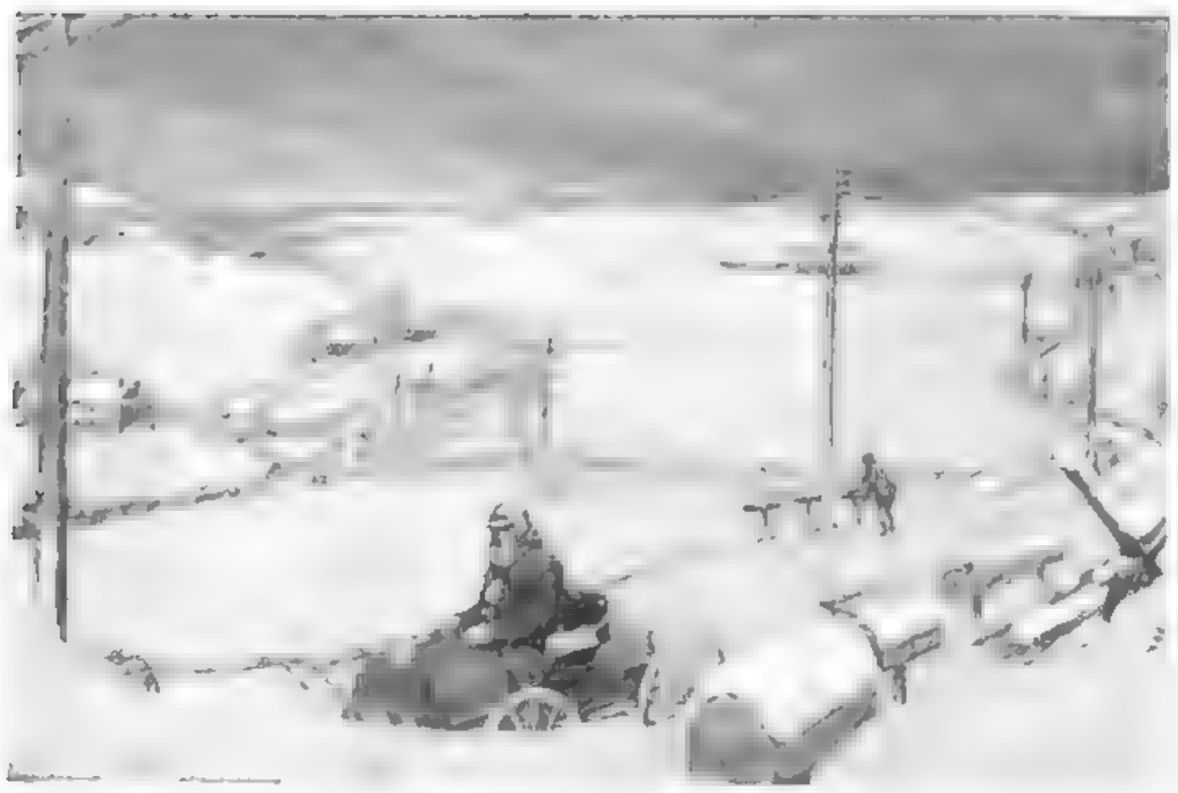
—See the "Bi-Plane"—At Your Dealer's Today—

The Grinnell "Bi-Plane" Auto Glove has met with phenomenal success. Dealers everywhere are featuring the "Bi-Plane." They instantly recognize its qualities of leadership. If your dealer does not yet have it, ask us for a pair on approval. Write for our booklet "Glove Styles" for descriptions and prices of Grinnell feature gloves.

DEALERS—Grinnell Gloves give valuable prestige to your Glove Department. You can ill afford to "substitute" when your customers ask for Grinnell Gloves. ***Write for our proposition.*** **Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co., 25 Broad St., Grinnell, Iowa.**

Grinnell Gloves

Best for Every Purpose



Standards of Service

In rural communities clusters of mail delivery boxes at the crossroads evidence Uncle Sam's postal service. Here the neighbors trudge from their homes—perhaps a few yards, perhaps a quarter mile or so—for their mail.

Comprehensive as is the government postal system, still the service rendered by its mail carriers is necessarily restricted, as the country dweller knows.

Long before rural delivery was established the Bell System began to link up the farmhouse with the neighboring towns and villages. One-fourth of the 10,000,000 telephones in the Bell System are rural. They reach more places than there are post offices. Along the highways and private lanes the telephone poles lead straight up to the farmer's door.

He need not stir from the cheerful hearth ablaze in winter, nor grope along dark roads at night for friendly news or aid in time of trouble. Right in the heart of his home is his telephone. It is the American farmer's key to the outside world, and in no other country is it found.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the U. S. or Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO. Cincinnati, Ohio

"New-Skin"

An antiseptic.
For cuts and scrapes

It forms a waterproof covering that protects the wound and allows it to heal naturally.

At all druggists (10c., 25c.). Or send us 25c. in stamps for the larger size by mail.

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS

(Continued from Page 7)

At the foot of the steps he stopped again, fumbling in his pockets. The jangled state of his nerves demanded the sooth of nicotine. From one pocket he exhumed nearly half of a cigar and from the other a box of matches. He inserted the cigar between his lips and undertook to strike a light. These were a new kind of matches—long, thick ones, with big white-and-black heads. Judge Priest had brought home a supply of them the day before, and Jeff, attracted vaguely by their novelty of appearance and their augmented size, had been moved to borrow a box of them off the dining-room sideboard.

The misanthrope drew one of the big matches down the plastered side of the entryway. It sputtered and snapped under the friction of the stroke, but declined to burst into flame. Jeff cast it away and tried another, with no different result, except that the stick part snapped off short. Either the prevalent dampness had adversely affected them or they were defective and untrustworthy by reason of some flaw in their manufacture. But he noted that both matches had left a queer luminous streak upon the dingy wall.

Morbidly reflecting that in this night of his bad luck he was to be denied even the small solace of a smoke, Jeff absently fingered a third match between his fingers, plucking at its bulbous tip with a thumb nail. Instantly the effect of this was such as mildly to startle him; for at once on his finger ends appeared a strange spectral glow, as though he had been fondling some new and especially well-illuminated breed of lightning bug in his naked hand.

At any other time, almost, this phenomenon, so simply accomplished, would have set Jeff's nimble fancy at work devising experimental means of entertainment to be derived therefrom; but now and here, in his existent frame of thought, the discovery gave him no pleasure whatsoever.

He pouched cigar butt and matches, and stepped forth from the stair passage into the drizzle. Out of the darkness a figure reeled unsteadily. It bumped into him with such violence as to drive him back into the doorway, and then caromed off, rocking on its heels to regain its balance. Jeff made out that the awkward one was a person of his own color and sex.

"Whut's ailin' you, man?" he demanded irritably. "Ain't a whole sidewalk wide 'nuff fur you, widout you tryin' to knock folkses down?"

"Huh?"

The wavering pedestrian exhaled a thick grunt, which brought with it an aroma of stick gin. He tottered forward again, throwing out his clutching hands for some support.

"Go on 'way frum me!"

Jeff flung out an arm to fend the other off; but the gesture froze solid while yet his elbow was crooked, and Jeff cowered back, transfixed and limber with terror, too scared to run, too weak to cry out.

For there, centered in the dim half-light that streamed down from above, swaying on his legs and dripping moisture, as befitting one who had but lately met a watery end, stood the mortal remains of the late unlamented—whom even now they were most unkindly commemorating upstairs—Red Hoss Shackleford, deceased. There was no doubt about it. Red Hoss' embodied spirit, with the restless malignity of a soul accursed, had come back to attend its own memorial service!

Jeff's jaws opened and refused to close. His throat locked on a howl, and that howl emerged as a thin, faint wheeze.

The filling inside his knee joints turned to a marrowy jelly. His scalp crawled on his skull.

The ghost grabbed him in a fumbling embrace; and even as Jeff, in an intensified spasm of terror, wrestled to be free of that awful clutch, he realized that this ghost was entirely too solid for a regular ghost. Besides, there was that smell of gin. Ghosts did not drink—or did they? He found his voice—part of it.

"Shacky, ain't you daid?" he pleaded in croaking accents. "Fur Gawd's sake, tell me de truth—ain't you sho-'nuff daid?"

"Who say I'm daid?" demanded Red Hoss with maudlin truculence. Then instantly his tone became plaintive: "How come ever'whars I goes to-night dey axes me is I daid? Does I look daid? Does I act daid?"

"Wait a minute, Shacky—lemme think." And now Jeff, well recovered, was holding the ex-apparition upright. "You sorter taken me by s'prise; but lemme think."

Already, as his self-possession came back to him, the germ of a splendid, dazzling idea took root and sprouted in his brain.

Still supporting the burden of the miraculously restored Red Hoss, he glanced over his shoulder up the hallway. There was no one visible; none other shared this marvelous secret with him. As quickly as might be, he guided the uncertain form of Red Hoss away from the doorway and round the corner into the black shadows at the side of the building, where rain dripped on them from the eaves above.

That made no difference. Red Hoss was wet through, and in this moment any slight damage from dampness to his own vanities of wardrobe meant nothing at all to Jeff. He propped Red Hoss against the brick wall and steadied him there. And when he spoke, he spoke low; but, also, he spoke fast. Time was a precious commodity right now.

"Red Hoss," he said, "I's yore friend, ez you knows full well. Now tell me: How come you didn't git drownded in de river?"

"Me? Huh! Dey ain't nary river ever been dug deep 'nuff to drownd me in," Red Hoss was replying with drunken boastfulness. "Here's de way 'twuz: Come de night after Christmas, I finds myse'f a little bit overtuck wid licker. So I lays down on de b'iler deck of dat dere tugboat, takin' a little nap. I reckin I must 'a' roll over in my sleep, 'ca'se all of a sudden I 'scovers myse'f in de middle of dat ole Tennessee River; an' dat tugboat, she's agoin' 'long upstream same ez ef de w'ite folks is sayin' to deyse'ves: 'Well, one nigger mo' or less don't make no diff'ence in good times lak dese.'

"I treads water an' I yells; but she keep right on movin'. So den I jes' swims an' swims, an' swims some mo'; an' dat river suttinly is cold to my skin. After a spell I lands ashore whar dey's some thick-kinder woods; an' I walks back an' fo'th th'ough dem woods, tryin' to keep frum freezin' to death.

"'Long 'bout daylight I comes to a tie camp whar two w'ite men is got a gang of niggers gittin' out crossties, an' I yells an' knocks on de do' of de shack twell I rousts 'em all up. Dey lemme in; an' dey ax me a whole passel of fool questions 'bout whar'-'bouts is I come frum, an' whut is I doin' dar, an' dey kindle up a big fire an' I dries myse'f out; an' den bimeby dey feeds me a meal of vittles. W'en I gits ready to start frum dar, 'long about de middle of de day, one of de w'ite men gives me six bits to pay my way back yere on de railroad.

"But jes' after I leaves de camp to walk to de railroad, w'ich is eight miles 'way, I runs into a bunch of de hands, hid out in de woods a little piece, shootin' craps; an' I stops. So presently my six bits is gone. So den I goes on to de railroad afoot; an', not havin' no money nor nothin', I has to beat my way home. I rides on de brake beams a spell, an' den de brakeman he spies me; an' he th'ows me off; and de las' eighteen miles I has to walk all de way—an' hit a-rainin'!"

"W'en did you git yere? I means w'en did you hit town?"

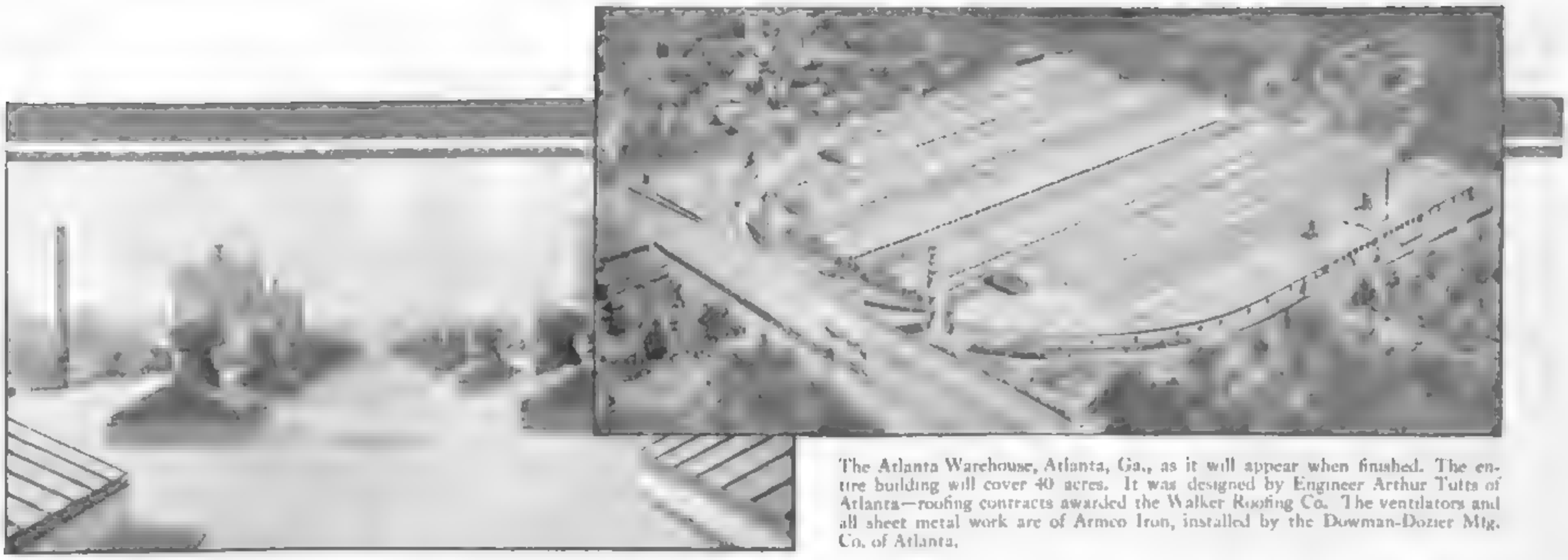
"'Bout a hour ago—or mebbe 'twuz a hour an' a half."

With usage, Red Hoss' powers for coherent speech were improving.

"So, fust off, I goes down to de river whar dat tugboat is tied up to see whut chance dey is, dat time of night, of my drawin' whut money is comin' to me. But de cabin is all dark an' t'ain't nobody aboard her 'cep'in' de nigger night watchman; an' he's settin' down back in de ingine room, sound asleep. I walks back to whar he is an' I says to him. I says: 'Hello, nigger!'—jes' lak dat. An' he open his eyes an' gimme jes' one look; an' den he give out one yell, an' den he ain't dere no mo'. I kin heah his footsteps goin' up de levee, scatterin' gravels lak a ole hen scratchin'; but dat nigger is plum' gone. He act lak he seen a ha'nt, or somethin'.

"So den, de nex' thing I does, I goes up de wharf to de house whar my ha'f sister, Rosalie you knows dat 'ooman? does cookin' fur a w'ite fambly; an' I goes round de house an' knocks at de kitchen do', but t'ain't nobody answers. I keeps on knockin', an' after a spell de boss of de house, a w'ite

(Continued on Page 117)



The Atlanta Warehouse, Atlanta, Ga., as it will appear when finished. The entire building will cover 40 acres. It was designed by Engineer Arthur Tutts of Atlanta—roofing contracts awarded the Walker Roofing Co. The ventilators and all sheet metal work are of Armco Iron, installed by the Dowman-Dozier Mfg. Co. of Atlanta.

The Importance of Armco Iron Increases with the Area of the Installation

Forty acres served by Armco Iron Ventilators! Hundreds of them will stud the vast roof of the Atlanta Warehouse—the largest cotton storage and compressing plant in the world—typical, in its completeness and perfection, of the splendid industrial growth of the wonderful New South.

Here—as in many other gigantic structures—the investment of millions is safeguarded and made profitable through the lasting quality of Armco Iron.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

—because it is *pure*. And because it is *even*. The slow and thorough processes by which it is made eliminate practically all impurities and foreign substances—even to the tiny gas bubbles and pockets, which could cause cracks and blisters. It is subjected to long and careful annealing—to make it uniform and dense in texture. In every stage it is rigidly inspected, and sheets and plates are rejected for imperfections so slight as to be wholly disregarded in ordinary practice.

This purity and evenness of Armco (American Ingot) Iron give it the highest known degree of rust-resistance; make it work smoothly and weld perfectly; prevent waste in manufacture, and assure lasting efficiency and economy in Armco Iron products.

And these products are innumerable. They range from enameled table tops to million gallon gas tanks—corrugated culverts, locomotive jackets, window frames and sash, fencing, silos, flumes, safes, ash cans, coffins, metal lath and roofing.

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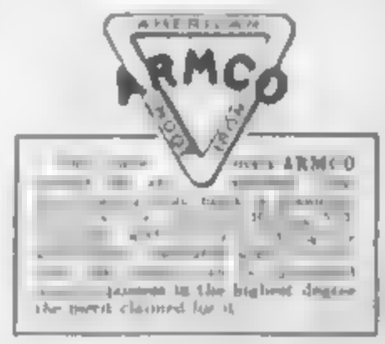

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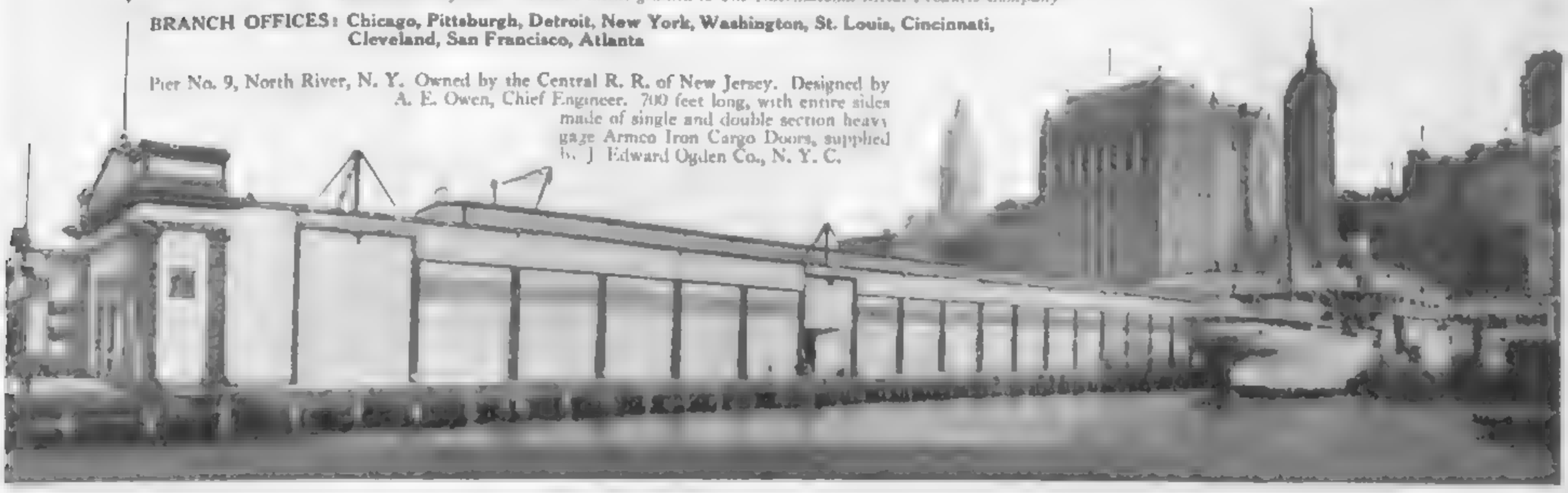

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Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

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(Continued from Page 114)

man, name of Futrell, he come out on de back po'ch in his nightclo'es, wid a lamp in his hand, an' he suttinly do act 'stonished to see me standin' dar; an' he ax me p'intedly ain't I drownded; an' I tells him No, suh; suttinly I ain't drownded! An' I ax him whar is Rosalie An' he say, ef she ain't in her cabin in de yard, he reckon she must 'a' come on up yere to dis yere hall fur some kind of nigger doin's. Dat's de fust I knows 'bout her livin' on de Futrell place.

"So I goes out to de cabin in de yard; but she done gone, leavin' de do' unlocked an' on de jar. So I goes in an' meks a light an' looks 'bout me; an' I finds sixty cents under a mat on de washstand, w'ich on my way yere I spends dat sixty cents fur gin at de Bleedin' Heart Saloon, 'ca'se I's wet to de skin, ez you kin see fur yo'se'f. An' so den I meks my way to dis hall, 'ca'se I p'intedly does aim to drag dat dere 'ooman out an' ax her whut put it into her fool haid to go all round town tellin' folkses I's drownded w'en she know, her ownse'f, dey ain't nary river ever been dug deep 'nuff to drownd me in."

His voice became complaining now, rather than indignant:

"Fur de las' ha'f hour, mo' or less, I been tryin' to git up dem stepses. But seem lak dem stepses is a heap mo' steeper'n whut dey used to be. Whut mek 'em steepen dem stepses fur, Jeff?"

A sudden drowsiness overcame the narrator and he sought to slump down against the wall. But Jeff upheld him, against his will; and a minute later Jeff's words had roused him out of his gin-born daze:

"Lis'en to me, Red Hoss; lis'en! I jes' come down frum up dere. I come away; 'ca'se I's yore friend, an' I jes' natchelly couldn't bear to set dere no longer and heah 'em scandalize you de way dey's doin'."

"Scandalize me! Who's scandalizin' me?"

"Ever'body is; but specially de pastor of de Fust Ward Church—yas, suh; he's de main scandalizer. An' dat sister of your'n, she's settin' there harkin' to him, same ez ef he wuz tellin' her some good news."

"Lemme go! Lemme go! I lay I'll learn dem niggers to be 'stroyin' my good name behine my back!"

The victim of calumny, all wide-awake now, wrestled to be free of the detaining hands. After a little, though, he suffered his form to relax and his struggles to abate as Jeff poured agreeable advice upon him.

"Wait a minute, Shacky—jes' wait a minute! I got a better scheme 'n whut dat one is. 'Sides, you couldn't git past de do'—whole place up dere is jest jammed an' blocked off wid people. Come on now wid me. We'll go in by de back way, whar de stepses ain't so steep ez dey is round yere in front. You an' me'll go up dat way, tippytoe, so ez not to mek no noise; and we'll wait in dat little hall behine de flatform—you knows de hall I means—de one whar dey perpares de candidates fur 'nitiation?"

Red Hoss nodded.

"I knows it full well. Been dere oncet. And den whut?" he inquired.

"Den we'll wait twell dey turns de lights out; dey's aimin' to turn 'em out in a mighty few minutes to welcome in de New Yeah in de darkness. An' jes' w'en dey does dat I'll open de do', and you step out on de flatform an' says: 'Heah I is!' At dat I'll switch on de lights right quick; an' den—don't you see?—you'll be standin' right dere in full view, up on de flatform, whar you kin tell dat preacher whut you thinks of him."

"I ain't 'lowin' to tell him nothin'—I 'low to jes' haul off an' bust him one, an' peel his nappy haid fur him!" stated Red Hoss.

"Suit yo'se'f about dat," conceded Jeff; "but how do de res' of de plan seem to strike you?"

"You's my friend—seem lak you's de onlies' friend whut I got lef' in de world," stated Red Hoss. "An' so I does lak you says—up to a suttin point; but from den on I's gwine cut loose an' be rough. Come on, Jeff! Show me de way! Dat's all I axes you—jes' show me de way!"

"Hole still a minute—we got time yit to spare," counseled Jeff; on top of his first inspiration a second one had burgeoned forth. "Fust off, lemme wipe de rain an' de cinders offen you—yore face is powerful dirty."

Obediently Red Hoss offered his features for renovation. From his pocket Jeff hauled out a handkerchief; hauled something else out, too—only Red Hoss didn't see that. He made pretense of wrapping a forefinger in the handkerchief; but it was not a finger tip that carefully encircled both of Red Hoss' blinking eyes, pressing firmly against the moist black flesh, and then outlined his nose and passed in rings round his mouth, above the upper lip and below the lower one.

"Hole up!" protested Red Hoss. "You's rubbin' too hard. Yore finger nail hurts me."

"Stay still!" urged Jeff. "I's 'most through."

Craftily, with a fresh match, he touched the outer and the inner corners of Red Hoss' eyes and the lobes of his ears; and then he drew off, almost appalled himself by the ghastliness of his own handicraft, as revealed in the dark.

"Come along, Red Hoss. An' don't furgit whut you's goin' to say w'en I opens de hall do' fur you."

"Ain't furgittin' nothin'," promised Red Hoss.

Their two figures, closely interwoven—one steering and supporting; the other being steered and being supported—passed in the murk round the back corner of Odd Fellows' Hall, to bring up at the foot of a flight of rough wooden stairs, built on against the wall for added protection and as an added means of exit from the upper floor in case of fire, fight or flight. Here the hardest part of Jeff's job began. He had to boost Red Hoss up, step by step.

Above, the most successful watch party ever conducted under the auspices of the Supreme Kings of the Universe had progressed almost to its apogee. It was now six minutes before the hour when, according to no less an authority than the late Bard of Avon, churchyards yawn and graves give up their sheeted dead. The principal orator, with his high collar quite wilted down and his face, behind his spectacles, slick and shiny with sweat, reached his conclusion, following a burst of eloquence so powerful that his hearers could almost hear the Tophet fires crackling beneath their tingling feet.

"An' now, my dearly beloved sistern an' brethern," he proclaimed, in a short peroration to his longer one—"an' now I commands you to think on the fix this pore transgressor must be in at this very minute, cut off ez he wuz in the midst of his sins an' his shortcomin'ses. Think on yore own sins an' yore own shortcomin'ses. Think, an' think hard! Think, an' think copious!"

His voice swung downward to the more subdued cadence of the semiconversational tone:

"The hour of midnight is 'most at hand. In acco'dance wid the program I shell now turn off the lights, an' this gatherin' will set in the solemn communion of darkness fur five minutes, till the New Yeah comes."

He stepped three paces backward and turned a plug set in the wall close to the doorjamb. All over the hall the bulbs winked out. Nothing was to be seen, and for a few seconds nothing was heard except the sound of the minister's shuffling movements as he felt his way back to his place at the front of the platform, and, below him, in the body of the hall, the nervous rustle of many swaying bodies and of twice as many scuffling feet.

On the far side of the closed rear door crouched Jeff, breathless from his recent exertions, panting whispered admonitions in the ear of his co-conspirator. Red Hoss was impatient to lunge forward. He wanted to surge in right now. But Jeff held fast to him. Jeff could sense a psychological moment, even if he could not pronounce one.

"Wait jes' one secont mo'—please, Red Hoss!" he entreated. "Wait twell I opens dis yere do' fur you. Den you bulge right in an' speak up de words 'Here I is!' loud an' clear. You won't furgit dat part, will you?"

"'On't furgit nothin'!" muttered Red Hoss. "Jes' watch my smoke—dat's all!"

With his ear against a thin pine panel, Jeff listened; listened—and smiled. Through the barrier he heard the preacher's voice saying:

"All present will now unite in singin' the hymn w'ich begins: Hark! From the Tombs a Doleful Soun'!"

Softly, oh, so softly, Jeff's fingers turned the doorknob; gently, very gently, he drew the door itself half open; with the whispered admonition "Now, boy, now!" he swiftly but silently propelled Red Hoss, face forward, through the opening.

The Reverend Grasty stood waiting for the first words of the hymn to uprise from below him in a mighty swing. But from that unseen gathering down in front a very different sound came—a sound that was

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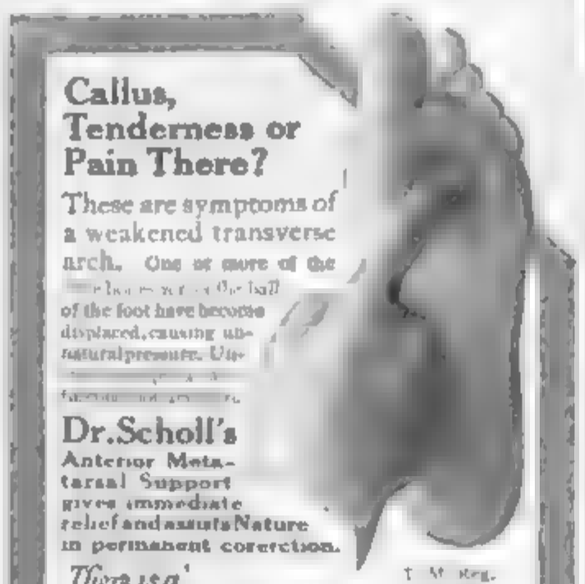
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WATCH YOUR FEET

part a gasp of stupefaction, part a groan of abject distress. For the rest saw what the minister, as yet, did not see, by reason of his back being to the wall, whereas they faced it. They saw, floating against a background of black nothingness, a face limned in wavering pulsing lines of a most ghastly witch fire—nose and brow and chin and ears, wide mouth and glaring eyes, all wreathed about by that unearthly graveyard glow.

In that same flash of space Jeff Poindexter's hand had found the switch, set in the wall hard by the door casing, and had flipped the lights on. And now before them they beheld the form of the late Red Hoss Shackleford, his face seamed with livid grayish streaks, his garments all adrip, his arms outspread, his eyes like balls of flame, and his lips agleam with a palish blush, as though he had hither come direct from feasting on the hot coals of Perdition, without stopping to wipe his mouth. And then he opened that fearsome scupper of a mouth, and in a voice thickened and muddy—the proper voice for one who had lain for days in river ooze—he spoke the words:

"Here I is!" That was all he said. But that was enough.

It is believed that the Reverend Grasty was the first to move. Naturally he would be among the first, anyhow, he being the nearest of all to the risen form of the dead. He spread himself like an eagle and soared away from there; and when he lit, he lit a-running. Indeed, so high did he jump and so far outward that, though he started with a handicap, few there were who beat him in the race to the door.

Smooth Crumbaugh was one who beat him. Smooth feared neither man nor beast nor devil; but ha'nts were something else! He took a flying start, spurning the floor as he rose up over chairs and their recent occupants. Without checking speed, he clove a path straight through the center of Sister Eldora Menifee's refreshment department; and on the stairway, going down, he passed the Most High Grand Outer Guardian as though the Most High Grand Outer Guardian had been standing still.

It was after he struck the sidewalk, though, and felt the solid bricks beneath his winged feet, that Smooth really started to move along. For some ten furlongs he had strong competition, but he was leading by several lengths when he crossed Yazoo Street, eight blocks away, with the field tailing out behind him for a matter of half a mile or so.

I might add that Sister Rosalie Shackleford, hampered though she was by skirts and the trappings of woe, nevertheless finished inside the money herself.

Jefferson Poindexter, calm, smiling and debonair, picked his way daintily among overthrown chairs and through a litter of hats, helmets, umbrellas and swords across the hall to Ophelia, who, helpless with shock, was plastered, prone and flat on the floor, close up against the side wall, where Smooth had flung her as he launched himself in flight.

Right gallantly Jeff raised her to her feet and supported her; and right mainfully she clung to him, inclosing herself, all distracted and aquiver, within the circle of his comforting arms. Already they were almost alone and within a space of moments would be entirely so, except for one fat auntie, lying in a dead faint under the wrecked cold-snack stand.

Also there still remained Red Hoss Shackleford, who wavered to and fro upon the platform, with a hand to his bewildered brow, trying foggily to figure out just how he had been thwarted of his just retribution upon the persons of those vanished arch-detractors of him. He had had his revenge—had it sugar-sweet and brimming over—only he didn't know it yet. "Oh, Jeffy," gasped Ophelia, "wuzn't you skeered too?"

"Who—me?" proclaimed Jeff. "Me skeered of a wet nigger, full of stick gin? Fair lady, mebbe I don't keer so much fur gittin' my clothes all mussed up fightin' wid bully niggers, but I ain't never run frum no ghostes yit; an' I don't never aim to, neither—not 'thout waitin' round long 'nuff to find out fust w'ether hit's a real ghost or not. Dat's me!"

"Oh, Jeffy, you suttinly is de bravest man I knows!" she answered back in muffled tones, with her head on his white waistcoat.

At this moment precisely the town clock sounded the first stroke of twelve, and all the steam whistles in town let go, blasting out shrilly; and all the giant firecrackers in town began bursting in loud acclaim of the New Year. But what the triumphant, proud, conquering Jeff heard was his Ophelia, speaking to him soul to soul.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1917.

State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of — Post-Office Address
Publisher, Curtis Publishing Company — Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Merion, Pennsylvania
[illegible]
Estate of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
[illegible]

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

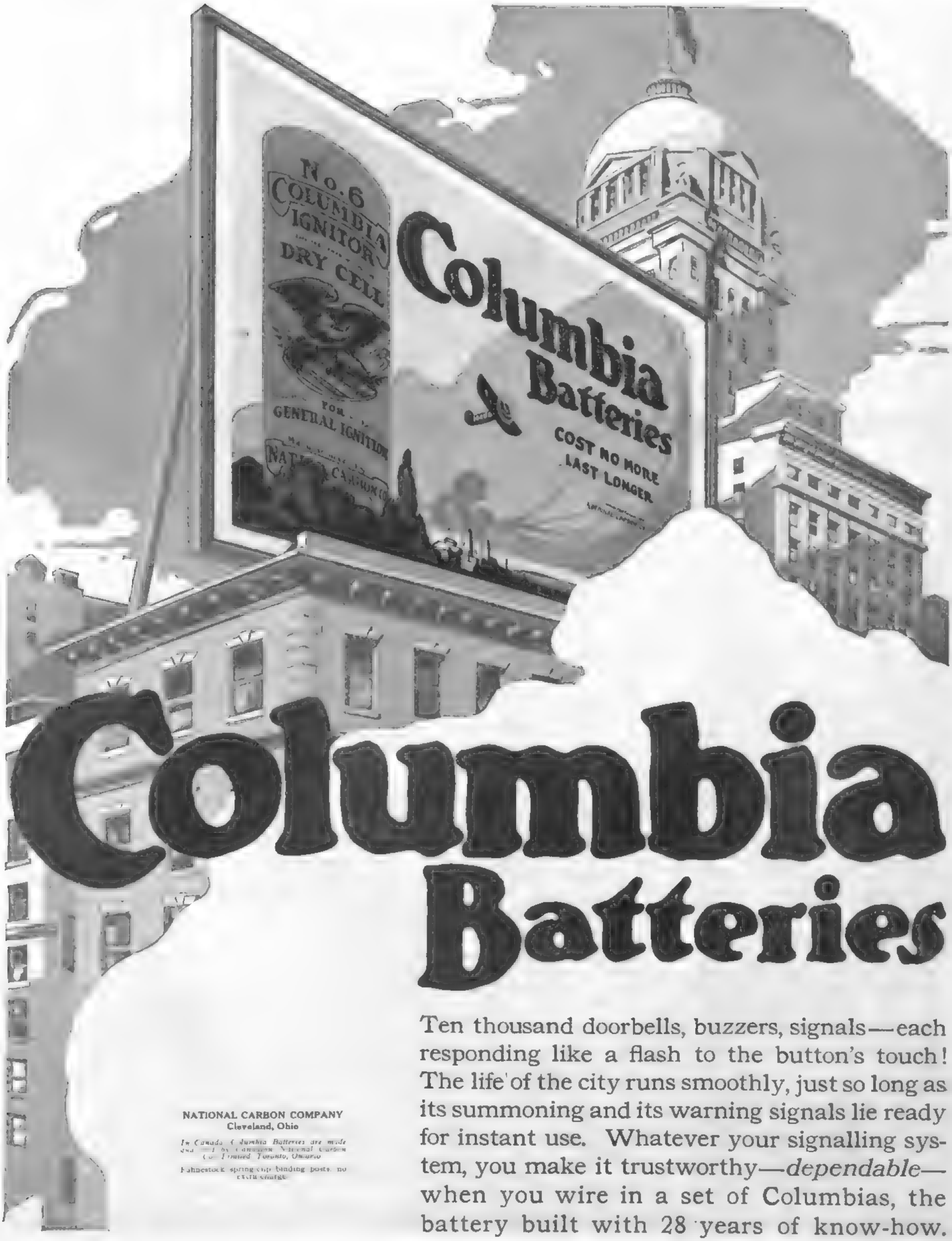
[illegible]
CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this [illegible] of March, 1917.

(SEAL) WILLIAM M. [illegible],
Notary Public.

(My commission expires June 10, 1917.)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.



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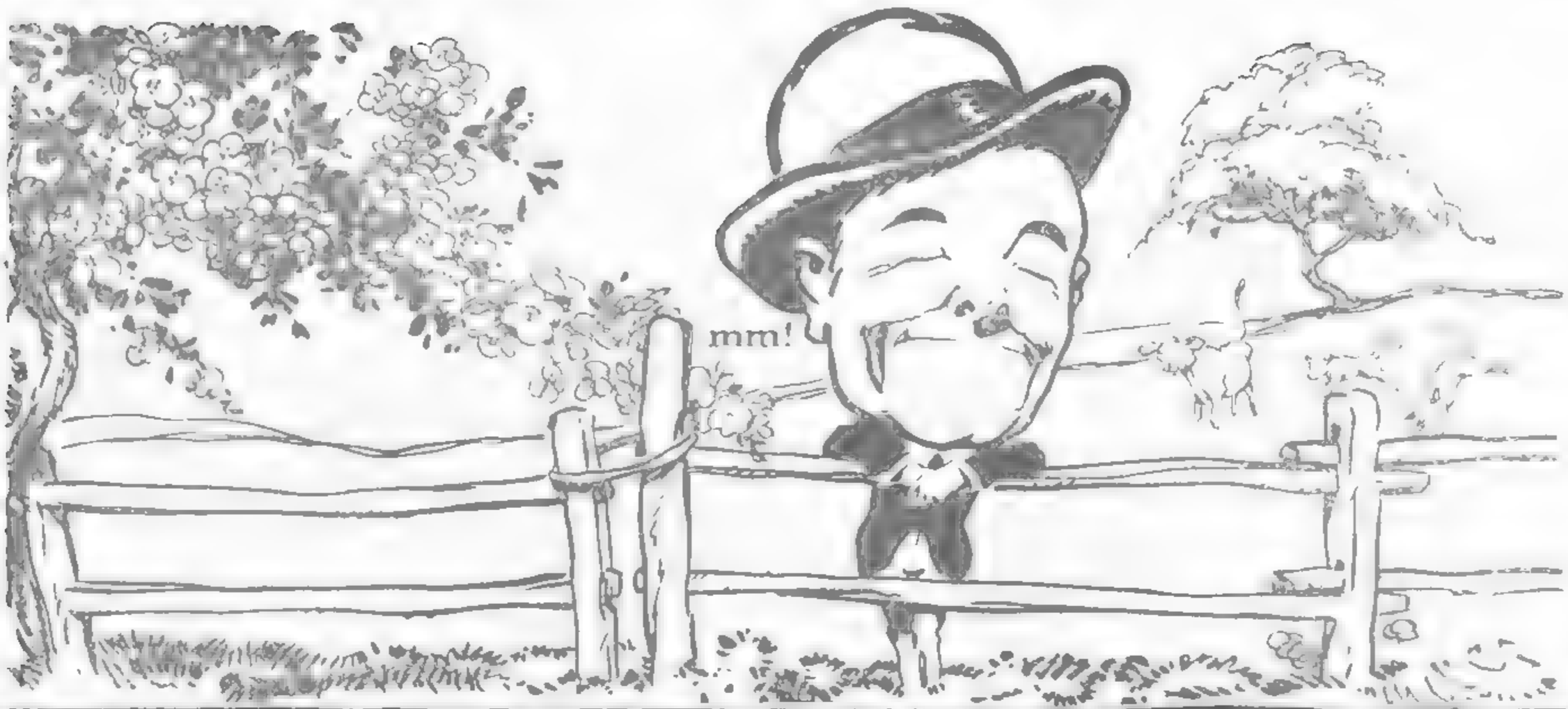

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A MATTER OF BLOOD PRESSURE

(Continued from Page 15)

unstamped envelope, was opened, read and filed. It was one hundred dollars also.

The chairman of the board reached for his gavel.

"If there are no oral bids," he began, "I will declare ——"

Lawyer Porterson broke in.

"Two hundred!" he said loudly.

"Two hundred dollars!" the county official repeated.

Angus swallowed hard.

"Two hundred and ten!" he called.

The stranger looked up, surprised; tried to stare Angus down; failed; and bid three hundred. Angus bid three-ten. The other coughed and bid five hundred. Angus bid five-ten. At the end of four minutes, with the crowd in the room gaping with open mouths and wearing out the toes of their shoes stretching to see, Angus bid four thousand eight hundred and ten dollars; the strange lawyer swore in an undertone, clapped on his hat, and left; and the Brea pipe-line franchise was sold, for the record-breaking price named, to A. R. Lacey.

Half an hour later Angus stood outside the building looking dumbly at the bit of paper in his hand and wiping the perspiration from his furrowed forehead.

"Well, I'm in for it now!" he murmured weakly. "And if Oil King Cole tells me he's changed his mind and doesn't want the darn thing I'm going to have the satisfaction of ramming it down his throat, at any rate. Four thousand eight hundred and ten solid pewter dollars! God bless our native land!"

IV

NINE o'clock of the morning of the twenty-ninth of that particular month found the offices of Oil King Cole settling down to their usual noiseless routine. The clerks grumbled over the work piled up by the chief; they exchanged facetious threats as to what would happen if he clung to the violent assumption that they were horses or slaves; they filled the sunny hour with banter and gossip, and a small amount of labor—all quite according to their wonted custom. Manager Frederick Gallinger, fresh from the Owl, which had brought him overnight from San Francisco, puffed at his after-breakfast cigar with his accustomed relish, and swore softly at the papers accumulated on his desk. On the whole, the morning was like any other morning of any other month in any of the eight or ten years last past.

Then—bang!

The subordinates of the staff never did learn exactly what happened, but in the wink of an eye they felt its effects. Oil King Cole had entered his own office, as usual, at about fifteen minutes after nine. A few seconds later something hit the floor. It might have been a typewriter or it might have been an office boy. A hoarse bellow echoed through the suite.

Manager Gallinger appeared suddenly in the doorway of his room, like a jack-in-the-box, with that toy's general air of startled and maligned innocence, and clutched at his windpipe.

"Simpson!" he yelled. "Where's Simpson?"

Manager Gallinger was usually cold, calm and polite. Now he seemed a cross between a disturbed traffic policeman and a raving lunatic. For a moment everyone was too astonished to answer him.

Then a clerk timidly ventured to remind him that Simpson was on his vacation—had been since Thursday.

"Then, where's Tolliver?"

"Here I am, Mr. Gallinger."

The eyes of the others turned pityingly on the luckless one. Manager Gallinger jerked his head, indicating that Tolliver was wanted within. Tolliver followed, like a lamb to the slaughter. But the lamb was not slaughtered, he was turned out; and there was evidence that his exit had been accelerated by a heavy shoe toe. At any rate, Tolliver rubbed himself gently and gazed, with stupid appeal, on his fellows.

"Me?" he queried quaveringly. "Me? I never even heard of the Brea franchise. Why pick on me?"

There was no time for an answer. From the manager's room came Mr. Gallinger himself, closely followed by a purple and gesticulating superior—by Oil King Cole. Words are sometimes inadequate to description. The two went through the long suite of offices as a pair of excited terriers would go through a child's playhouse on the trail of a fugitive rat. When they entered, everything had been in its place and every employee at his post. When they had routed through to the farthest room and had returned, the offices were a topsy-turvy chaos, and every clerk, bookkeeper, stenographer, messenger and office boy was hypnotized with sheer animal terror.

The manager's office door slammed. Then an inner door, probably the one leading to Mr. Cole's private sanctum, banged until the floor trembled. One by one the clerks shook off the grip of fear and faced each other. Breathless, and on the verge of panic every time a sound came from behind those closed doors, they pieced together the tale. As nearly as they could determine, Oil King Cole had arranged to buy a certain franchise, of indeterminate nature and description, in the county seat of Orange County, on the twenty-eighth, which was yesterday. He asserted profanely that he had told Manager Gallinger about it, though the manager maintained that he knew nothing about the business.

Whether the boss had told Gallinger or not, it was assumed as a fact that one or the other of them must have told Simpson, the chief clerk. Simpson gone, his assistant, Tolliver, must have known all about that franchise! Tolliver, offering an alibi, had mentioned the name of Mark Jones tentatively. But Mark Jones had been in the field for a month and, of course, couldn't know. Earl Wade, then. Earl Wade proved that he had had his nose in a table of railroad freight tariffs for nine weeks and had ceased to know anything else. Tom Briggs, then. But Tom Briggs was not sure he had ever known that the Atlas Company was one of Mr. Cole's properties. Perhaps they meant Roy Roberts. Roy's alibi was better than any of theirs.

In brief, no one in the place had the faintest idea what Oil King Cole was talking about—unless it was Simpson, who was absent. They cursed Simpson unanimously and ventured out timorously to straighten the wreck that had once been an orderly office. What in the name of all Truth was this Brea franchise anyway? They gave it up.

Meantime in the private offices Manager Frederick Gallinger was fast approaching a state of witless impotence. Under his chief's fire of impious and scorching questions he had lost all sense of time, place, proportion and feeling, and was reduced to shaking his head stupidly and saying, over and over again:

"I don't know, Mr. Cole; I don't know."

"Quit telling me that!" the irascible capitalist shrieked at last. "My private opinion is that your mind is failing, Gallinger. Throw a tumbler of water over your head and see whether you can answer me one question in a new way: What in the name of the Gates of Gehenna is to be done? Do you know that?"

Mr. Gallinger shook his head.

"I—I don't ——"

"Oh, the devil!" Oil King Cole screamed, flinging himself into a chair and gasping for breath. "Get out of here and let me think! Go and wire that imbecile, Simpson, that if I ever see him again I'll trample on him—if the exertion kills me! And send me a stenographer, if you've got one with a brain as big as a mustard seed!"

The manager fled, and presently Miss Ambrose, the acid-tongued, entered.

"Yes, Mr. Cole," she said, tossing her head to show him that she was not to be bullied about franchises.

"Sit down!" he barked. "Take this letter:

"MORTON FLASH, Standard Pipe Line Company, San Francisco.

"*Dear Flash:* I am telegraphing you to-day that the Brea franchise matter is still in the air, and that I cannot make good immediately on my selling proposition *in re* the Atlas Oil and Refinery Company. However"—paragraph—"the only thing that stands in the way is the straightening out of a tangle due to the—to the imbecility of"—no; cross that out—"tangle due to an unforeseen—unforeseen accident; and the delay will not be fatal to our negotiations." Paragraph: "I shall be in San Francisco on the third and shall hope then to find that you have held your people in line, so that I can talk to them first-hand.

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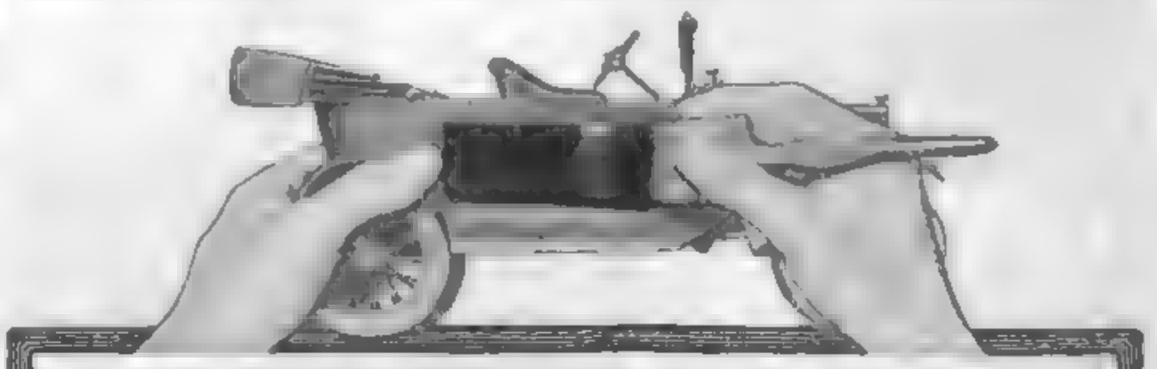

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Meantime"—paragraph—"you may assure them that any losses incurred on their construction contracts as a result of this—this unforeseen—accident will be borne by me. "Yours very ——"

Manager Gallinger appeared in the doorway.

"Excuse me, Mr. Cole," he said with something of his old manner, "I telephoned to Santa Ana just now. I find that Groenendyke's people fell down in the bidding."

His chief turned on him.

"They what?"

"They didn't get the franchise after all. Man named Lacey bought it. I can't find out who he is or who he was bidding for; but he might ——"

"Lacey? Lacey? Not Fred Lacey, the foundry man?"

"Evidently not. A. R. Lacey."

"Well, who is he? Where is he? What did he buy the franchise for? Get him on the wire! Bring him in here! Holy kippered herring, man! Do I have to feed you with a spoon? What are you standing there for?"

The manager was about to explain that he had done all that a mortal man, lacking omniscience, could do, when the telephone bell rang at Mr. Cole's elbow. The oil magnate answered:

"This is Cole. . . . Look here, Billings, I can't be bothered with Dunbar-Daly business —— . . . Oh! Fifty-two hundred, eh? He needed the money, eh? They all do. What did you say his name . . . What's that? . . . Great balls of fire, man! Who is this A. R. Lacey? I'd give a thousand-dollar note —— . . . Oh, don't waste my time kidding! Angus Lacey? Are you sure? . . . All right—I tell you I'm busy. Come in at ten-thirty to-morrow morning, with the plans and estimates. 'By!"

Oil King Cole hung up the receiver and turned on Gallinger with a wry grin.

"Oh, you simple-minded child!" he commiserated. "Did you hear that? Your pet field superintendent, Angus Lacey, down at Brea, needed fifty-two hundred dollars yesterday morning and sold the Dunbar-Daly Company a piece of ground we've been after for a year. His initials are A. R. Does your weakening intellect react to those initials at all?"

Gallinger was callous to sneers.

"Mr. Cole, there's some mistake. What could an Atlas field manager do with a pipe-line franchise? I'll admit that it's an odd coincidence ——"

"Oh, blow your metaphysics, Fred!" his chief broke in. "I see the whole thing now—I told young Lacey two weeks ago about this pipe-line scheme. I thought I could trust him, of course. And he hot-footed it out and sold himself to Groenendyke!"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Cole—I don't believe that. Lacey is no pet of mine—you remember that you promoted him yourself. But if he was hooked up with Groenendyke, why did he sell his land to the Dunbar-Daly? He might try to gouge us—but I think he's square, at least."

"You do? Gallinger, your bland and infantile confidence in men—you think he's square, do you? All right; we'll give him the benefit of the doubt."

He turned to the telephone and called the Atlas office at Brea. While he waited for the operator to get Angus on the phone Oil King Cole alternated between high hopes and the most cynical despondency. Presently the bell rang.

"Hello!" Mr. Cole snapped. "This Lacey? . . . Understand you bought a pipe-line franchise in Santa Ana yesterday. . . . All right; let explanations go. I want you to get in here at the office as fast as the speed laws allow. . . . How's that? . . . Wait a minute—kick your telephone—I don't hear. . . . You can't come? . . . You're busy!"

For a moment the Oil Magnate, leaning back from the telephone and staring at the manager, frightened Gallinger more than that self-contained gentleman had ever been frightened before. Cole was turning a slow purple, his eyes were set, and his jaws locked tight. Gallinger tried to remember what was prescribed as first-aid in aggravated cases of apoplexy. But his chief recovered. Into the transmitter he said, pleasantly enough:

"All right, Lacey. I'll send somebody down. Let it go. Good-by."

"Now, Gallinger," he snapped, turning, "this is your party. I'm not going down to Brea to lose my temper. Lacey is a very busy and important man. He's field superintendent of the Atlas Oil and Refinery Company, and I'm only the managing director. So, of course, I mustn't interrupt him. You can understand that."

Mr. Gallinger had met Oil King Cole in his dangerous ironical mood before, and he nodded.

"Very good! Send over to the bank for five thousand. Take it in a bag and go down to Brea. Offer Lacey a fair profit on what he paid for that franchise—he probably bought it for two hundred—and come up in small jumps if he forces your hand. From his name, I guess he'll squeeze us a little. But your business is to get that franchise. Is that clear?"

"That's clear."

"I hope so. All right—when you've got the franchise and Lacey has executed a bill of sale, in addition to indorsing the certificate, you fire him into the middle of next week. Don't give him more than ten minutes to clear out. Ten minutes? Give him ten seconds! And then telephone me from the Atlas office. Now hustle!"

■

IT WOULD be disastrous if any gentle reader gathered the impression that Angus Lacey was an incorruptible saint. So far as is known, a saint very seldom drifts into the oil fields; or if he does he probably loses his "air of conscious rectitude" the first time a length of seven-and-five-eighth-inch casing rolls on him, or he finds himself handling drilling tools dragged out of an oily hole at four o'clock of a cold morning.

Angus was entirely human; but he possessed a quality, nameless with him, known to philosophers as loyalty, which is possessed by about ninety per cent of all honest workmen in America, and probably elsewhere. He might sulk under fancied wrongs, or curse his employers and all their works and their kind when they were guilty of mistakes that reacted on him; or he might think that he knew more about oil-field operations than they, and say so loud and clear in their absence. But playing them false would be the last inspiration that would ever take root in his mind. No credit is due Angus for this; one might as well admire water for its consistent virtue in running downhill.

The fact is, Angus had been instructed to rely on his own resources in emergencies; had taken a long chance with his private funds in what he thought was a crisis; and was now chafing under the strain of anxiety as to the outcome. If he had not been so worried, and at the same time so independent, he might have telephoned the offices of Oil King Cole at once and reported that the franchise was safe in his possession.

This simple and reasonable course presented difficulties. It was conceivable that Cole had changed his mind. It was possible that he had been playing a deep business game, in which the franchise was but a pawn. It might have been that he had built a trap for the Groenendyke interests and hung the franchise therein as a bait. There were a dozen possibilities.

In addition it was perfectly apparent that Lacey had exceeded his jurisdiction. Looked at coldly on the morning after the sale, his whole adventure loomed more and more as a total waste of good and hard-earned savings. And the longer Angus thought about it, the less sure he was as to the outcome. Certainly, under those conditions, he was not going to call up the office and give Manager Gallinger, for example, an opportunity to berate him or gloat over him.

His anxiety fell from him like a burden when Oil King Cole telephoned, and in its place he found a sudden rush of anger. Once more he had gone stumbling into trouble, at his own very great risk, while the owner and his soft-handed subordinates lolled round comfortable offices, or luxurious golf clubs, or café tables, and talked about the opera!

"Get in here to the office as fast as the speed laws allow!" Oil King Cole had ordered. And Angus had flared up.

"No chance!" he had replied tartly. "I'm up to my neck in trouble at Well Seven—I can't come to-day."

His owner had requested him, with a gasp, to shake up his phone so that he could be sure that he heard correctly.

"Oh, you heard, all right!" Angus had said grimly. "I don't want to come up, and I can't come up, and I'm not coming up—and that's all!"

Continued on Page 125

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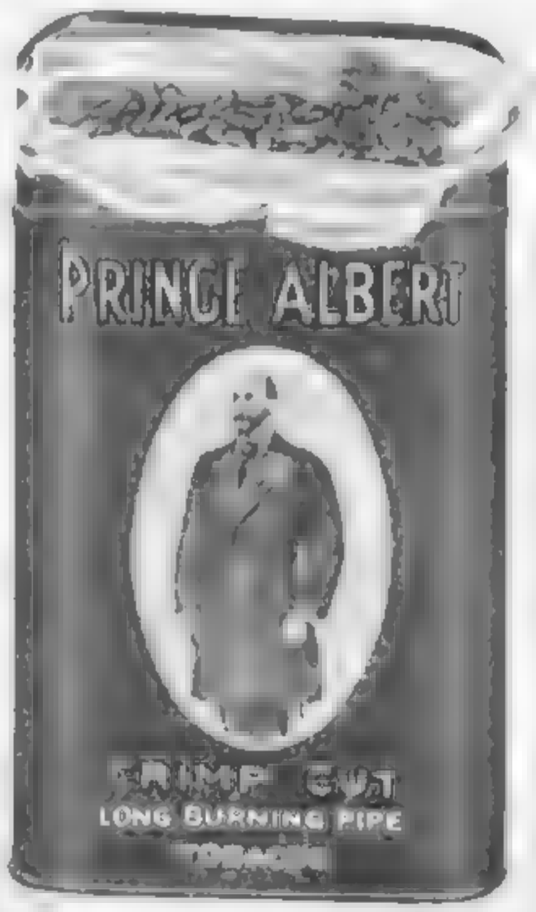

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

(Continued from Page 122)

Well Seven's troubles were not imaginary ones, by any means. At a depth of three thousand feet the drillers had run into alternating strata of soft shale and obstinate shells. These strata were pitched at an acute angle with the hole, the result being that when the heavy bit at the end of the string of tools went through a soft streak, and one corner of the bit began to pound at the hard rock, the tendency of the hole was to follow the softer material and run out of the perpendicular.

For a week Angus and his helpers had been fighting this crooked bore and had narrowly escaped losing the tools half a dozen times. After his call from the office, therefore, the field superintendent found his hands full Momentarily he forgot the franchise while he labored to coax a reamer down to straighten out the latest kink.

He was thus engaged when a light automobile drove up and there alighted the dapper young gentleman of the lawyer's brief whom he had beaten in the bidding for the pipe-line franchise.

"When you're at liberty, Mr. Lacey," the newcomer said, "I'd like to talk to you a minute."

Angus wiped his fingers on a piece of sacking.

"Unless I can find a man who's less than four inches in diameter to go down and take the angles out of this hole by hand I shan't be at liberty for about two weeks," he said shortly. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing here," the lawyer answered. "But five minutes at the office ——"

"Oh, well," Angus said, "I guess we won't lose our casing in five minutes. I'll go up."

They stood when they reached the grimy little shack that passed for the field office of the Atlas Oil and Refinery Company. Angus waited for his visitor to speak.

"I came to talk business to you, Lacey," Porterson said confidentially. "Do you mind my asking whether you bought that pipe-line franchise under orders yesterday?"

Angus lighted the stub of a cigar.

"Do you mind my asking whether you're the census taker, or only the foreman of the grand jury?" The attorney laughed.

"Oh, it's none of my business, Lacey: you're perfectly right. But I took the trouble to make some inquiries yesterday, and I found that you sold a piece of land in a hurry in the morning because you needed the money. Naturally I concluded ——"

"You're a regular little concluder, all right. What's next?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, would you consider a proposition to sign up on a three years' contract with the Potrero Oil Company as assistant to the general field manager, at a salary of three hundred a month, and to turn that franchise over to us for what you paid for it?"

Angus looked the lawyer in the eye.

"I'd consider it; yes."

"Good! We want the franchise—you know that; but after what we've heard of you we want your services more. You beat us on that boundary fight; if it hadn't been for you our company would have settled it by prior occupation and actual work performed. Since then Mr. Groenendyke has had his eye on you. Could you leave the Atlas immediately?"

"I could," Angus answered.

"Will you?"

The field superintendent was gazing out of the grimy window of the shack like a man weighing new and important problems, and the lawyer gave him time. This was a mistake; for, instead of staring abstractedly, Angus Lacey was watching with some amusement while a tall, important individual, with a heavy hand bag, climbed from an automobile monogrammed O. K. C.—a machine Angus had seen before—and picked his way carefully up the trail.

The attorney for the Potrero interests, congratulating himself on imminent success, stirred and coughed. At last Angus turned to him, but not to answer. Instead, he said: "Howdy?"—and Frederick Gallinger walked in. The attorney flung about and colored.

Gallinger paused at the door and looked quickly from one man to the other.

"Good morning, Porterson," he growled suspiciously. "What are you up to now?"

The first visitor stiffened.

"How are you, Mr. Gallinger? I had business with Mr. Lacey."

"Oh, you did!" The manager turned to Angus. "I'm Mr. Cole's manager," he snapped. "If I'm not in the way in the Atlas Company's office I'll sit down until you're through."

"Certainly, Mr. Gallinger," Angus returned cheerfully. "Throw those blueprints and maps on the floor. That's right. Now, Mr. Porterson—I believe that's your name—you wanted to know when I was ready to go to work for the Potrero, didn't you? I'll tell you: I don't know exactly, because I haven't been fired yet by the Atlas."

Manager Gallinger sat down hard and came into painful contact with a thumb tack. He rose hastily and without dignity. The trifling incident caused his mind to leave its usual well-ordered placid channel and plunge into the rapids of momentary hysteria. He violated a fixed rule of his life and jumped at a conclusion.

It may have been the tack—to some extent it probably was. At all events, he assumed that Angus Lacey had, after all, sold out to the Groenendyke interests. He supposed the deal was being consummated. He guessed instantly that the invaluable pipe-line franchise he had come to wheedle out of the Atlas field superintendent had already passed to the Groenendyke syndicate, Oil King Cole's deadly rivals. He swore, giving vent to his personal feelings *in re* the thumb tack and, at the same time, relieving his indignation over Angus Lacey's unbelievable treachery.

"Young man," he cried, striking the battered desk between them, "you needn't hesitate a minute! Don't let us detain you! You're fired! And the quicker you get out of here the better!"

An unholy joy lighted the face of Attorney Porterson, of the Potrero Oil Company. But it was clouded a moment later, for Angus Lacey only grinned.

"I didn't know that tack was there, Mr. Gallinger. I must have jerked it down with a map when ——"

"You're fired!" Frederick Gallinger interrupted angrily. "Get out of here!"

"Oh, I guess not!" Angus retorted. "I don't even know for sure who you are. And besides that, we've got a hole in Well Seven that's so crooked a stranger couldn't drop a plumb bob down it a thousand feet; so I think I'll stay. I'm not fired until I hear it from the man who hired me."

Attorney Porterson picked up his brief case.

"When will you let us know about our proposition, Lacey?" he asked. "We can't wait long, you understand."

Angus laughed.

"I'll think it over," he said. "So long! Look out for that door—it's low."

The puzzled attorney went out. Manager Gallinger remained, equally puzzled.

"How about that pipe-line franchise, Lacey?" he asked doubtfully. "For whom did you buy it? Perhaps I've been hasty—I don't seem to understand the situation."

Angus chuckled.

"You haven't got anything on me, Mr. Gallinger. In an hour or two I'll be able to talk to you—right now everything's tied up at the new rig. I'll have to be getting down there."

Gallinger grunted. Angus disappeared over the hill, and the manager reached for the telephone. After some delay he convinced the office that for once it would be proper to violate Oil King Cole's orders and call him from his golf game—a handicap tournament in which, if the manager could but have known, the peppery magnate, a bad fourteen man, was playing one-up against a very fair scratch entrant.

Five minutes later he had the Oil King himself on the line. Their conversation was fragmentary and highly punctuated. It was also well seasoned. Mr. Cole had remembered, after Gallinger's departure, that the tournament was on, and had fared forth, counting on his manager to subdue even the most impertinent field superintendent. Now this ——

An hour and a half later, while Angus was sharing the cold lunch of his driller and the tool dresser, another automobile roared up to the office. Presently Manager Gallinger came out with a new arrival, and the two started down to the derrick. Angus finished a piece of apricot pie, wiped his fingers on his overalls inelegantly, and rose to face Oil King Cole.

"Now see here, young man," the capitalist thundered before he came to a stop, "you've been carrying things with a high hand on this property as long as you're going to! Do you know who I am?"

"Certainly; Mr. Cole," Angus replied.

"All right! This gentleman is Frederick Gallinger, my manager in the office. What he says to employees of all my companies goes. Do you get that?"

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DROMEDARY
GOLDEN DATES

For answer Angus reached up and unbuckled the snaps on his overalls and after three motions kicked them—a sodden and grease-soaked pile—into a corner of the derrick. Then he picked up his coat.

"That's all I need to know," he said agreeably. "If I'd thought you felt this way about it, Mr. Cole, I would have been in town by this time getting a hair-cut. Before I go, though, I wish you'd take a squint at this paper. It's yours if you want it—and I suppose, from the fuss made over it, that you do. It cost me four thousand eight hundred and ten dollars and some telephone tolls. I'll sell it for what I paid. You can reach me, care of general delivery, Brea."

Oil King Cole took the paper and glanced at it. Then he turned blankly on his manager.

"I thought you said he'd turned this over to the Potrero Company?" he demanded.

Manager Gallinger stared and colored.

"I—I supposed he had."

"But he hasn't!" the Oil Baron shouted, flaming with sudden wrath and waving the county clerk's certificate in Gallinger's face. "Where in the double-blanked confines of hell did you get that notion? Don't stand staring at me like a totem pole. Talk, man—talk!"

Manager Gallinger answered painfully and with dignity:

"Mr. Cole, I'm through! I don't know any more. I'm totally unable to follow our young friend here; and I confess it cheerfully. I have nothing to say!"

Angus Lacey was laughing.

"I guess you won't need me any longer, Mr. Cole," he said. "The boys here know this well; and now that I'm fired ——"

"Oh, you're fired all right, all right!" Oil King Cole cried. "You heard what Mr. Gallinger said to you in the office. You're discharged on the spot. But before you go to get that hair-cut I'm going to tell you something."

"All right," Angus said good-naturedly. "Only remember that I'm not working for you—and don't go too strong."

The capitalist fairly chattered with excitement.

"I'll go as strong as I please, young man!" he bellowed, dancing on his toes. "What! Are you still telling me where to head in? Listen to me! I wouldn't have you round the Atlas Company as field superintendent for one-half a holy minute! Take this franchise and climb into that company car. Tell the boy to drive you to the county seat and have it recorded. Then come on up to the Los Angeles office. You're going to build this pipe line for me. And I suppose you'll have to have a title, won't you?"

Angus looked vacantly from the franchise grant thrust into his fingers to the red-faced old gentleman confronting him; but not a word could he say. He was as dumb as Gallinger.

The Oil King went on hurling out his words in a torrent:

"For three months you've done nothing but worry me and bring up my blood pressure! This time I'm going to give you a job that will keep you out of my afternoons. You're assistant to the general manager, in charge of the Fullerton, Brea and Whittier plants. And the next time you break up a golf game for me I'm going to take you into partnership! I'll see whether you can't be prevented from giving me apoplexy! Now don't argue—hustle!"

The Human Projectile

WILSON MIZNER had a friend out West who was noted, among other things, for his propensity for getting into personal difficulties by virtue of a careless tongue, and then, by virtue of an agile pair of legs, for getting out of them again with his skin intact.

This person was recounting to Mizner the story of a row he had had with a bad man in a California mining camp.

"I told the big stiff what I thought of him," he said; "and, with that, he yanked out an automatic and cut down on me. I beat it out of the door then; so only one shot hit me—hit me right here, it did." And he patted one hip.

"What's the reason you aren't lame, then?" asked Mizner.

"Well, Wilson," stated his friend, "to tell you the truth, I was traveling so fast that the bullet only went in about a quarter of an inch!"

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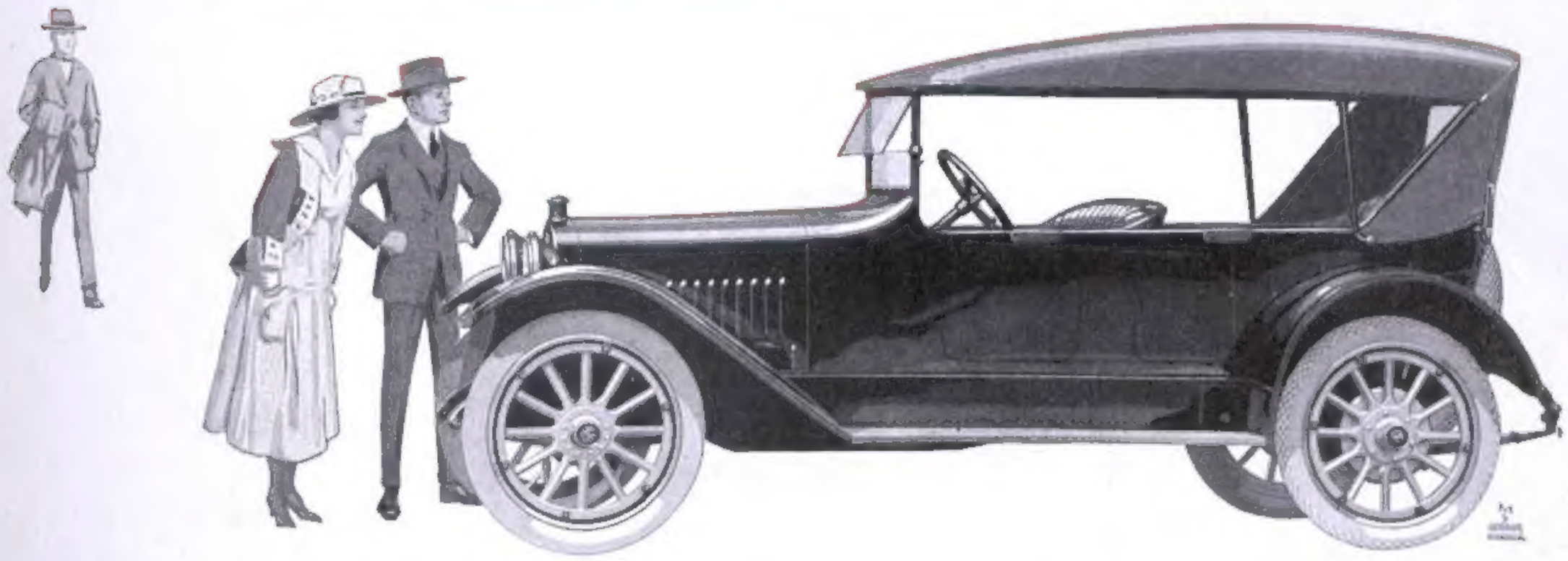
The New Hupmobile



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Now we crown performance and quality with year-ahead beauty. The new Hupmobile bears the style distinction its inner virtues deserve. We do not look for its equal in beauty this year.

It is, in fact, the most beautiful Hupmobile we have ever built. It carries a finer finish. It is more luxurious. It is still more complete.

We could have paid for this extra value by saving on inner quality. Instead, we increased our production. We invested heavily in additional buildings and machinery. We reduced costs by increasing production.

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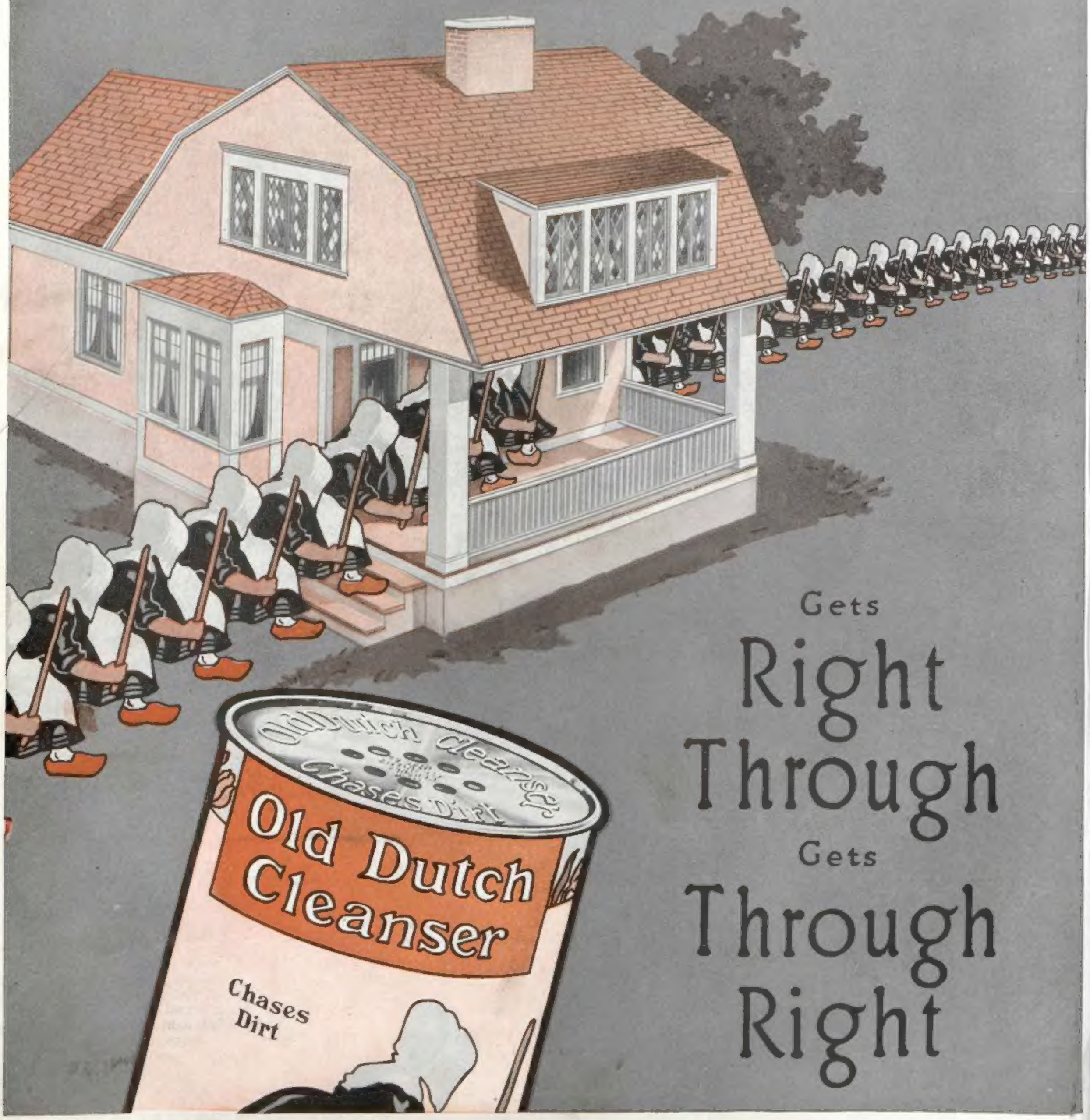

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